

STONE
HAD LISTENED.
Would Have Heard
Something Doing.
Ring Republicans
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Campaign for Flint
the Southern Part
of the State.
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Whedon & Spreng Co.
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CONSUMPTION CURED
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Whedon & Spreng Co.
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CONSUMPTION CURED
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Col. Oliver P. Posey of this city, who is general manager of the Bingham Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company's interests in Salt Lake. According to the Tribune of that place, Col. Posey does not share in the uneasiness concerning the future of the copper market. In his opinion there is enough gold and silver in the area of the Bingham Consolidated to save it from distress that might affect the ultra copper mines of the Lake Superior and other countries. In the mean time his preparations to increase the output of copper, gold and silver from the Bingham Consolidated are being rushed as rapidly as conditions will permit, and he may be relied on to double present earnings before the expiration of six months. With the behavior of the miner's dream, which was recently acquired at a cost of \$25,000, and which has now blocked out one of the value of over \$100,000, Col. Posey is very much interested in the future of the mine to the point.

SURVEY FOR RAILROAD.
Capt. F. S. Ingalls and Deputy Surveyor W. H. Elliott of Yuma are making a survey from the California River to the Colorado River, a distance of about 100 miles. The purpose of the survey is to determine the location of a proposed railroad line from the Colorado River to the California River, a distance of about 100 miles. The survey is being conducted by the California River to the Colorado River, a distance of about 100 miles.

ACTON'S OIL FIELD.
ONCE MORE TO THE FRONT.
ACTIVE OPERATIONS TO BE BEGUN THIS WEEK.
Local Company Gets Many Thousands of Acres in Promising Field—Standard and Company Securing Right of Way for Pipe Line.
Acton's oil field is once more to the front, and this time owes its right to notice through the closing of the sale of prospect land in the history of that promising though not productive section.

Joseph H. Parker, who returned to this city from the field yesterday, stated that he had just secured control of 21,000 acres of land there for the Pacific Mutual White Oil Company, a local concern, of which he is general manager.

The Acton field is one of the newest prospect oil sections in the State. It is located in the North American Oil and Refining Company has secured a site for its first well, and is expected to start drilling in the near future. The field is located in the North American Oil and Refining Company has secured a site for its first well, and is expected to start drilling in the near future.

STANDARD GETS RIGHT OF WAY.
Representatives of the Standard Oil Company are having little trouble in securing a right of way for the proposed pipe line from the Kern River field to the coast. Many of the large landowners in the area have been secured, and the Standard Oil Company is expected to start drilling in the near future.

CAR FARMING NEARING AN END.
The car farming in the Kern River field will soon be relieved, and even have been in some time. For weeks producers have had trouble in securing enough cars to meet their orders, but now the situation is changing. The Standard Oil Company is expected to start drilling in the near future.

UNION TAKES NO RISKS.
The Union Oil Company is now doing very little development on its own account in Ventura county. Judging from its recent movements the Union has adopted the plan of leasing its territory, allowing the lessee to take the chances of development, and the Union is expected to start drilling in the near future.

FIVE BROKERS WERE THERE.
But five brokers attended the morning session of the oil stock exchange yesterday, and only one sale resulted. The session was held in the oil stock exchange, and only one sale resulted.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India medicine the formula and a vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of throat and lung affections, asthma and all radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having been cured of his own disease, he has been able to cure many others, and is now in the city, ready to cure all who are afflicted with these diseases.

ALUMINUM-BACK BRUSHES.
Never lose their bristles. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 Spring Street.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BEER.
Absolutely pure. Family trade solicited. H. L. Hyatt, Telephone main 67.

AMONG THE MINING MEN.
Col. Posey not Uneasy About His Properties—Survey for Railroad in San Diego District.
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POSTOFFICE RIGHT AWAY.
Our New Building Will B. Ready Soon.
Contractor is Here, to Start Work.
Will Sub-Let Certain Contracts—The Job Will Take Fifteen Months.
Gustav Ehrhardt, president of the Congress Construction Company of Chicago, which has the building of the new Los Angeles postoffice in hand, arrived at the Niles last night. He intends to go to work on the reconstruction of the Federal building this week, and says he will put the job through in fifteen months, although twenty-two months is the time limit. He comes here from the North, where he has been erecting a Federal building for Helena, Mont., and a customhouse in Portland, Or.

"I am here to put this postoffice job through without a hitch," said Mr. Ehrhardt last night. "People are of the impression that all government work must necessarily drag along indefinitely, but in reality, the sooner we get through the more profitable it is for us. I will begin wrecking the old building immediately, either myself or through some local company that may make me an acceptable bid for the work. It is our aim, wherever we build, to patronize home industry as far as possible. I have no doubt that almost everything that will go into the new postoffice can be furnished in this vicinity. I am ready now to sublet different departments of the work to contractors who may apply to me, and prove themselves able to undertake the contracts. I will probably handle the masonry end of it myself, though I am willing to sublet this, too, if I can get hold of a satisfactory party. We pay the best prices for the best work, but want only the best."

I hope that even the marble which is to be used in the building can be furnished from California, and I will try and get the iron work done in this city. I promise that you will have a fine Federal building here before long. I will make my headquarters here at the hotel, and am anxious to talk to the local men in my line of business immediately, so that the work will not be delayed a day."

The contractor wishes to get his samples of local material together within the week, so that he can send them on to the supervising architect in Washington for examination, and have the contract let without delay.

The new postoffice will be a four-story structure, 102x122 feet, of the building type of brick that is in the style of the old building, with granite on the interior will be finished in quarter-sawn oak, redwood, marble, ornamental iron work and glass plastering. Handsome artificial stone floors will be laid.

The contract for work, exclusive of heating and lighting, amounts to about \$120,000.

Mr. Ehrhardt will be here until February, when he will return to Chicago to work for the coming exposition in St. Louis.

DESERED HIS SPOUSE.
Dakota Court Grants Mrs. Freddy Gebhardt a Divorce—He Will Now Marry Mary Ethel Barrymore.
(BY DIRECT TELETYPE TO THE TIMES.)
ST. LOUIS, Pa., Oct. 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The case filed in the State Circuit Court here September 30, last, by Freddy Gebhardt, the erstwhile favorite of the Jersey Lily, in which he sought for divorce from Louise Morris Gebhardt, came to trial here today, and was heard by Judge Jones. The case was heard by Judge Jones, and the divorce was granted. The divorce was granted, and the divorce was granted.

She filed an answer to Gebhardt's complaint, charging her with having deserted him in September, 1899, and in the cross-bill charged that it was she, and not he, who had deserted him. He replied to this, denying her allegations. The hearing in the case was held late this afternoon.

The substance of the testimony of Mr. Gebhardt, which was given by him and his brother, was that Gebhardt had sent her to the home of his niece at Newport, and had gone to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, where he took up his residence and remained until he came to St. Louis, in April of the present year.

Gebhardt testified in his own behalf, and the testimony of his valet was also taken. Judge Jones, before whom the hearing was held, decided that Gebhardt was guilty of wilful desertion, and that such desertion had continued for more than one year prior to the commencement of his suit for divorce. The marriage was accordingly dissolved.

It is said that Gebhardt will soon marry Ethel Barrymore.

MARQUIS ITO SAILS.
Feels the Honor Yale Conferred on Him and Appreciates the Courtesy of Americans.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Marquis Ito, formerly Prime Minister of Japan, sailed for Boulogne on the steamer Ryndam today. The Marquis said: "I must express my thanks to the Americans for the kindness and cordiality with which I have been received here. My reception was only equalled by the courtesy extended to me on my last visit here. I am deeply grateful for the degree which was bestowed upon me by Yale University. The marriage of my daughter to a young man of Japanese descent is a great honor to me. I hope to go to Japan by the latter part of the year or early next year."

The torpedo-belt destroyer Chauncey was launched yesterday at Philadelphia, by the Navy Department. The ship was christened by Mrs. M. C. Stevens, wife of the late Secretary of the Navy. The ship is a sister ship of the Baltimore, launched at the same yard. The Chauncey, which is a sister ship of the Baltimore, launched at the same yard. The Chauncey, which is a sister ship of the Baltimore, launched at the same yard.

KIDNEY TROUBLE CURED.
[After Many Years of Suffering Which Doctors Fail to Relieve.]
A Member of the U. S. Census Department Gives Pe-ru-na Great Praise.
Hon. Edward G. Wade, District Engineer, Assistant Special Agent of the Statistical Department of the United States Census, is a prominent member of the Foresters of America. In a letter written from 700 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal., he says:

"I am gratified to note that Pe-ru-na is so widely known, as it is a medicine that deserves a world-wide reputation for its merits. I suffered off and on for years with kidney troubles and nervous disorders; had many doctors prescribe for me, but received no lasting benefit except from the use of Pe-ru-na. My success attend you."—EDWARD G. WADE.

A man who has suffered for years and years with kidney trouble and nervous disorders, has tried doctor after doctor without benefit, and finally tries Pe-ru-na and receives a permanent cure, such a man ought to recommend Pe-ru-na, even when they have been practically snatched from the grave by using it. Yet in spite of all these things, men of high and low station are enthusiastically praising Pe-ru-na in public print and private conversation.

Hon. Edward G. Wade, of the United States Census Department, is one of the men in high station who believes that the whole world ought to know the virtues of Pe-ru-na. Having been cured himself his gratitude is so great that he is willing to use every honorable means to let others know of the benefits of Pe-ru-na. No other remedy in the world is making such a multitude of different cures.

W. C. Hamilton, Sergeant Thirty-seventh U. S. Volunteer Infantry, and former American War, 581 New High Street, Los Angeles, Cal., writes:

"When I returned from the army I was nearly dead with bladder and kidney trouble. I considered myself a wreck for life, and as I have seen so many soldiers whose health was forever ruined, life looked pretty dark to me. Our Colonel had in the meantime been using Pe-ru-na for a similar trouble and as it seemed to help him I decided to try it. Thank God that I did. It slowly brought me back to life and health. I then decided to give Pe-ru-na a trial and I would not exchange my health for all the wealth you could offer me. I am a great believer in Pe-ru-na and have good reason to be."—W. C. Hamilton.

President Louisiana Commercial Club.
Hon. William Watson Washburn, President of the Louisiana Commercial Club, and a very well known man of New Orleans, La., writes from 697 Canal street:

"I am satisfied that there is not a finer medicine placed before the public today than Pe-ru-na. I have been troubled for nearly twelve years with kidney and liver trouble, and at times I have been a pretty sick man, unable to attend to my duties. I had about made up my mind that no medicine could help me when one of your booklets was brought to my office, which I read in a leisure hour. I then decided to give Pe-ru-na a trial and found that I had at last secured the right medicine for me. For two months I used it faithfully and then felt so well I was like a young man once more. This was over a year ago and I have not had any trouble since. Although I am in the seventies I feel better and more active than I did thirty years ago."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be glad to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

General Health Greatly Improved by Pe-ru-na.
health improved and I have been in good health ever since. I would not be without it for ten times its cost."—FRANCES MATOON.

This experience has been repeated many times. We hear of such cases nearly every day.

Mrs. Mattoon had catarrh of the kidneys. As soon as she took the right remedy she made a quick recovery.

Miss Johanna Lewis, 1813 N. Bryant avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"I know that I enjoy perfect health all due to Pe-ru-na. Last winter I suffered from general debility caused from a cold. I had almost constantly dragging pains and backache until I became so unstrung and nervous that I could not sleep nights, and became a physical wreck. Fortunately Pe-ru-na was brought to my notice and I decided to try it. It was nothing short of a blessing to me. It cured the cold, allayed the nervousness, renovated my entire system and brought health and youth back to me. I have advised scores of my friends to try it and those who have used it speak of it in the highest terms."—Johanna Lewis.

A prominent Washington Society Lady.
Miss J. E. Hoopes, 1381 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., writes:

"My system was run down and worn out by continued colds and catarrhal trouble. I experienced no permanent relief until I tried Pe-ru-na."

"Today I feel better and stronger than for years and I feel very grateful for the beneficial effects produced by Pe-ru-na."

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How Many "Liners?"
How many "liner" advertisements will be in The Times Sunday, November 3? Sunday, Oct. 20, there were... 2399 Sunday, Oct. 13, there were... 2689

In order to direct still more attention to the remarkable number of these small advertisements and the steady growth in volume, The Times will hereafter give prizes for advance estimates. Each week will be rewarded with a five-dollar cash prize; the second most accurate with a one-dollar cash prize, and so on, up to 10.

The number of estimates one person may make is not limited, but all must be made on the printed blank accompanying this announcement, and must be received at The Times office before 6 o'clock Saturday evening.

THE PRIZES.
One Five-dollar Prize, in cash... \$5.00
Five One-dollar Prizes, in cash... \$5.00
Ten Half-dollar Prizes, in cash... \$5.00

Total each week in cash... \$15.00
Use the following coupon:

Here is my "Liner" Estimate.
Date...
To THE TIMES:
I estimate that there will be...
"Liners"—or classified advertisements that are separate and distinct from each other—in the "Liner" or "Classified" pages of The Times on Sunday, Nov. 3, 1901.
(Signed).....
Address.....

TWO THOUSAND SAVED.
From Whisky, Tobacco and Drugs.
In five years I have cured over two thousand cases of whisky, morphine, opium, cocaine, tobacco or cigarette addiction. My treatment differs from all others. It is absolutely painless and non-injurious, and it doesn't replace the old habit with a new one. It cures in from one to five days. It builds up the shattered nerves and neutralizes the poison in the system, then the craving is gone like a dream.

It's easier to stop than not to stop when you have taken the Brown treatment. Full information at office or by mail.

J. S. BROWN, M. D.
229 W. First Street
Near Times Office
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Auction.
FURNITURE.
408 and 410 South Spring, Wednesday, Oct. 30th, 10 a. m.
A full and complete line of household and kitchen furniture.
Removed to our store for convenience of sale.

RHOADES & REED.
Auction.
I will offer for sale at public auction, on Friday, November 2, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

cent pieces: everywhere where men
put on port to attend to some
they are doing it with manfulness

are Earl Fruit Co., LOS ANGELES, Cal.
Dr. M. A. McLAUGHLIN, Dear Sir:—I
suffered four years with sciatica, but your
oil cured me in one week.
W. C. DUNNING.

1st YEAR.

Nowadays and Other Days of Soldiers' Home Veterans.

advanced to \$6,164,178, and in 1899 reached \$8,255,211. Even in the third year the United States held the eighth place as an exporter of these products.—[Home Magazine.

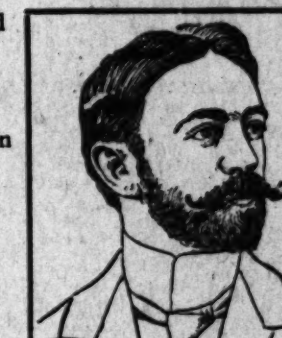
BY HARRIET CONNOR-BROWN.
[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

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ough sheer exhaustion.
se I was aroused by be-
then I opened my eyes,

WHERE MY CLIVE

THE SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY OF MY TREATMENT.

Established fifteen years as a Specialist in Men's Diseases. Largest institution and most extensive practice in the West.



O. C. JOSLEN, M. D.
Strictly Reliable.

Entire building over Wells-Fargo Express office. Twenty-two rooms completely equipped with everything modern for treating men.

Science is most shamefully abused. The label "scientific" is pasted upon all sorts of mistakes and errors. No wonder the word has come to mean so little. Science is an ascertained truth. The only things scientific are those things having their origin in a knowledge of absolute truth, and that are as accurate as the truth itself. Really scientific things don't fail. That's the test. Science is just as unerring in medicine as it is in other things. Treatment that is thoroughly scientific doesn't fail and can't harm. A treatment that isn't scientific may cure some diseases in some instances, but it often fails, and almost as often it works injury.

Specialists are supposed to be the most scientific physicians in the world. They are supposed to become scientific in the treatment of a few diseases before they make these diseases their specialty. Some of them do, and their cures tell that their treatment is scientific. Others do not, and their failures speak their lack of knowledge.

I ask to be judged by my cures and by my professional success. There is always a possibility that what one says about his own work may be biased, but when the work does the speaking it speaks with accuracy. I have been established fifteen years as a specialist in diseases of men. My practice has already grown to be the largest in America, and my offices and hospital occupy more floor space than any other institution in the city. I am widely known as the foremost specialist in my line, and I treat patients from all quarters of the globe. My record for permanent cures is absolutely unapproached. All these things are due entirely to the fact that every remedy, method and process that I employ in the treatment of my patients is scientific in the fullest meaning of the term.

"Weakness." Contagious Blood Poison. On account of his frightful blood-poison, contagious blood-poison is commonly called the king of all venereal diseases. It may be either hereditary or transmitted. Once the system is infected with it the disease may manifest itself in the form of scrofula, eczema, rheumatism, skin eruptions, eruptions of copper spots on the face or body, hardening of the veins, etc. It attacks the tongue, throat, swollen tonsils, falling out of the hair, etc. It is a deadly disease, which conditions is entirely responsible for the disordered function, as this is the vital center of the reproductive system. To treat by any of these methods is to court disaster. It is a disease which is not cured by any of the old remedies, but which is cured by the use of my special treatment for contagious blood-poison. The blood is purified, the system is restored, and the patient is cured. My special treatment for contagious blood-poison is the only one that cures. It is a life work and is performed by the best physicians of America and Europe. It cures all cases of contagious blood-poison, no matter how long it has been contracted, and it is the only treatment that cures. It is a life work and is performed by the best physicians of America and Europe. It cures all cases of contagious blood-poison, no matter how long it has been contracted, and it is the only treatment that cures.

Varicocele. Stricture. If you have Varicocele, I will say to you that it is a disease which is not cured by any of the old remedies, but which is cured by the use of my special treatment for Varicocele. The blood is purified, the system is restored, and the patient is cured. My special treatment for Varicocele is the only one that cures. It is a life work and is performed by the best physicians of America and Europe. It cures all cases of Varicocele, no matter how long it has been contracted, and it is the only treatment that cures.

Contracted Disorders. Under the treatment pursued here, all contracted disorders are cured. The blood is purified, the system is restored, and the patient is cured. My special treatment for contracted disorders is the only one that cures. It is a life work and is performed by the best physicians of America and Europe. It cures all cases of contracted disorders, no matter how long it has been contracted, and it is the only treatment that cures.

I advertise under my own name and use my own likeness in my advertisements. My diplomas from the most celebrated medical colleges and hospitals in the world, together with my license from the State of California, are hanging in my office where my patients may see and examine them.

All necessary X-Ray examinations are absolutely free to patients. My equipment for X-Ray work is the finest and most complete ever produced, and equally perfect results are not possible with inferior apparatus.

All remedies are prepared from standardized drugs in my own private laboratory, and are supplied to patients free of cost. My Colored Chart should be in the possession of every man. It is interesting and instructive as a study, and is helpful in making a home diagnosis. Sent free upon request.

Inability to come to my office for consultation and treatment need not deprive you of my services. My knowledge of men's diseases enables me to treat most cases with absolute success at a distance. Write describing your symptoms in full and I will advise you free of charge, and will tell you whether I can cure you without your calling in person.

My fees are reasonable and may be paid in installments as patient sees his improvement. Consultation and advice free.

DR. C. JOSLEN, M.D.
Cor. Main and Third Sts. Los Angeles, Cal.
OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, 10 to 12 only.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER THE RIDE.

He told that Gen. Longstreet

was a man of fine sensibilities,

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STOP. THINK. ACT!

THERE are thousands of people in Southern California today who have money to invest and who are looking for investments.

There are other thousands who are not, strictly speaking, looking for investments, but who would be glad to put a little money where it would do the most good.

The attention of both classes is called particularly to the rapid development now in progress in the settlement of 500,000 acres of land under the Imperial Canal System in the eastern portion of San Diego county.

This settlement is no boom proposition. It is founded on the largest and most fertile tract of irrigable land to be found in arid America.

The Imperial Canal System is what its name indicates—the most abundant supply of water that can be used for irrigation purposes in America.

Not only is the water abundant, but it is cheap.

Experience shows that 500,000 acres of such land, when under cultivation, will support a population of from 150,000 upwards.

Such a population must support and maintain at least one city of metropolitan proportions, and several smaller cities of less magnitude—from 5000 to 10,000 people each.

This is no dream. Look over Southern California and see what has been done. What has been done must be done again under similar conditions.

The Imperial Land Company has platted three town sites:

Imperial, Paringa and Calexico.

One of these towns will become a large city. All of them will become cities.

A judicious investment in any one of them will return manifold profits.

The policy of the Imperial Land Company has been to give early investors a chance to make big money. This is a wise business policy. That policy was applied to the sale of water rights. Prices of water rights were advanced only because it became a necessity, as the land was being taken more rapidly than the water could be delivered.

The same policy is now adopted in connection with the sale of town property.

We want to interest thousands of people financially in the Imperial Settlements, because the more are interested the better it is for the investors as well as for the proprietors of the water system and the town sites.

In the very near future all the towns mentioned above will become railroad towns.

The towns are laid out systematically, and the Imperial country is being developed systematically.

These facts have been accentuated by the gratuitous publication of hundreds of columns of complimentary accounts of this great enterprise in the leading journals and magazines of the East, and in nearly all the papers of Southern California. We have several large scrap books full of these indorsements.

In reference to vacant land under Imperial Water Company No. 1, of which there is yet quite an acreage, we would refer the reader to Oakley-Paulin Co., Douglas Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

For further particulars apply to, or address

IMPERIAL LAND COMPANY,

STOWELL BLOCK,

A. H. HEBER, General Manager.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Sunday

27, 1901.

TRADE MARK

and the

DOLL

the immense third floor has been

for \$65.00. A magnificent

You can have an old doll

the opening of Toyland and the

before the rush begins and w

and it will save you lots of w

will offer many suggestion

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THE MODERN NOAH'S ARK



PICTORIAL SHEET.

Timely Illustrations.

XXTH YEAR.

Los Angeles

SUNDAY

A Realistic Picture.

In our drapery department on the fourth floor is being exhibited the famous picture of "Idyllwild" by Prof. Carl C. Zeus. It is pronounced an accurate reproduction in oil of the beauties of the scenery at Idyllwild. Its peculiar coloring reflects the sunset glow as it is actually seen. It imparts a realistic idea of California scenery.

Opening of Toyland

The great Hamburger Store has become a gigantic Noah's Ark from which all sorts of wonderful Playthings are crowding forth, assisted by Santa Claus himself. Ours is not a store. On the contrary, it is well stocked from January to January. Toys, games and dolls with us as is wearing apparel.

GREATER AND GRANDER PREPARATION

The Hamburger Store has always been and will always be headquarters for Santa Claus and gift purchasers. This year greater preparations than ever. We have a larger stock of toys and more varied assortment. It is true that with cheapness. This fact is more than ever demonstrated by this display. Everything is cheaply priced. We have toys which are durable and which are instructive. We believe that the growing mind should be educated. Some device is much better for a boy than a simple plaything. Toyland opens Monday morning in the basement. Elevator service.

AN INDEX

The following list will serve as an index to our stock. Boys and girls look it over. They will be quick to find what they want.

Toys

Printing presses \$1.50 to \$10.00
Typewriters \$1.50 to \$5.00
Toy watches \$1.00 to \$2.00
Toy cannons \$1.00 to \$1.50
Metal tops \$1.00 to \$1.50
Toy pianos \$1.00 to \$1.50
Toy trumpets \$1.00 to \$1.50
Drums \$1.00 to \$1.50
Musical boxes \$1.00 to \$1.50
Harmoniums \$1.00 to \$1.50
Toy swords \$1.00 to \$1.50
Toy guns \$1.00 to \$1.50
Air guns \$1.00 to \$1.50
Rubber balls \$1.00 to \$1.50
Drawing slates \$1.00 to \$1.50
Rugby footballs \$1.00 to \$1.50
Paint boxes and palettes \$1.00 to \$1.50
Baby rattles \$1.00 to \$1.50
Riding horses \$1.00 to \$1.50
Doll go-carts \$1.00 to \$1.50
Doll cradles \$1.00 to \$1.50
Mechanical toys \$1.00 to \$1.50
Lead soldiers \$1.00 to \$1.50

Unbreakable soldiers \$1.00 to \$1.50
Horse and wagon sets \$1.00 to \$1.50
Punch and Judy shows \$1.00 to \$1.50
Macaroni toys \$1.00 to \$1.50
Steel horses and wagons \$1.00 to \$1.50
Toy trains \$1.00 to \$1.50
Iron trains \$1.00 to \$1.50
Mechanical trains \$1.00 to \$1.50
Toy and iron sets \$1.00 to \$1.50
Savoye balls \$1.00 to \$1.50
Steel lancers \$1.00 to \$1.50
Steam engines \$1.00 to \$1.50
Hot air balloons \$1.00 to \$1.50
Boys' tool chests \$1.00 to \$1.50
Saw and drill sets \$1.00 to \$1.50
Cord games \$1.00 to \$1.50
Jigsaw puzzles \$1.00 to \$1.50
Crokinole boards \$1.00 to \$1.50
Combinations \$1.00 to \$1.50
Puzzles \$1.00 to \$1.50
Alphabet blocks \$1.00 to \$1.50

50c Elephant Game at 25c.

The highly amusing game of elephant dance, with all the implements for two or four players, packed in a box 10x10 inches. A game that old and young will enjoy alike. Special opening price 25c.

75c Pop Guns 50c.

A dangerous, sure shot pop-gun with ramrod and cocking action, packed in a box complete. A 75c toy, special for the opening at 50c.

\$1.00 Fortress for 69c.

A handsome lithographed fortress, stands 8 inches high and is 10x10 inches at the base; sells regularly at \$1.00. Special sale price 69c.

10c Doll's Chairs for 5c.

Dolls' folding chairs made of hard wood with striped cloth back and seat, 13 inches high and a regular 10c article, to be sold at 5c.

25c Swiss Chimes for 15c.

6x9 in. Swiss chimes, handsomely lithographed. When rocked it produces the sound of sweet chimes. A regular 25c article. Special price 15c.

35c Doll-Go-Carts for 25c.

Reed body go-carts with wood seat, 11 in. high, 8-inch strong wooden wheels; 7x8 inch seat. A regular 35c article. Sale price 25c.

10c Bellows Toys for 5c.

A big assortment of animals and birds which average 7 inches high; all mounted on bellows base from which emits the voice of the animal. Special sale price 5c.

15c Pacing Horse for 10c.

Automatic pacing horse, sulky and driver; 11 inches long. Reduced from 15c to 10c especially for this sale.

(WHAT OTHERS ADVERTISE, WE SELL FOR LESS.)

Trade Sale of Silks Continues.

Last Sunday we told you all about this immense purchase of fine silks at auction. We hinted at the rivalry between Wanamaker, McCreary Macy, Hearn and ourselves for the purchase of these goods. We secured our share. The extreme desirability of the goods offered was reason plenty for the brisk buying. Bargains like these seldom wait long for buyers. It is your good fortune that our buyers opened to attend this immense trade sale of fine silks.

Most Desirable Styles of the Season.

Choice fancies and staple blacks are included in this sale. Among the fancy silks you will find a grand assortment of the season's most choice styles. It is a sale that will never be forgotten by those who participate in it. Among the specialties offered for this week are the following, but there are plenty of others.

\$1 27-in. Black Taffeta 69c

A nice quality that will not crack or split. It will make a beautiful petticoat for a soft clinging dress. Remember the width is 27 inches. \$1.00 quality for 69c.

\$1 Black Beau de Soie at 75c

The rich, lustrous kind that can only be made from all silk thread. You can use either side. A dollar's worth in every yard; priced at 75c.

Guaranteed Blk Taffeta 75c

Black taffeta with the word "guaranteed" woven on every yard, made expressly for our silk department. If you do not receive satisfactory wear we replace it; for sale this week at 75c.

\$1.39 Wash Taffeta Silks \$1.

The most popular and durable silk of today because it washes. No glue or starch in it. The proper silk lining for soft delicate fabrics; also desirable for waists and gowns, 27 in. wide. Made to sell at \$1.39. Sale price \$1.

\$1.50 Black Beau de Soie \$1.25

Black Beau de Soie with a finish that will not wear shiny. You can use either side. Made of all bodied silk. Soft and mellow, 28 inches wide. Cannot be duplicated at \$1.50. Our price \$1.25.

\$1.50 and \$2 Fancy Silks 95c

200 yards of fancy waist silks of foreign and domestic makes. Embroidered taffeta, printed warp Louisiana, Persian, Dresden, lace striped, etc. This season's sweetest and newest productions. Made to sell at \$1.50 and \$2. Offered at 95c.

59c Taffeta Silks at 39c

Taffeta silk in every desirable autumn shade and black and cream, a dependable quality that will wear satisfactorily. It is the standard Yama Hsi taffeta that is sold at all silk counters at 50c; our price 39c. Special at 35c.

89c Fancy Waist Silks at 48c

23 pieces of fancy waist silks in fancy dotted Beau de Soie, lace striped taffeta, fancy argyle, illuminated Persian designs, etc. Regular quality, well worth 89c; at 48c.

\$1.00 Fancy Silks at 59c

Very elegant silk suitable for waists and gowns. Fancy argyle grounds with Persian stripes, fancy stripes with little jacquard brocade and white grounds with plain stripes; every yard \$1.00 value; sale price 59c.

\$1.25 Fancy Silks 79c

Fancy lace applique striped silks for gowns or waists. It looks as if the silk was trimmed with real lace. Pretty shades for street and evening wear. Better than silks sold in other stores at \$1.25. Here at 79c.

New Laces at New Prices.

Batiste, Venise and Arabian lace galloons in very pretty choice patterns. Admirably adapted for waist and skirt trimmings; widths 1 to 2 inches. Values up to 75c a yard, at 33c.

Black chantilly and Escurial galloons in wave, medallion and Grecian designs in a large variety of patterns; widths 1 to 6 inches. Values worth up to 85c, at 42c.

Newest Trimmings at Half Price.

Persian bands and applique trimmings are extremely popular for fall. We placed our orders in advance of the general demand and in this way secured the goods at less than half the ruling prices today. They come in rich colorings and designs in both light and medium shades.

Silk applique trimmings in black, white and cream. Choice patterns which separate to good advantage. Widths from 1/2 to 2 1/2 inch. Values up to 50c a yard. Choice at 27c.

Persian bands, 1/2 to 1 inch wide, 48c. Worth double. Persian bands, 1/2 to 1 1/2 inch wide, 79c. Worth double.



\$3.50 Shoes for Women.

We believe that you will get more satisfaction from the Ebell shoes than from any other make. They combine nearly all the features and much of the quality of standard \$5.00 shoes. They occupy a middle ground; they combine quality with reasonableness. There are thirty different styles and shapes from which to select. Every foot can be fitted, every taste pleased. If you like heavy soles you will find them; if you like a delicate shoe you will find it. Shoes for walking, cycling, evening wear, house wear, etc. Every one comfortable. Always the same price, \$3.50 a pair.

Oddments in Cloaks and Suits.

All Odd Lines and Broken Assortments to be Closed Out.

This sale offers splendid opportunities for those who are careful about their expenditures. In a stock like ours there is apt to be an accumulation of broken lines unless frequent sales are made for the purpose of closing out odd garments as fast as the lines become broken. We indulge in such a sale during the coming week. Every odd garment and broken line is to go at some price or other.

TAILORED SUITS of homespun and cheviot

made in clean styles with fancy waist and new source skirts \$50 to \$60.00. All to be closed out at \$30.00.

TAILORED SUITS of handsome basket

coats and Venetian Double breasted and cloth suits. New source skirts. Skirt trimmed with black satin \$15.00.

TAILORED SUITS of handsome all wool

broadsuit. Blue jackets with velvet vests. All to be closed out at \$25.00.

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First Annual

You may wonder that a big store like this pays so much for staples with us as is sugar and flour with a grocer. We are notables at prices which would enable us to hold an annual sale.

Prices Will

These thousands of little things are to be sold at prices which will enable every woman in Los Angeles to use a dollar's worth of goods at half the price. There is no trashy or poorly constructed articles in this sale.

10c and 12 1/2c white and colored finishing braids in 6-yard pieces. Sale price 10c.
6-yard awn-bill hooks and eyes 10c.
10c card hump hooks and eyes 10c.
10c boxes wire hair pins, 60 in a box, 10c.
10c box good quality hair pins 10c.
10c pieces whitehouse casing, all colors, 10c.
10c bunches India tape, 6 pieces, 10c.
10c assortment size aluminum thimbles 10c.
10c bunches covered dress steels 10c.
10c spools Clark's assort. colored crocheted cotton 24c.
10c enameled egg darning 10c.
10c pieces black dress braid 10c.
10c fancy silk garter elastic 10c.
4 1/2, 5 1/2 and 6 inch kid hair curlers in assort. colors, 10c, 10c and 1 1/2 values, for 10c, 10c and 7 1/2c.
10c pieces all silk seam binding 10c.

10c cards of 3 dots, 10c.
10c and 10c Kluge 10c.
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Los Angeles Sunday Times

OCTOBER 27, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR...\$2.50
SINGLE COPY...5 CENTS

A CASE OF "NIGGER IN THE WOOD PILE."



The California Sugar Industry: I certainly do smell a coon 'round here.

Los Angeles

SUNDAY MORNING

A. H. K.

Toylan

all sorts of wonderful Toys
Ours is not a spammy
Toys, games and dolls are

REPARATIONS

and gift purchasers. This year we
ent. It is true that with quality
sly priced. We have tried hard
d be educated. Some sort of
in the basement. Wide

INDEX

an index to our stock. If you
ey will be quick to indicate

Unbreakable soldiers 10c to \$2.00
Horns and wagons 75c to \$4.00
For animals 10c to \$4.00
Punch and Judy shows \$1.00 to \$2.00
Magnetic toys 10c to \$2.00
Steel toys 10c to \$1.00
Steel horses and wagons 75c to \$2.00
Toy trains 5c to 75c
Iron toys 5c to \$4.00
Iron trains 10c to \$2.00
Mechanical trains \$1.25 to \$2.00
Iron stoves 10c to \$2.00
Toy and iron 5c to \$2.00
Barber banks 10c to \$1.00
Magic lanterns 10c to \$2.00
Steam engines 10c to \$2.00
Hot air engines 10c to \$4.00
Boys' tool chests 10c to \$1.25
Saw and buck 10c to 50c
Rubber stamps 10c to \$1.00
Card games 5c to 50c
Board games 10c to \$2.00
Confederate boards \$1.50 to \$2.00
Combination boards \$2.75 to \$4.00
Puzzles 5c to \$1.00
Alphabet blocks 5c to \$1.00

Annual

like this pays so much attention
er with a grocer. We sent a
ble us to hold an annual sale

Prices Will

to be sold at prices which
es can use a dollar's worth of
ice. We can not begin to men
structed articles in this whole list.

30c cards of 2 doz. white pearl
30c and 20c Kleinhart stockings
and 4, 5c pr.
50c boxes black hair pins
10c pr. unbreakable corset
20c cards shield safety pins
the 4-yd. pieces skirt revet
3c papers of 400 pins
10c to 50c cards fancy dress
20c gross pants, buttons at 10c
30c cards of 1 doz. heart
20c to 30c pr. Kleinhart rubber
2, 3 and 4, 10c.
5c spools of 500 yards
the solid color fancy garter
10c doors aluminum hair pins
the 60-inch tape measures

of all Kid Gloves

h kid gloves are the finest of all
that you will test the truth of the
skin from which these gloves are
enters into kid gloves at any pri
actory in which they were made, you
it. But we can get what we want
buyers. You have to pay \$2.00 for
any other name. All shades, all

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at
Point Loma spookery revealed by a
theosophist...Why Alfred Dolge
schedules his assets at \$2,000,000...in

yawns for President McKinley's assass-
sin...Paul Czolgosz sends farewell
message to his doomed son...Foul
Chicago woman wants to erect a monu-

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIAT
NEW YORK, Oct.
O'Connor, a former
Ninth Regiment of the

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

THE INDIVIDUAL MAN.

THE might and force of individuality are facts that the average man does not fully grasp. We talk about national and municipal evils, of extended reforms that should be accomplished, and the wrongs that should be remedied, but how often do we consider our own individual responsibility in these things as a part of the great body politic? The best and the only way for patriotic, right-loving citizens to establish reforms and get rid of threatened evils is for each individual to set about reforming himself, to ask with all serious earnestness, what is there wrong in me, in my influence upon others that should be changed? We are altogether too apt to forget that if the individual is right the masses will be right, for what are the masses but the conglomeration of individuals, each one with his potential power and influence helping to determine the trend of the whole? Very truthfully did President Roosevelt once remark that "allike for the nation and the individual the one indispensable requisite is character—character that does and dares as well as endures; character that is active in the performance of virtue, no less than firm in the refusal to do aught that is vicious or degraded."

What we need then is a more earnest, determined and serious contemplation of our individual manhood and its responsibilities, with a view to discover wherein we can improve ourselves as citizens, wherein we have failed in our duty to the government and to society, and how in the future we can put forth more strenuous endeavors for the public good.

Every man should realize that he is responsible not only for what he does, but for what he might do, yet fails to do. The great difficulty with us is that we do not take ourselves seriously enough, we do not realize fully the omnipotence of individual action when it is rightly directed. If every man in this great nation lived up to his highest convictions of duty and held himself strictly accountable for the existence of evils which strenuous action on his part might have helped to prevent or overcome what a mighty power for good in the world should we become. "A man is worthless unless he has in him a lofty devotion to an ideal, and he is worthless also unless he strives to realize this ideal by practical methods. He must promise, both to himself and to others, only what he can perform; but what really can be performed he must promise, and such promise he must at all hazards make good."

Let every conscientious, thoughtful citizen of this republic then, while deploring existing evils, look well to his own life and to the possibilities of the ennobling influences which may be brought forth from it, and let him not rest content with himself until he has made the most that is possible of his own individual manhood. As has been remarked, "No one of us can make the world move on very far, but it moves at all only when each one of a very large number does his duty."

Let "duty" then be the watchword of each individual man of this republic, then shall existing evils be eliminated and true greatness as a nation shall be ours.

COMMEMORATIONS OF LOYALTY.

SINCE the lamented death of our Chief Magistrate many suggestions have been made of the propriety of building some permanent memorial to commemorate his fame. The Municipal Journal and Engineer of New York discusses the question of an arch of triumph, to be erected in Washington or elsewhere, such as has been raised to great commanders who have conquered in the field. The sketch mentions the arches that were part of the august decorations which met the view of a Roman general when the Senate and people of Rome did him honor. The writer remarked that the career of our late President in its military aspect offers many phases for treatment by the sculptor; he also thought that the domestic side of his life might offer suggestions

in that "he personified the American estimate of woman."

Other journals suggest memorial libraries, museums, schools and colleges, and it is probable that many noble institutions will commemorate the fame of the martyred President of our republic.

It has been remembered that "the pathway to the Victoria Cross lies along the edge of the grave." The wealth of kingdoms cannot purchase it, nor the rank of the purple claim it. He who gains it, although he may be only a private in the army, or a blue jacket of the navy, wins it, "for valor." Although not fifty years old—for it was instituted by a royal warrant dated January 29, 1856, at the end of the Crimean war—it stands for the highest testimonial of appreciation for conspicuous bravery. The artist hand of the Prince Consort is said to have designed it. Some of the Russian guns taken at the Crimea are a part of its supply of bronze. The bestowal makes the private equal to the commander-in-chief.

The change of the name of the Philippine Islands to "McKinley Islands" has been proposed. No more instructive records of history are afforded than those of the memorial names of colonization.

The very name of Roosevelt takes one back to the reign of Charles II. The King's brother, James, Duke of York and Albany, had a grant made to him of the New Netherlands, whose two chief cities were afterward known as New York and Albany. Among the local memorials of that early dominion are the names of the Katskill Mountains, Brooklyn (Brenkelen,) Blauvelt, Roosevelt, etc. The names are landmarks in the midst of various names witnessing to the mysterious processes of colonization.

However impracticable might be the changing of the island name, no loyal American could object to seeing the name of Philip displaced by one which stands for nobility of character. Authentic history declares that Spanish monarch to have been as great a fanatic in his estimate of kingly power as in matters of religion. Philip must have feared the just verdicts of time when he built his Escorial. He foresaw, perhaps, that there would come a light which would disclose his network of espionage around the world, when the holocaust of the burning of heretics and the torments of the Inquisition would be remembered. Spanish apologists might revert to other dark stains on the character of monarchs of France and England, but the character of Philip looms in implacable and sinister austerity. So, away in Spain, he built the Escorial, to immortalize his fame in bronze, marble and a painting by Titian. He expressed his imperial dream in domes and pillars and heraldic colors. There it stands, adorned with double-headed black eagles, with sacristies and relics, mysterious panels, secret doors, a crucifix by Cellini, frescoes by Giordano, Tibaldi, Bar-rosio and others. The builders worked over twenty years, but could never rid the place of the shadow of the Inquisition, and they haunt its solitudes. It is a part of the history of the Philippines to remember the ideals of its rulers. No more striking illustration could be adduced than the contrast of the character of our lamented President, and that of the wily Ambassador Philip.

California's memorial in honor of our President should be a distinctive one. It is said that near the close of our late President's life he dissented at the drawing of a curtain across the window, as he wished to see the trees which he thought "so beautiful." Whatever forms of remembrance the love of a loyal people may choose as their expression of devotion, California could find no more beautiful commemoration than the planting of trees in this State in memory of the sentiment expressed by our recent never-to-be-forgotten guest. Far more beautiful than the Escorial would be such a monument, and typical of the far-reaching life of which the monarchs of the forest would speak to the coming generations. Many dreary places might be made to bud and bloom if properly undertaken by the foresters of the State. The memorial days in which every village, ranch and byways might have share, if distinguished by concert of action and wisely-directed effort, might become the most interesting of commemorative occasions. In time our President's trees would be known as types of California faith and devotion. In the shadows of these beneficent influences of woodland-growth, showers, dew, beauty, shadow, bird song, and all the natural influences which hallow remembrance would perpetuate the ideals of loyalty and truth.

L. F. H.

NOISY SUNBEAMS.

Fill a glass vessel with lamp black, colored silk or worsted. Focus the rays of the sun in a lens—that is, hold a magnifying glass so that the rays pass through it before they fall on the glass vessel. Then revolve in the light, between the lens and the vessel, a disk with an opening or slit in it, so that the light is alternately falling on the vessel and being shut out. Now listen, and you will hear a noise when the light passes through the slit, but there will be silence when it is shut out. You must place your ear close to the glass, holding the silk or other substance.

Another experiment is to use a prism instead of an ordinary lens. This makes a rainbow, and as the rays pass through the slit it is possible to tell that some sound as they fall on the glass vessel, while other parts of the solar spectrum—as it is called—produce a have no effect.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Agent: I must tell you that this house is haunted; but you don't mind hearing a mysterious tapping?
Dugan: Not if it's a kalg uf beer.—[Chicago News.]

THE GRASS AND THE TREES.

The little blade of grass, how wondrous 'tis,
Perfect in all its parts and beautiful,
Swaying in the light winds—a slender spear
Catching the sunlight, drinking up the dew,
Putting on beauty that's forever new.
How desolate this wide old earth would be
Did not the grasses clothe it, and how bare
Of its rich beauty. How the rains would beat
The naked soil, the cruel winds would heap—
Like some great sepulcher which Time did heap

Forever ready—the drifting sands, and
The sweet air would choke with them whenever
The Wind made them its plaything: the eye would see
Of the wide stretches always dead and white,
Lying so ghostly in the mocking light.
But O the grasses! Silently they speak,
Of the All-Father's ceaseless love and care.
How wisely He has made them! Clinging round
Clasp the glad soil, and from them swift appearing
The tender blades, earth's fairest offering.

What is more fair than the wide meadow's lawn,
And the green hills that rise beneath the blue?
Than priceless emeralds more beautiful!
Teach me, O Father, how to sing Thy praise,
To see Thy goodness in earth's grass-paved way.

For not one tiny blade could lift its head,
Didst Thou not nourish it and give it care,
Though they are countless, Thou dost number all,
And round each blade upon this earth's vast space,
Thy nursing care forever lingers near.

And Thine the trees! O Father, how the earth
Owes unto them thanksgiving. Thou dost make
Them like the clouds, earth's ever-faithful friends,
Curling the heat and cradling in their leaves
The souls of rivers. The storm-god weaves

His anthems 'mid their boughs, and moisture lends
To press her lips upon them and to pour
From her full chalice her blessings down.
The storm's high priests, they beckoning away
And bid the rains come down to bless the land.

ELIYA A. A.

October, 1901.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The people of this town are getting pretty tired having their municipal government administered for private gain.—[Philadelphia Press.]

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GOOD DENTISTRY PRESERVES THE MOUTH.

"People who read in the papers that the country had materially decreased with a few years," said a prominent dentist, "probably are thought of what I consider to be one of the contributing factors to that condition of affairs is the improvement in dentistry."

"I believe that the fact that dentists are so successful in repairing faulty teeth, has had a very great effect in increasing the average length of human life. Scarcely anyone today who does not have some work done on his teeth. In former times, times of the ancients, either, people allowed their teeth to decay, or an artificial set was needed. Oftentimes people were very greatly weakened by the strain of the old teeth and their lives were made very shorter by the imperfect false teeth that were necessary to use."

"Nowadays all is changed. A good dentist will keep a person's teeth in excellent condition. He will decay the process and prevent the injuries to the stomach that follows having bad teeth in the mouth. Modern dentistry has greatly assisted modern life in lengthening men's lives."—[New York Times.]

October 27, 1901.]



THE SULTAN

HOW HE IS USED BY GOVERNMENTS

From Our Correspondent

I AM taking a trip to the East. I am in the scenes about me are of Haroun al Raschid and nobles in gorgeous streets with their women. Some go about in robes of bright colors down on the ground as if in a dream. This city is the capital and it has a sultan, who is in it.

The palace city has around it. It contains the of the princes and the the court. It contains a menagerie of tigers, lions, well as state elephants and processions.

There are more than 100,000 people in the court of this Javanese state now that his ancestors for though the Dutch rule solely through him, make are obeying the sultan. State adjoining, that of Solo lives, of whom I shall in the past these sultans they are still looked up appreciate their power, and are in the velvet glove Right in front of the the racks Allied with Dutch

October, 1901.

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Strange People of Java. By F. G. Carpenter.

THE SULTAN OF DJOKJAKARTA.

HOW HE IS USED BY THE DUTCH OFFICIALS IN GOVERNING JAVA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I AM taking a trip through a land of the Arabian Nights. I am in the native States of Java, and the scenes about me are stranger than those of the days of Haroun al Raschid in Cairo and Bagdad. Princes and nobles in gorgeous costumes strut through the streets with their woman servants and slaves following them. Some go about under huge umbrellas of gold, silver and cloth of bright colors. The common people squat down on the ground as they pass and look up in reverence. This city is the capital of one of the native States, and it has a sultan, who has a great palace city within it.

The palace city has white walls twenty feet high all around it. It contains magnificent buildings, the homes of the princes and the poorer houses of the nobles of the court. It contains an enormous harem. It has a menagerie of tigers, lions and other wild animals, as well as state elephants which go about in His Majesty's processions.

There are more than 10,000 people connected with the court of this Javanese monarch, and he has soldiers, slaves and treasures galore. He maintains the same state now that his ancestors had hundreds of years ago, for though the Dutch rule his province, they do so only through him, making the people believe that they are obeying the sultan. It is the same with the great State adjoining, that of Soerkarta, where the Sultan of Solo lives, of whom I shall write later on.

In the past these sultans ruled the whole island, and they are still looked up to by the natives. The Dutch appreciate their power, and keep the hand of iron concealed in the velvet glove with which they handle them. Right in front of the palace inclosure there is a barracks filled with Dutch soldiers, and about the whole is

a moat with drawbridges which can be lowered or raised. The palace is fortified, and there are cannon on the walls, nominally to protect the sultan, but so arranged that they could be easily turned on his palace and shatter his imperial city to pieces.

A Visit to the Sultan.

The Dutch resident Governor has the same standing as the sultan. He sits beside him on public occasions and is on a level with him. The sultan sends word to the resident every morning asking how he has rested and the resident replies in turn. When the sultan goes out in state he has gorgeous gold umbrellas above him, held by his servants, and when the resident calls on the sultan it is in a coach with four horses, with similar umbrellas held over him.

Through my letters from the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies I was invited by the resident to attend a great function at the palace of the sultan. It was the initiation of one of the sultan's sons, according to the rites of the Mohammedan religion, and all the court and the highest of the Dutch officials were invited to attend. Before my invitation was tendered I was asked if I had a dress suit and white necktie, and was told that I must be in full evening dress, although the ceremony was to take place at 7 o'clock in the morning.

We started from the palace of the resident at 6:30 a.m. Our party was all in full dress. There were a dozen rich Dutch planters, several officers of the army, each of whom was resplendent in gold lace and trimmings, and also the civil officials who wore evening clothes. The party all told was more like a group of the best-dressed men taken from a diplomatic reception at the White House than what you would expect to find on this island, generally supposed to be a jungle of savages, rhinoceroses, tigers and snakes. We rode to the palace in state, escorted by the European guards of the sultan. These numbered thirty-two. They were mounted on fine, black Australian horses and always accompany the sultan when he goes out of the palace. They are stationed inside his city nominally for his protection

and nominally under his control, but in reality as a guard to prevent revolution or conspiracy against the Dutch rule without.

Going in State.

Our procession was, I judge, at least a half-mile long. The resident, surrounded by this guard, rode at the head in a splendid carriage drawn by four high-stepping, fawn-colored, Javanese ponies. His coachman was in livery, and his footmen stood beside him carrying the great golden umbrellas which formed a part of his state. Behind came the assistant resident, a fine-looking Hollander, in a coat of gold braid, but with more modest umbrellas. He had also four horses. Further back were other four-horse equipages, and then came the more modest two-horse carriages, each with its well-coachmen and footmen, containing the planters and visitors, and among them myself.

I wish you could have seen the natives dropping down to the earth and looking up at us almost with reverence as we dashed down the long avenue of wide-spreading trees which leads from the home of the resident to the Kraton, or palace city of His Majesty. We went through a great gate by a crowd of native soldiers and officials, who straightway squatted until our procession was by. We drove across a great court inside the walls and finally stopped before another gorgeous gateway, the entrance to the palace grounds proper.

Here there were officials wearing high white and black sugar-loaf caps not unlike those worn by the Persians or Korean gentlemen at home. Each cap was about eight inches high without visor. It was the exact shape of a sugar-loaf with the top chopped off, and was made of some transparent material which looked to me like paraffine wax. From the ears to the waist the officials were perfectly bare, for according to court etiquette no man must wear a jacket or anything around the upper part of his body while in the palace of the sultan. Each official had a gorgeous waistcloth belted about him falling from his waist to his thighs and under this a pair of tight pantaloons. Each man had a great knife

GRASS AND THE TREES.

grass, how wondrous 'tis,
arts and beautiful,
winds—a slender spear
at, drinking up the dew,
that's forever new.
wide old earth would be
clothe it, and how bare
How the rains would beat
cool winds would heap—
quicker which Time did keep
drifting sands, and
choke with them when'er the
plaything: the eye would tire
always dead and white,
the mocking light.
Silently they speak,
careless love and care,
made them! Clinging roots
and from them swift upspring
earth's fairest offering.

han the wide meadow's face,
that rise beneath the blue?
side more beautiful!
how to sing Thy praise,
in earth's grass-paved way.

de could lift its head,
ish it and give it care.
ntless, Thou dost number all,
e upon this earth's vast sphere,
ever fingers near.

O Father, how the earth
nkingiving. Thou dost make
earth's ever-faithful friends
cradling in their leaves
The storm-god wraves

ir boughs, and moisture leans
on them and to pour
her blessings down.
rients, they beckoning ever stand
me down to bless the land.

ELIZA A. OTIS

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

towns are getting pretty tired of
government administered by
Philadelphia Press.

Afghanistan is said to stutter. Prob-
ably all his names to memory when
Post-Dispatch.

at last found one place where he
was first in the field. He is a
revolution. —[Baltimore American]

London is turning his nose at the
and, Punch is generally reckoned a
et weathercock. —[Boston Herald]

has been charged by the Wash-
of a local contemporary with
ra. Perhaps he carries and can
who knows? —[Minneapolis Times]

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try was to establish the rural free
is a great convenience and is to
be every month. —[Colorado Springs]

gram confesses it does not have
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city in the land. Perhaps they
are so stuck up. —[Boston Globe]

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of their claims. There was now
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entire official career. —[Cleveland]

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the Globe-Democrat.

BY PRESERVES THE HEALTH.

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changed. A good dentist can keep
cellent condition. He can now the
prevent the injurious effect upon
ows having bad teeth in the mouth
greatly assisted modern sanitation
tives. —[New York Times]

ayers. You have to pay
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... TO THE HOLDERS OF ...

Episcopal Convention

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at
Point Loma spookery revealed by a
theosophist....Why Alfred Dolge
schedules his assets at \$2,000,000 in

yawns for President McKinley's assass-
sin....Paul Czoizgows sends farewell
message to his doomed son....Foul
Chicago woman wants to erect a monu-

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED
NEW YORK, Oct. 25.

O'Connor, a former

Episcopal Convention

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Episcopal Convention

or kris with gorgeous handle of silver or gold in his belt, and the richly-carved metal showed out against the highly-colored calico waistcloth. We saw thousands of these men as we went on inside the palace. They squatted in salutation as we passed, and later on squatted about in front of the great pavilion where we were entertained by the sultan.

The Sultan Eat Home.

This pavilion had a vast roof, upheld by many wooden pillars, beautifully carved and decorated with red lacquer and gold. The sultan was sitting upon a throne within it as we came up, and the crown prince stepped down from a lower seat and came out to the Dutch resident and shook hands with him. As the sultan saw the resident, he arose and stepped forward, the Dutch resident moved toward him, and the two of them shook hands and sat down side by side. We merely bowed to His Majesty, and were then conducted to seats in the rear of him, which gave us an excellent view of the court.

The scene was a curious one. In front of us and to the left, extending on and on to the walls, was a sea of these half-naked nobles, each squatting on his haunches, with his white cap on his head. To the right, more in front of the sultan, was an equally large collection of women, all bare-headed, bare-necked, and bare-shouldered, and all squatting down on their heels. Each had a gay sarong wrapped tightly about her bosom, just under the arms, so that as I looked I could see only the bare shoulders, necks and heads of the women, the effect being that of a sea of naked, yellow beauties submerged to the armpits.

A Look at the Sultan.

The sultan sat within ten feet of me. He is a tall, fine-looking old man, now slightly stooped. He wore a black sugar-loaf cap, embroidered in gold, a black jacket, which blazed with diamonds and medals, and a gorgeous sarong, below which shone out slippers of gold. He has fine features and looks like a thoroughbred. He is said to be well educated and to be a man of ability. Just behind him stood a number of female slaves, each holding a certain thing in case he might need it. One had a betel box, another a cigar box and others articles of the toilet. Near him sat the crown prince, who also had five slaves about him. The crown prince wore a blue silk jacket and a gorgeous sarong. He had on a black cap, and his long hair hung down his back. He had a great kris in his belt, and as he came up to the pavilion his bare-backed servants carried an umbrella over him. I got a closer view of him going out. He is of a light yellow color, having very bright black eyes. His teeth are jet black and filed to a point, as are those of most of the women and men in the palace.

As we took our seats the sultan's band played. It was stationed at the back of the court, and its musical instruments were sounding boards, drums and bells peculiar to Java.

A Son of the Sultan.

Next the chief actor of the day appeared. This was the son of the sultan, who was to be made a full-fledged Mohammedan through certain unmentionable ceremonies, which were performed by the Mohammedan priests in little pavilions of white silk in front of the pavilion where we sat. The boy was just 15 years old. He came into the court bowing low and sat down cross-legged in front of the pavilion facing His Majesty. He was gorgeously dressed, all in green and gold. He wore a jacket of green silk, a scoop shovel hat of green satin and a sarong of green and silver. He sparkled with diamonds. His arms were bare and also his legs from the knees to the feet, but his skin was dusted with a yellow powder, which glistened like gold as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it. After he sat there a moment the sultan raised his hand and the boy started to go to his father. He first took off his kris, or sword, and laid it down upon the ground, for no one dare approach His Majesty with arms upon his person. Next he folded his hands in an attitude of prayer and bowed low before the sultan. He then crawled forward a few steps and again bowed as in worship. He kept on crawling and bowing until he at last reached his father's feet. Here he knelt again in reverence and then kissed the instep of the foot his father held out and then the knee. After this he crawled back to his old position, never rising to his feet. This custom must be observed by all natives who approach the sultan. The nobles have to crawl along on their haunches and heels and the prime ministers do the same.

After this the boy was taken in hand by the Mohammedan priests and carried to the pavilion, the band playing a weird air as they went. The operation was performed behind the curtains, while the Mohammedans prayed, and at its close the thousands outside broke out into songs of rejoicings.

The ceremonies ended with the serving of tea and cakes to the party in the pavilion. The sultan, the Dutch resident and all Europeans took part in this feast. We drank tea grown in Java out of cups of beautiful china, and at the same time the sultan and the resident drank out of cups of gold.

Then we said good-by to the sultan, and the crown prince and the Dutch resident, with their retinues, marched out together, we following behind.

The City of the King.

On the day after this reception I spent some time in exploring the palace city. Djokjakarta has over 100,000 people, I judge, but it is about and outside the city of the King proper. I took a carriage and drove through the walls of His Majesty's municipality and then went up one avenue and down another, going through hundreds of acres covered with the houses and huts of the nobles and servants of the court. I passed by great trees

trimmed in the shape of umbrellas. They had a foliage like boxwood, but their branches and leaves formed an umbrella-shaped mass as big as a haystack. Imagine the biggest haystack you have ever seen trimmed to the shape of a wheel of green 100 feet or more in diameter, twenty feet thick, resting upon a great round trunk, perhaps twenty feet high, and you have one of the waring trees of the sultan's palace grounds. The palaces proper are enormous structures of one-story with many rooms. The sultan has a big harem. He has the right to take any woman in his kingdom to wife and when the daughters of the nobles reach a marriageable age they are brought to him and he picks out such as he chooses and directs that they remain in the palace. The nobles are anxious to have their daughters in the palace, for a pretty girl is sure to get her father and brothers good, fat jobs, as well as to elevate the standing of the family.

The Sultan's Band.

Passing His Majesty's zoological garden, where a couple of young princes were studying the lions, I stopped for a time at the band stand, or rather music building of the palace city. It was an open shed with a pyramidal brick floor rising in steps toward the center. Within it a score of musicians were sitting cross-legged on mats going through their exercises. Some had barrel-like drums on their knees, others had gongs and series of bells upon which they were playing chimes. One of the gongs was as big as a bushel basket and gave forth a sound like a brass drum. The golden-faced musicians wore high sugar-loaf caps, navy-blue jackets and sarongs of peculiar patterns. They played solemnly, but sweetly. As I waited the smell of opium came to my nostrils and I found that one of the band was taking a smoke, during the breaks in the playing.

In another palace I saw three old men sitting cross-legged chatting together. They must have been high officials, for they had high, black stove pipe caps on their heads. There were servants about them and as often as one of the officials required anything a servant crawled in stooping low that he might not be as high as his master and bowed his head to the floor as he received the command. He then crawled out on his knees or heels to get what was wanted.

Queer Ceremonies.

Everywhere throughout Djokjakarta these ceremonies of master and servant hold good. Every native official has an umbrella carried over him as he moves about, and the streets are full of these processions of nobles and slaves. A noble is not supposed to do anything. He will not carry anything in his hand, and so a servant must go along to carry the lead pencil or the paper of a high muck-a-muck of a scribe. When a noble calls upon one of the Dutch officials he is not supposed to wear his official cap and he leaves it outside in the hands of his servant. The servant often puts it on while waiting, but to show that he wears it only as a slave he turns the visor of the cap to the back of his head instead of the front.

In the United States when a great man comes to a house or hall the audience out of respect rise up; in Djokjakarta as a mark of respect they squat down. This squatting position is called the dodok. As I have said before, it is not considered humiliating by the people, and they do it as a matter of course. The kiss of reverence is always on the instep or sole of the foot or on the knee, as I have described in the case of the young Prince.

As to the people crawling along on their heels squatting, this done by the lower classes in the presence of the chief and always by the chiefs when in the presence of the Sultan. When the Sultan first got his European carriage the servants were horrified to find that the seat of the coachman was higher up than that of His Majesty. This would never do with a native coachman, so at first a foreigner was employed to drive the Sultan's outfit, in order that this matter of etiquette might be somewhat provided for.

The rank of a man can be told by his umbrella. Only the Sultan and the resident Governors have golden umbrellas over them. The Queen and Princes can have yellow umbrellas, and the more distant relatives of the royal family and the concubines have the right to carry white umbrellas. The nobles have green umbrellas and red umbrellas, and some of the lowest officials carry umbrellas of black. These umbrellas are not like ours. They are much larger and are borne on poles from ten to fifteen feet high, seldom facing the sun.

Djokjakarta, Java.

[Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

GO TO AMERICA, YOUNG MAN.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S ADVICE TO THE YOUTHS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[London Grocer:] "Of Sir Thomas Lipton's early struggles," says Mr. Phillimore in the Windsor Magazine, "there is an abundance of anecdotes, mostly true in the spirit, many of them in the letter. 'Never despair; keep pushing on,' was the motto of the early days in Glasgow and in New York. In New York he got together his first hundred pounds. He gathered also a store of experiences so wit-sharpening that, looking back now, he is moved to declare that to America he owes his after-success. 'Our youths should go there for a year or two,' he says, 'to finish.' It is the best sort of university for younger sons, who have their way to make. All the same, young Lipton, thinking things over, and counting his earnings, came to the conclusion that it would be as easy to use his talents and his capital to advantage in the old country as it was in the new." The advice Sir Thomas gives as the result of his experience may be summed up thus: "Be industrious, be honest, be enterprising; show good judgment in great things and small, and advertise wisely and well."

LAY SERMONS.

IF WE are Christians, life is only a pleasant journey home to our Father's house and to the loving arms of our Redeemer, "Enter into the joy of the Lord." We shall find there no homeless wandering, for there are the "many mansions" all prepared for us. There are the dear Christian friends who have passed on before, and there all the glory, the beauty and gladness of immortality, in the presence of our God. This life is beautiful, and we love it, still we may say with every closing day, one day nearer home, nearer our Father's house, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Earth is simply the stepping-stone to larger things, and it takes us from sin to sinlessness, from the bondage of death to the freedom and glory of immortality. Oh, the fullness of love that will there abound, the soul with rejoicing gladness! What a burden will be rolled from our shoulders when pain and care are taken from them and we rest in the enfolding arms of perfect trust. How will being blossom into beauty when the blight of sin is gone, and the clouds of doubt forever vanished.

But we should not wait for all this joy to come to us after death, but we may begin even here to taste something of its fullness if we but live near to Christ. As some writer has said, "Always and everywhere we may find our dwelling place in God, who has been home and refuge and abiding place of His people in all generations. Always and everywhere we may enter into Him from the windy storm and tempest. Always and everywhere we may make His nature not only our fortress and strong tower, but our oratory, our temple. . . . And if we only live thus, life will pass happily and usefully. Its story will shape itself like a psalm, like that which David, the shepherd and king, sang centuries ago. It may begin with the tale of the shepherd's care for a lost and truant sheep. But it will not stay ever on that level, it will mount and soar, and sing near heaven's gate; it will spend its days on the level of those shining tablelands where God Himself dwells; and it will finally pass into that holy and glorious home circle, each inhabitant of which may affirm that the least shadow of presumption or of fear, dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Oh, the joy and beauty of life when it is guided by hope like this! The better life forever beckons onward, and as we pass on to it we need not wait for our Redeemer has said, "Lo, I am with you unto the end of the world." With our hands on what need we fear? Nothing shall befall us, which is for our good and the light of the Righteousness shall dispel all the darkness and gloom from our pathway.

God would have all of His children like Jesus, Great-heart, full of courage and of faith in Him. The Lord as our Helper we need fear no evil, and we always rejoice as we look forward to the "glorious future" where His own Hand shall lead us "unto still waters."

Cultivate faith in Our Father, whose promise is enduring and whose love for His children is as true as His own being. We cannot here pass beyond love and care and in the life to come we may realize the full meaning of those tender words, "Father," and we shall be satisfied when we dwell in the home that He has prepared for those who love Him.

THE AUTHOR OF "LAZARRE."

At the request of the editor of Book News for a list of her life and literary work, Mary Hartwell Catherwood has sent them the following characteristic autobiography. I don't remember when I was born into a world, but do remember struggling to my feet as a child ("The Romance of Dollard," 1889.) A long life of toddling followed, diversified by many bumps.

My dolls were a lady ("The Lady of St. John," a white islander ("A White Islander," 1890.) a buckskin darling named Tonty ("The Story of Tonty," 1890.) a maid in armor named Jeanne ("Days of d'Arc," 1897.) I built a mud village and called it Kaskia ("Old Kaskaskia," 1893.) I played chess with Castin ("The Chase of St. Castin," 1894.) and I hear stories about Mackinac ("Mackinac and the Stories," 1899.) or the swamp. All the time I grew the spirit of an Illinois town.

Progressing from grade to grade in school, over my figures, alas!—but hugging my history book even when the fashion came about to grin at them—I met my fate.

His name is Lazarre ("Lazarre," 1901.)

Nothing further need be said.

For all that could be said would sound like nonsense to people who never felt in love—never understood the beloved's name on their slates—never realized the majesty of an American king.

WHEN LOUISA M. ALCOTT WAS A BOY.

In a letter written by Miss Alcott in 1893 to her "Laurie," which is one of many published for the time in the Ladies' Home Journal for October, she describes an interesting event of that year: "We had a grand masque in March, when 400 people appeared in fine costumes and had a merry time. . . . I was 'Monk,' and no one knew me even after we changed for a black beard and cowl changed me into a jolly fellow and made great fun. The boys called me 'Monk' and pushed me round in the dressing-room, and asked me to tie and pin them up, supposing I was a man, and the girls flirted in earnest till I took off my beard, and they shouted."

THE COYOTE

UNIQUE CELEBRATION DAY BY THE

By a Special Co

EACH of the pueblo in Arizona its annual feast-day, which is not only to the Indian the surrounding country. It is to go hundreds of miles to attend my privilege to be present at two of the past summer. The N. M. thirty-seven miles north celebration is held on the 24th of Having our own camping outfit, occupy a corner of the courtyard and thus avoided the crowded quarters in one of the homes.

This festival, like all the others at sunrise of the day on which begins at sundown of the day is a rung, and a gun is fired in the air again and two guns are fired, then three guns are fired, and ringing and firing. Soon the beating of the drums, mingled with the barking of the dancers, who have assembled for their final drill, affords enough for one night at least.

These dances, though weird nevertheless, a religious significance nearly all the people of the church or mission building, which, as the Indians and Mexican country will come in later, the longed during the entire forenoon through the crowd and into the light and close atmosphere, fragrance of other smells, led us to seek the open air again. We however, to take in the surroundings of the church from the door to with small crosses, candles and On either side of the altar were Christ, while on the altar were the saints. Two priests with several assistants administered at the service, and as a sort of beating of drums and the firing.

At noon a procession was for the church to the plaza, where the priests, carrying an image of attendants carrying banners, followed fifty or sixty women who came the officials of the church the priests entered and placed the saint, San Juan, on a shrine at the

After some music on a dilapidated chanting of a hymn, the procession marching around the plaza, returned. The remainder of the day was at 12:30 p.m. a brawny Indian, a heavy staff in his hand, appeared and was promptly cleared, and beating of drums and tom-toms strains of music, mingled with the



as they issued from the estufa off across the upper end of the plaza and prancing two long lines of dancers in paint, beads and feathers as many maidens more neatly. The dress, or rather the undress, of a breech cloth about the loins, narrow skirts set with feathers and the knees. Their bodies were painted yellow and red and, in some cases, half of the body was painted on half another. Plumes and crests from the front of the head down each carried a large rattle in eagle feathers in the other.

The maidens wore a blouse with bright colors. A wide sash of still was thrown over one shoulder and other arm. They wore leggings and deer skin or buckskin; their hair hung in a long braid down the back were fastened in the hair on either

SERMONS.

Life is only a pleasant journey from our house and to the loving welcome, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." There are no homeless wanderers, for all are prepared for us. Christian friends who have passed the glory, the beauty and gladness of the presence of our God. Though we love it, still we may gladly say, one day nearer home, nearer our God, to Thee."

stepping-stone to larger being, to sinlessness, from the bondage and glory of immortal life. That will there abound, filling gladness! What a burden will be removed when pain and care are at rest in the enfolding arms of being blossom into beauty when the clouds of doubt have

wait for all this joy to come to us may begin even here to know. If we but live near to Christ. "Always and everywhere we place in God, who has been the hiding place of His people in all and everywhere we may retreat from storm and tempest. Always we make His nature not only our power, but our oratory, our temple. Only live thus, life will pass on its story will shape itself into a David, the shepherd and King, may begin with the tale of the lost and strayed sheep. But it will level, it will mount and soar and it will spend its days on the tablelands where God Himself is. It will pass into that holy and glorious instant of which may affirm with presumption or of fear, I will be Lord forever."

of life when it is gladness, the better life forever beckons us on to it we need not walk alone, said, "Lo, I am with you always, the world." With our hand in His, nothing shall befall us, but the and the light of the Sun of Gospel all the darkness and the

of His children like Bunyan's rage and of faith in Him. With we need fear no evil, and we can look forward to the "green pastures" shall lead us "beside the

our Father, whose promises are for His children is as infinite. We cannot here pass beyond His life to come we may rejoice forevermore. Then shall we of those tender words, "O be satisfied when we awake in He has prepared for those who

EDITOR OF "LAZARRE."

Editor of Book News for a sketch work, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, writing characteristic autobiography: "When I was born into a world struggling to my feet with Dolly Dollard." 1889.) A long period verified by many bumps.

("The Lady of St. John," 1891.) "A White Island," 1891.) "Tonty" ("The Story of Tonty," named Jeanne ("Days of Jeanne," mud village and called it Kana, 1893.) I played chess (St. Catharines, 1894.) and liked to machine ("Mackinac and Lake Huron," 1894.) All the time I grew with town.

made to grade in school, weight but hugging my history book, came about to grin at them—

("Lazarre," 1901.)

he said. "I said would sound like football, but fell in love—never scratched their slates—never realized the king."

ALCOTT WAS A MONK.

by Miss Alcott in 1862 to her of many published for the first time in the Journal for October, she then event of that year: "We had a, when 400 people appeared in a merry time. . . . I was a new me even after we unmasked and changed me into a jolly friar. The boys called me 'sir,' and I was dressing-room, and asked me to supposing I was a man, and the till I took off my beard, when

ayers. You have to pay any other name. All shades series.

THE COYOTE DANCE.

UNIQUE CELEBRATION OF SAN JUAN DAY BY THE INDIANS.

By a Special Contributor.

Each of the pueblos in Arizona and New Mexico has its annual feast-day, which is an occasion of great joy, not only to the Indians themselves, but to all the surrounding country. It is not unusual for people to travel hundreds of miles to attend these festivals. It was my privilege to be present at two or three of these celebrations the past summer. The first was at San Juan, N. M., thirty-seven miles northwest of Santa Fe. This celebration is held on the 24th day of June of each year. Having our own camping outfit, we gained permission to occupy a corner of the courtyard of the government building and thus avoided the crowd and the necessity of seeking quarters in one of the not very inviting Indian houses.

The festival, like all the others, is supposed to open at sundown of the day on which it is held, but it really begins at sundown of the day before. The church bell is rung, and a gun is fired in the plaza. The bell is rung again and two guns are fired; more bell ringing, and more guns are fired, and so follows alternating bell ringing and firing. Soon the beating of drums and tom-toms mingled with the barking of dogs and the yelping of the dancers, who have assembled in the estufa for the night drill, affords enough noise to banish sleep for the night at least.

These dances, though weird and grotesque, have, nevertheless, a religious significance. Hence, at sundown all the people of the pueblo assemble in the church or mission building, where mass is celebrated, and all the Indians and Mexicans from the surrounding country will come in later, the service is usually prolonged during the entire forenoon. We pushed our way through the crowd and into the church, but the dim light and close atmosphere, fragrant with garlic and a number of other smells, led us to make our stay short. We went out into the open air again. We remained long enough, however, to take in the surroundings. The side walls of the church from the door to the altar were adorned with small crosses, candles and pictures of the saints. On either side of the altar were pictures of Mary and of Christ, while on the altar were candles and images of the saints. Two priests with several Mexican and Indian assistants administered at the altar. At intervals a service, and as a sort of response, there was the beating of drums and the firing of guns.

At noon a procession was formed and marched from the church to the plaza, where a booth had been erected. The priests, carrying an image of the patron saint and students carrying banners, led the procession; then followed fifty or sixty women robed in white, and next came the officials of the church. Reaching the booth the priests entered and placed the image of the patron saint, San Juan, on a shrine at the farther end.

Some music on a dilapidated violin and the playing of a hymn, the procession reformed and, marching around the plaza, returned to the church.

The remainder of the day was given to the Indians. At 2:30 p. m. a brawny Indian, gayly attired and with a heavy staff in his hand, appeared on the scene. The plaza was promptly cleared, and soon was heard the beating of drums and tom-toms and the inharmonious sound of music, mingled with the yelping of the dancers

their left hand they carried eagle feathers and in the right a wand with a rattle in the end.

The musicians followed instead of proceeding the dancers. Their instruments consisted of five long drums, made out of hollow logs, and several tom-toms. Each musician accompanied his instrument by what they called singing, a sort of nasal twang, pitched to one key throughout, all this blended gloriously with the yelping and barking of the dancers. It was as melodious as the yelping of a pack of coyotes on a still night, which chorus they are supposed to imitate.

Arranged in four long lines on the west side of the plaza, they danced vigorously, standing nearly in the same place. It was a sort of a prancing movement, the dancers keeping step to the music and song. Next, part of the company turned to the right and part to the left, then shuffled to either side, passing each other; then wheeled again the other way, prancing, yelping, barking and shaking the rattles all the time. Some, more



THE DANCE IN PROGRESS.

prightly than the others, performed curious antics, jumping higher and yelping louder than their fellows. Suddenly there was a halt, then a few quick steps, and a full stop. Each man and woman resumed position and after a short rest all proceeded as before.

The maidens danced with more grace and dignity than the men, for the most part, simply marking time with their feet. The dance lasted about an hour, then the participants retired to the estufa. The dance was resumed again at intervals during the afternoon.

Gallo and other games made up the afternoon festivities. In these games the Mexicans, as well as the Indians, join. Some of these games are too brutal to be enjoyed, save by the half-civilized. In one of the games a live rooster is buried in the sand so that just the head protrudes. A number of Indians and Mexicans on horseback line up, and, jabbing their spurs into the horses' flanks, they dash away alongside where the rooster is buried and try to pick him up while riding by. Several times, but at last one grasps the poor bird and rides away, followed by the other horsemen. Down the road they go, over the mesa, up the deep arroyos, back to the plaza, and on through the streets of the pueblo until finally eluding his followers, the leader reaches home and the bird is his.

In another game a live rooster is brought into the

dians and Mexicans from the surrounding country, and we noticed quite a goodly number of white people scattered through the crowd. The Indians appreciate the presence of the whites on these occasions, and are very courteous so long as the whites do not turn their cameras upon them. To having their pictures taken they stoutly object.

The San Juan festival is one of the few where the squaws take a part, and it adds very much to its attractiveness. It is well worth one's while to attend one of these dances and thus acquaint himself with some of the strange customs still obtaining in our country.

G. L. C.

HOW SAMUEL WAS CURED OF A BAD HABIT.

By a Special Contributor.

There's no use denying the fact that Samuel Alexander Persimmon was a minister's son, and about as bad as ministers' sons are generally supposed to be. He lived in a seaport town and loved the sea as heartily as any old salt, and his mother and father lived in daily fear that he would ship on some schooner, go to San Francisco and sail on a larger vessel. Once he had stolen away and succeeded in getting as far away as Ventura, but was found and sent home, only to find him still on the schooner when it reached Santa Barbara. So Samuel Alexander was watched pretty closely and Samuel Alexander was therefore a pretty good one to do things on the sneak.

He was sitting on the wharf one day, dangling his legs over the edge and giving an occasional jerk to his fishing line. That's where he was in body, but his heart and soul were in the little yacht, anchored an eighth of a mile away, where he could see two men bending some new sails.

"Wonder where they're going," he asked a neighboring fisherman. "Oh, that man and his two daughters, and a friend or two are going in two yachts over to the islands." "Which ones?" "Anacapa and Santa Cruz." "How long they goin' for?" "Week." "Who told you?" "Cap'n."

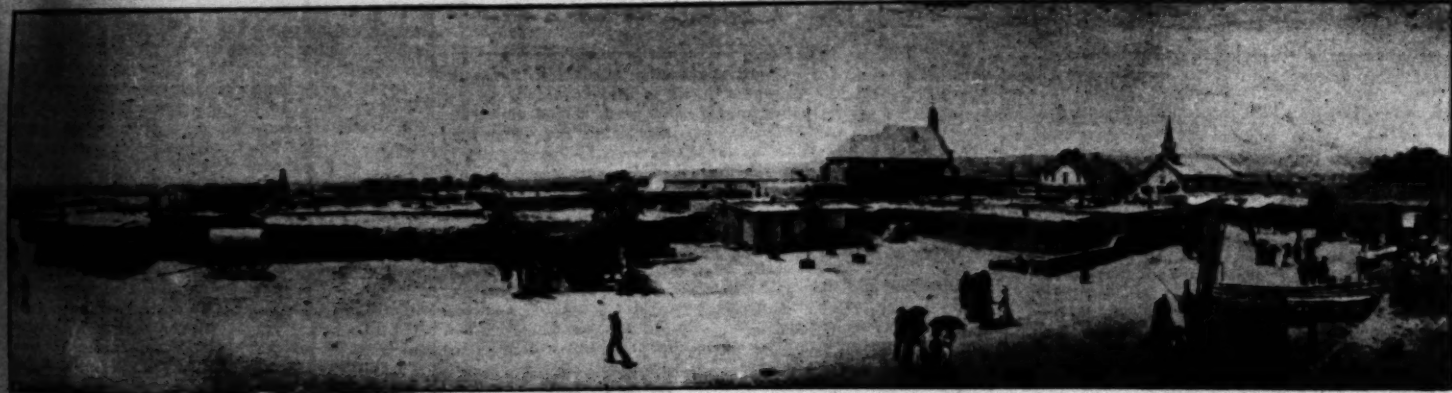
The "cap'n," a tiny shrunken man with the voice of a mosquito was Samuel Alexander's friend and the situation seemed a little brighter.

"Yah, yah, yah, one of you kids, there, help lower this boat," called a shrill voice. "I will," and S. A. Persimmon allowed the heavy rope to pass slowly through his hands. "Want any help out there, Cap'n?" "Yes, you can pump her out if you want to."

He slid down the rope into the boat and took one pair of oars to help row, for though the sea was calm, there was a heavy swell. That other boat sails pretty fast, cap'n?" "Yes, if we have a light breeze, she'll beat us over, but if we have a heavy gale, she'll have to reef and we'll get there first." "Ain't much wind this afternoon?" "No, not so's you notice it." The conversation was not encouraging, but Samuel was not faint-hearted. "How long do you think it'll take to get over there?" "Depends on the wind."

They made fast the yawl and climbed into the boat. Samuel went into the cabin, pulled back the carpet, raised part of the flooring, and began to pump. The cap'n was busy stowing away provisions and clearing away the mess of ropes from the untidy deck, and promptly forgot all about him.

When the sails were ready to hoist and things were in shipshape condition, he called to the other yacht to send his party aboard. The three girls, mother and friend, came on board from the little boat which then rowed back to the other boat.



GENERAL VIEW OF PLAZA SAN JUAN.

as they issued from the estufa off to our left. Presently across the upper end of the plaza there came dancing and prancing two long lines of dusky braves gorgeously decked in paint, beads and feathers, and at their side as many maidens more neatly and modestly attired. The drum, or rather the undress, of the bucks consisted of a breech cloth about the loins, and in a few cases narrow skirts set with feathers and beads. Some wore narrow strips of cloth and feathers extending down to the knees. Their bodies were painted black and green, yellow and red and, in some cases, to heighten the effect, half of the body was painted one color and the other half another. Plumes and crests of feathers extended from the front of the head down the back to the feet. Each carried a large rattle in one hand and a bunch of eagle feathers in the other.

The maidens wore a blouse waist and short skirts of bright colors. A wide sash of still more gorgeous color was thrown over one shoulder and caught up under the other arm. They wore leggings and moccasins of white deer skin or buckskin; their hair was combed back and hung in a long braid down the back. Large ornaments were fastened in the hair on either side of the head. In

plaza, its legs tied together. A Mexican and an Indian, each on horseback, ride up and take hold of a leg. At the word of the Governor, the squabble begins, pulling and hauling, each trying to gain possession of the bird, which screeches as if in terrible agony. The contestants swing from one side to the other, pulling with all their might. Finally one gains the advantage and, after nearly dragging his opponent from his horse, he rides away. The loser rides to the center of the plaza and in a few moments the holder of the rooster returns, rides by his contestant at full speed, at the same time dealing him a heavy blow with the half-lifeless bird. The latter tries to catch it, but fails, and this is repeated again and again, until both are covered with blood and feathers. Now other horsemen appear and a break is made. The holder of the rooster darts off at full speed for his home, closely followed by the horsemen. If he succeeds in reaching his home with the poor, lifeless bird, it is his. If the bird is captured by another the chase continues until at last one bears it home in triumph and is victor at the game. This brutal sport is thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators, who eagerly applaud whenever a good point is made by the contestants.

These feast days are attended by great crowds of In-

"I know I'm going to be sick," said Jane, the younger daughter, hopefully. "Now, miss, just keep your eyes on the top of the mast and you won't be at all." "Have some pineapples or chipped ice," suggested some one, while the friend remarked that "port" was the only thing that would save him, and looked longingly at the wharf.

Their friend, a young man from the city, helped raise the large and small anchors, hoist sails, and in spite of the cap'n's loud shouts that they would be in the breakers, they slowly cleared the wharf and headed for the east end of Anacapa island, the Cape Horn of the Santa Barbara Channel. Out two miles to the whistling buoy they went, then tacked and began the tedious process of beating against the wind.

Samuel thought it was time for him to appear and came out. "Hello, cap'n." The cap'n was at the wheel. "Well, Samuel, I forgot all about you, and so you stowed yourself away. How far can you swim?" "Half a mile easy, sir." "All right, when we beat up to the light-house we'll be within an eighth of a mile of shore and you'll have a chance to swim," and after that Samuel Alexander Persimmon didn't stow away.

BLANCHE WALKER.

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at Point Loma spookery revealed by a theosophist....Why Alfred Dolge schedules his assets at \$2,000,000. In-

yawns for President McKinley's assassin....Paul Czoizgoss sends farewell message to his doomed son....Foul Chicago woman wants to erect a monu-

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MANANA LAND.

LEON AND THE ROUTE FROM EL PASO TO CITY OF MEXICO.

By a Special Contributor.

AT LAST, after hope long deferred, I found myself crossing our southern frontier. Mexican experiences would now be my own. No incident marked our brief parley with the suavely-polite customs official. Possessing no contraband articles, we soon saw each piece of luggage duly stamped "Reconocido."

The first few hundred miles of arid desert, furnishing nothing by way of landscape, left us free to concentrate our attention on the swarms of beggars that infested each station, crying: "Nina, nina un centavo, por el amor de Dios!" (a penny, for the love of God!) And the picturesque and adroit venders of various edibles, clamoring, "Aqui Niña, tengo blanquillos (hard-boiled eggs) y tortillas muy buenas." It was difficult to resist their pleading, especially that gracious form of address, "Niña," a pretty translation of "madam," implying youth and good looks, sounding in their soft, liquid tones almost equal to a caress. We mostly missed the little ones clothed "all in sunshine," as nearly all we saw were lightly attired in very filthy rags. One little girl cunningly besought the centavos to buy a sombrero (?) for her tiny brother, who in lieu of clothing was tied about the middle with a grimy, dragged piece of calico. Had she asked for soap, who could have withstood the appeal? But in this part of the world this is a utility apparently unknown. As we neared Zacatecas the landscape developed capabilities. That little city is most picturesquely situated within a cup-shaped basin high up in the mountains. Our ardor to stop there was

time. No newspaper is published; the inhabitants are quite content with the twenty-four-hour-old papers from Mexico City. Indeed, a very small percentage of the population can read. There is a great deal of real poverty here, although the necessities of many of these people are summed up in a few scanty rags of clothing and enough frioles and tortillas to satisfy hunger, with occasional aspirations toward a hut and a straw floor mat to sleep on. The ordinary wage for men and women workers is 25 cents per day, nor can work be obtained steadily in all the trades. There are dull seasons, when two or three days a week is all the work some very fair average shoemakers, for instance, can obtain. Aguardiente is manufactured in large quantities here and sold very cheap. It is consequently the common drink of the peons and, of course, far more injurious than the pulque, which is the usual beverage in other sections.

Leon has its plaza, as has every Mexican town, large or small, where one of the regiment bands renders a good programme two nights in each week. Here all classes congregate and the beaux and belles exchange languishing glances as they meet. The men walk around one way, the women the other. When I chanced to have an invitation from a male friend to attend one of these promenade concerts I always took two or three of the criadas, or house servants, with me. Our Indian mozo used to beg to attend me also. Indeed, so popular was this duty, I had always an embarrassing supply of applicants eager to accompany the señorita on her paseo. My escort proper was usually much annoyed by this rear guard espionage, and it did seem ludicrous to need such a class of chaperone in the crowded plaza at 8 o'clock in the evening. Alone we would have risked the favorite criticism on American social independence, "Mira los Americanos que no tienen vergüenza," tantamount to, "See those Americans! Refinement and modesty are unknown to them."

The old custom of courtship, playing bear, is still in

but Guanajuato is the capital and much the more interesting place. Originally it was the principal seat of the mining interests have lessened, and the population is diminishing rather than augmenting. It is difficult of access; perhaps there is nowhere a city more picturesque in building and location. You leave the line of the Mexican Central at Silao for the branch which climbs the mountains eastward for an hour and penetrates as far into the narrow valley, little more than the bed of an old stream, as a railroad can get. You take a tram which meanders on through the valley, and shortly becomes the one real street of the town, leading you at the plaza in about twenty minutes, and ending at the press or dam which heads the street a few minutes later. Here the valley widens slightly and a pretty little park is laid out, about and between the best houses are found. If you must content yourself with the hotel, La Union, one of the poorest in the city, you get off at the plaza, which, tiny as it is, has all this length of street for space enough to accommodate its half-dozen trees and bushes with little ornamentation. There is room for the band, however, and our balconies at the hotel we enjoyed the evening concert. It was like having a box at the opera, minus the close, heated air. The music was good, the characters passed in a gay panorama of well-dressed gentility revolving on the inner path in tall sombreros and bright-colored dresses, and confining themselves to the outside walk.

The Governor resides here and takes great pleasure in beautifying the city. The people say very freely that a most unjust proportion of public money is expended here, while other parts of the State lack all improvements. One can believe this examining the theater, a building of which the first cities might be proud. Within and without, gem, the seats in the orchestra, the fittings and hangings of the lobbies, foyer, waiting-rooms and all that have been made expressly in Paris. However, magnificence is merely a "white elephant," and nothing has never been used, waiting, it is said, for President Diaz to open it. It has been finished now. Meanwhile it is usually found unemployed caretaker is always ready to show strangers and tell them the price of various furnishings, the jail and other points of historic interest we saw and learned much with which we were already familiar concerning the patriots of Mexican independence. Perhaps the most unique sight in the city is in its mummies. This little cemetery occupies one of the many hills over which the city rises. Bodies are placed in niches in the rock wall by relatives for varying periods, or in perpetuity, and time being duly inscribed on the stone in the cavity. From time to time, corpses not entombed in residence have been removed, always in a state of preservation owing, it is supposed, to the dryness of the rock formation. The government finally ordered a chamber long and narrow, down each side of the mummies recline, men on the right, women on the left. Except the variance in height, they present a similarity, and all are now attired exactly in very dingy white cotton Mother Hubbards.

But the real attraction in Guanajuato is its picturesque situation. I have already alluded to its long, very narrow, tortuous street, once the rushing mountain stream. The shops, hotels and many residences are situated on this high, steeply rising places not wide enough to allow a carriage to pass out using the track. The latter must be drawn by coach and start up or down, but conveyances of the tram are so rare as to be almost prohibited, and there so-called streets open out, but the narrow, blind alleys, or bridge paths, or more or less rough staircases cut in the hillside, lead in ascent. Forty or fifty thousand people are packed into the accessible spots, and the struggle is at a loss how to reach a house 200 or 300 feet up. For instance, from the jail roof one could see the low, to be sure, but from behind or beside the wall to spring a network of tiny paths leading up and space, for so tortuous are these winding ways never discern from a little distance their possible destination.

We left this interesting old town with regret even after eighteen months' residence in the city. Consider Guanajuato the quaintest and most picturesque city in Mexico—though in many ways less attractive than various other places with better greater accessibility, softer climate and a few modern conveniences.

MARGARET

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON

The reproach that London, compared with other cities, is greatly wanting in imposing and spacious streets is fast being removed. Within a few years buildings of palatial grandeur have been erected on every hand, and at the present time the improvements that are being carried out are both extensive and enormously expensive. The great street, which runs from the Strand to Holborn is actively being run, rendering necessary the demolition of a large part of historic interest. Fleet street, the Strand and the hall have been widened at certain points at a cost of £100,000. The latter thoroughfare now becoming the finest in Europe. As regards buildings, the government offices in Whitehall are in course of being and will be well advanced toward the end of the year. The postoffice buildings at Kensington are being built with rapidly, and some magnificent buildings are being placed in the great street. Turning to the river, a new bridge is being built at Vauxhall, Lambeth Bridge is being placed, and London Bridge is to be widened at a cost of £100,000. Add to these improvements the new electric trams, and the cost of improving the city at the present time is simply colossal, and far surpassed at any previous time in its history.

Correspondence Scotsman.

AN ARCTIC ALGER ISLAND TO BE OF BALDWIN EXPLORER

BY EVELYN R. BALDWIN

Commander Baldwin-Ziegler

CAMP ZIEGLER, Franz Josef Land, 24 minutes north latitude, 15 minutes east longitude we have been of operations in our advance. We decided to locate on the southwest coast of Alger Island, an Arctic camp it has not been before. We chose the place only for other desirable locality as usual with the first place of landing, situated as to be thoroughly protected from snow and ice, and at the same time within easy reach of the best hunting grounds.



Islands. It was clear to us that it was impossible to land there. We succeeded in getting through between Alger and McClintock Islands. I am aware, the first party to go to the farther end, however, we found it untrustworthy that we could go thick and heavy that it would force a passage through it were, therefore, under the necessity of going along the south coast of the island until we were in a exposed position of this western channel, so we went to the western part of the island and west we might with attaining our object for our dogs it might have been maneuvered about in the American manner in the hope of finding a more northern point, though the world have been decidedly profitable circumstances, however, the safe to establish our first station here and equipment into comfortable quarters. We are free to look about for a more northern point in the America, and, if second station. To this second station equipment could be moved over hardened, and both stations could be used as our needs might require.

Explorer Very Hopeful.

At no time since our party was organized our plans were completed brighter than it is at present. We determined to plant the American flag, and with this thought in mind constantly for many months, we were hopeful. We have successfully established our first base about 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and separated a month, have met up with no mishap; we have more supplies than we need and a party of forty-two men of sterling character and abundant energy. We are in good physical condition in the voyage up, but their sickness to the excitement of getting them to the terrible heat which prevails at sea on our way to Franz Josef. Our northward voyage was accomplished and almost without incident. A few of the men were seasick, but the dogs were indisposed. It was necessary for the Siberians, dogs, to watch the animals night and day there were heavy seas, most busy shifting the dogs about on the ship might not be washed overboard which broke over the rail. As these half-wild beasts on the ship did not get much sleep on stormy nights.

In the Ice Regions.

As soon as we reached the ice we began to watch carefully for the first sign of a lead. When we found it necessary to shift our course we did so.



MAKING TORTILLAS.

dampened by learning that the place was most unhealthy.

We did not stop at Aguas Calientes long enough to try the famous baths, but bought some of the beautiful drawn-work, then hastened on to Leon, where I was to make a protracted stay with an American resident family and wrestle with the difficulties of the Spanish verbs. These towns are in the midst of very fertile country, and very valuable "haciendas" abound. Here seem to be great opportunities for the energetic Yankee fruit grower, could he solve the problem of competent labor. The more important of these haciendados (owners of the great ranches) leave everything entirely to their overseers, living handsomely in the capital on the enormous profits. Those who live on their estates may often be seen clattering up the narrow, stony streets of these interior towns in full rancho costume, the trappings of their horses as well as their coats and sombreros being elaborately ornamented with gold and silver lace and embroidery representing a great outlay. I have seen most of these articles in course of manufacture in Leon and especially admired the skilled workmen executing scroll designs in delicate stitchery, of silver thread and colored silks on the saddles designed for these wealthy rancheros. The larger part of the 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants of Leon are engaged in some branch of manufacture, yet not in one or in several great concerns, but each family in its own home, so that nearly every house is an industrial center and thousands of looms may be seen, in all their primitive simplicity, scattered over the city.

This is the center of the shoe trade, quantities of blankets and hose are woven here and cotton and linen rebosas. The peon women never appear on the street except with these shawl-like garments wound about the head and shoulders, in not ungraceful fashion, while the middle class are known by their black woolen shawls worn in the same way. The better-class Mexican and Spanish ladies wear imported clothing, with a strong preference for French fashion, though throughout the rural districts the picturesque lace mantilla is still the usual headgear on the street and always in the churches. Leon is curiously primitive, about a century behind

full swing here, though gradually falling into disuse in the capital. The gallant waits upon the lady of his choice in the public promenades, such as the plaza, the park and the calzada. In the latter, the "Riverside Drive" of Leon, the suitor loiters while his sweetheart is taking the air in the family coach, with mamma at 5 o'clock. Up and down they drive, very slowly, through the one shady avenue, richly attired and heavily powdered. But one really sees the omo (bear) in his glory when he is playing Romeo without the rope ladder, the balcony being usually on a level with his head and so small and narrow that Juliet, just within the window, can hear the low spoken words and catch the amorous glances of her lover without leaving the lighted sala, although occasionally she is bold enough to venture onto the balcony, especially if the night be dark or the swain too low of stature to reach over the railing. Perhaps it is here we find the raison d'être of these apparently stupid little balconies which, projecting far over the sidewalk, are a constant annoyance to pedestrians. If they could only speak and tell us of the tender scenes they have witnessed, the passionate vows they have heard exchanged! To the practical twentieth century American such sixteenth century wooing seems fantastic and absurd, especially when the fair one is in the second story, as happens occasionally, and the conversation managed by means of a toy telephone, such as American children delight to rig up; or when in the rainy season Romeo huddles limply under an umbrella, clutching the railing for support as he tiptoes on the irregular curbstone to avoid the torrent that sweeps down the narrow cobbled streets during the pouring summer showers so frequent in the August afternoons. Once two little urchins (it goes without saying, born under the Stars and Stripes,) living on the second floor, amused themselves by pelting the umbrella with beans. Much fun ensued until Romeo, discovering his assailants, rang the bell and demanded an apology for the insults offered him while in the discharge of his devoirs. The parents of the small practical jokers compelled their acquiescence, and the apology was duly made, with a bad grace, but in the fluent Spanish spoken by all Mexican-born American children.

Leon is the largest town in the State of Guanajuato.

[October 27, 1901.]

AN ARCTIC CAMP. ALGER ISLAND TO BE WINTER CAMP OF BALDWIN EXPEDITION.

BY EVELYN B. BALDWIN.
Commander Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition.

CAMP SINGLER, Franz Josef Land, Aug. 23.—At 80 miles north latitude and 55 deg. 52 minutes east longitude we have established the first of our operations in our advance toward the North Pole. We decided to locate on a level beach off the east coast of Alger Island, and a better spot for an Arctic camp it has not been my good fortune to discover. We chose the place only after giving up every other available locality as unsuitable after comparing the first place of landing. As it is we are so situated as to be thoroughly protected from winds, snow and ice, and at the same time we are within easy reach of the best hunting localities in the

considerably in order that the bow of the vessel might be higher in the water and able to make her way easier through the ice. Whenever we sighted bear or walrus, unless there was danger of the ice closing in on us, we stopped the ship and went on an impromptu hunt. I had the good luck to bring down several bears with my gun and also to harpoon a number of walrus. Boatwain Jacobsen had not skinned a bear in fourteen years, and our good luck in the hunt always gave him particular pleasure, because he had in prospect a long deferred enjoyment. Every bit of our Arctic game is saved. The choice pieces of bear meat go into our own larder and the rest is put away for the dogs. The Arctic sailor thinks there is no better tonic than bear's gall mixed with a little cognac, and, of course, the skins will give to our winter quarters almost all the comforts of home.

We caught the first sight of land on the 14th of August, and not long after the shout of our lookout, "Land ahead!" rang out to the eager ears, the rough, bare, rockland of Cape Flora loomed up before us. It was a glad sight to our men. We had been almost three weeks out of sight of land and had seen no men outside of those in our own party, save for a fishing vessel

the shelter of McClintock Island. Cheer after cheer went up from both ships when we were close enough together to exchange greetings. Both parties felt that the first great strain was over; there had been a possibility, of course, that the meeting could not be effected, though we had felt sure enough of our plans to take the chances.

A Narrow Escape.

With our two ships we determined to make our way at once to Markham Sound, in order, if possible, to establish our first station at Cape Trieste. As I have already explained, however, circumstances led us to settle upon Alger Island, and with as little delay as possible, our supplies and equipment were put ashore. The landing of the dogs was, perhaps, the most difficult task, as they had to be taken into the small boats and in small lots chained together. As each boat neared the shore the dogs jumped about so eagerly that we were in constant danger of capsizing, and several of the animals fell overboard, causing no little excitement and trouble before we could get them inboard again. Before all of the dogs were ashore the tide started to run out, and three of our small boats containing several men and nearly one hundred dogs were carried rapidly out away from the ships and the shore. The Frithjof, seeing the danger, quickly lifted her anchor and soon overtook the drifting boats, but not before the occupants were beginning to fear as to the result. It did not take long to get our camps into business-like shape. The dogs were fastened along a drift of snow in order that they might quench their thirst while we made ready their quarters. Our portable houses were put up in a few minutes, and about these, as well as in nearby buildings, were piled our provisions.

Camp Ziegler.

We have named our first home Camp Ziegler, in honor of William Ziegler, whose generous support and substantial backing have made possible our expedition. In addition to the very heavy cargoes of supplies which both of our vessels brought along we have already secured several tons of bear and walrus meat, as well as many skins, which will make our winter quarters more comfortable. I have not yet deemed it necessary to put the members of the party on rations in anything, though the stewards have restricted the use of some of the more necessary articles. Of the forty-two members less than one-half use tobacco, and most of these indulge very moderately. On board the America we have installed an electric light plant so that lamps and candles need not be used, thus lessening the danger of fire, as well as avoiding the consumption of the necessary oxygen in the air. Amusements of all kinds we shall have during the winter months, and every day, unless it is impossible to get outside, our scientific work will be carried on. Already we have accomplished much in this line.

The part which the Frithjof had to take in our expedition will have been completed before this account of our experiences is published. She leaves us today, bearing with her our farewell messages to civilization. For we shall be entirely cut off from the world when she sails. We have adopted as our motto, "We will stand by the flag," and we hope to stand by it planted on the northern extremity of our planet.

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MAKING RAG DOLLS IS HER BUSIN ESS.

Miss Maud Witherspoon, a gentle, fragile girl, thrown upon her own resources, has turned to account her wonderful gift of making rag dolls and coloring them so as to represent the old-time Southern black "mammy." Miss Witherspoon used to make these dolls merely for her amusement as a child, when she and other little



CAMP ZIEGLER.

which it was clear to us before stopping at Alger Island that it was impossible to get a farther northing. We succeeded in getting through the channel which lies between Alger and McClintock Islands, being, so far as I am aware, the first party to get through the ice here. As we went on, however, we found the ice so rotten and untrustworthy that we could not walk upon it and it was that and heavy that it would be unwise to attempt to force a passage through it with the America. We were, therefore, under the necessity of retracing our own along the south coast of Alger Island and up the water channel until we were stopped by the ice. The exact position of this western slope was enough to indicate a location here, so we returned to the southern part of the island and contented ourselves as best we might with attaining successfully this latitude. But for our dogs it might have been feasible to have continued about in the America until the close of the season in the hope of finding an open passage, to some northerly point, though the result of such a venture would have been decidedly problematical. Under the circumstances, however, the safest course to pursue was to make our first station here, first getting our dogs and equipment into comfortable shape. Then we would be free to look about for a means of getting farther north in the America, and, if successful, establish a second station. To this second station the dogs and equipment would be moved over the ice after it had hardened, and both stations could be maintained by our expedition as our needs might require.

Super Very Hopeful.

At no time since our party was assembled, or, indeed, since our plans were completed, has my hope been higher than it is at present. We are all united in the determination to plant the American flag at the North Pole, and with this thought in mind, as it has been so constantly for many months, we have every reason to be hopeful. We have successfully accomplished the establishment of our first base above the eightieth parallel of latitude; the Frithjof and the America, after being separated a month, have met up in the polar ice without mishap; we have more supplies than we shall need, the dogs and a party of forty-two men of marked ability, strong character and abundant energy. Every man of us is in good physical condition. Six of the dogs died in the voyage up, but their sickness and death were due to the excitement of getting them aboard in Russia and to the terrible heat which prevailed until we were far out at sea on our way to Franz Josef Land.

Our northward voyage was accomplished without difficulty and almost without incident until we struck the ice. A few of the men were seasick and more than one-fourth of the dogs were indisposed part of the time. It was necessary for the Siberians, who had charge of the dogs, to watch the animals night and day, and whenever there were heavy seas, most of our party were kept busy lifting the dogs about on deck in order that they might not be washed overboard or injured by the waves which broke over the rail. As there were seventy of these half-wild beasts on the deck above my cabin, I did not get much sleep on stormy nights.

In the Ice Regions.

As soon as we reached the ice regions we proceeded slower, watching carefully for the most open seas, and frequently stopping when fogs settled about us. We found it necessary to shift our cargo about in the hold

which we met before we struck the ice. Aside from the fact, however, that we were coming to land, we felt particularly pleased because the bit of land ahead of us was already famous in the history of Arctic exploration.

An Old Camp.

Here it was that Jackson built his winter encampment, four houses of which are still standing. Leigh Smith and his comrades spent a winter here in a mere dug-out. Nansen and Johansen ended their adventures here, after reaching the farthest north, and the Italian expedition under the Duke of the Abruzzi left some whale boats behind them at this spot. Early the following morning we made a landing and began a search for news of the Frithjof, which had left us nearly a month before. The first notice we found was one that had been posted by Capt. Stokken of the Capella, who had been there just a month before us after an unsuccessful search for the three lost members of the Italian expedition, one of whom was his own son. Close by the



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF JACKSON'S CAMP AT CAPE FLORA.

captain had erected a granite shaft, which had been presented to him by the Duke of the Abruzzi as a memorial to the unfortunate men of his party. Posted next to the message from Capt. Stokken was another notice, which had been almost entirely obliterated by recent rains. With considerable difficulty I made out:

"Frithjof....August 8th, 1901....Bell Island....Champ."

Here was just the information we wanted, though there was not much of it. A further search discovered letters from the Frithjof party in a bottle which had been fastened to a flagstaff. We learned that the Frithjof had called at Cape Flora on August 11 and again on the 13th, and then had proceeded to Etheridge Island. It took us two days to catch up with the supply ship, and when we came upon her she was lying quietly in

girls of the French quarter played dolls together. With the death of her father, and with an invalid mother to take care of she bethought herself of how she could best become self-supporting, and, noting the craze for all things Southern, she began some four or five years ago, while still a mere child of a girl, to manufacture rag dolls, and, painting their faces black, she sewed knitted hair on their heads, tied a graceful bandanna turban and then robed them in the old-time guinea-blue dress, with white apron and white kerchief. Then Miss Witherspoon timidly sent some of her work to the big Canal-street stores. She met with immediate success. Her black "mammy" sold out in one day. She got more orders, and so her trade grew till she opened a regular manufactory. Now she is supplying the biggest firms in the North and East, the Maud Witherspoon Rag Doll Manufacturing Company being known far and wide.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Episcopal Convention

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at Point Loma spookery revealed by a theosophist....Why Alfred Dolge schedules his assets at \$2,000,000 in

yawns for President McKinley's assassin....Paul Czoigoos sends farewell message to his doomed son....Foul Chicago woman wants to erect a monu-

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS. NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—O'Connell, a former cap-

EXPANSION IN ALASKA.

V.—THE STORY OF DAWSON, CAPITAL OF THE KLONDIKE.

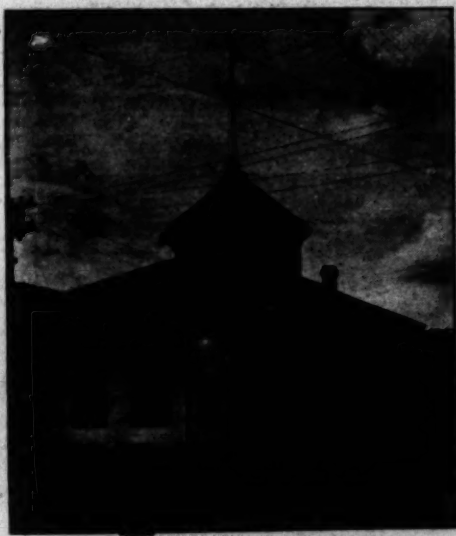
By a Special Contributor.

WHILE Dawson is not in United States territory, it is so near to it, and is so identical with the interests of this country's possession that any mention of Alaska would be incomplete without the story of this capital of the golden Klondike. An American miner made the first discovery on rich Bonanza Creek, and in the historic rush which followed the announcement of his wonderful strike, Americans outnumbered all other nationalities two to one. There are two Americans for every Englishman in Dawson at the present time, which goes to show that wherever there is anything in sight worth having, the individual subject of Uncle Sam does not take a back seat for anybody. In order to get the reader started right, it may be well to say that the Yukon Territory is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the east by the crest of the Rocky Mountains, on the south by British Columbia, and on the west by Alaska. Its area is 198,300 square miles.

The Klondike proper consists of only 800 square miles and embraces what are known as Bonanza, Eldorado, Dominion, Hunker and Sulphur creeks. During the past five years, the miner has diverted the water from these streams and literally turned their beds upside down with his pick and shovel. Their sands proved to be fabulously rich with virgin gold. The lucky men who own these claims have taken out over \$80,000,000 of treasure, and the greater portion of them are still being worked. One of the accompanying illustrations is a reproduction from a photograph of the giant Risdon dredge, ready for operation on Bonanza Creek, near Dawson. This massive machine is the first of the kind to be used in the Klondike, and if it operates successfully will practically revolutionize the manner of working the claims. It is expected to do the work much more thoroughly than it can be accomplished by any other method, and will result in a large increase in the output of the various properties along the creeks. When it is considered that the output of the Klondike since its discovery would more than buy all of the horses and mules, or all of the hogs and sheep in the United States, it is indeed a wonderful showing.

Dawson is in many respects the most remarkable mining town in the world. When the recent boom started there, the gold commissioner's office was in a little 8x10 cabin, that would not hold over a dozen persons comfortably, and 100 men stood in line outside, day and night, waiting their turn, while the thermometer was

endured. The death rate during 1900 was five out of each thousand inhabitants. The place is drained by means of ditches and wooden culverts. There has been only one epidemic and that was one of typhoid fever, caused by drinking the river water before the water system was built. One of the great problems of water supply in Dawson has been to devise some plan by which the pipes and their outlets could be kept open during the winter months, and the company believes it has a plan that will fill all the requirements. This consists of a combination of water pipes and electrical appliances. The pipes being connected and made of iron, will carry the current as well as a wire, and it is said that a cur-



DAWSON POSTOFFICE.

rent applied to the main, where it connects with the pumping plant, will prevent the freezing of water throughout the entire system, even in the coldest weather. Up to the present time the only manner of keeping the pipes open has been to maintain a constant pressure upon them, and this plan has not been altogether successful. The system is owned by a private company and the supply, which is naturally filtered and very pure, is derived from several inexhaustible wells fed by seap water from the Klondike River. The town has a very efficient fire department, equipped with two engines, two hose carts, two chemicals and a hook and

Northwest Mounted Police govern the territory, and their administration is also very economical. Officers are stationed at the various points throughout the district and constitute the entire law of the community. Each man is empowered to act as constable, marshal, postmaster, coroner, justice of peace, Sheriff and judge. It might seem that this much authority to vest in one man, but their administration is said to be much more satisfactory than the case if the officers were divided among a half-dozen or more officials, as they are in the States. That their rulings may be free from personal bias, the Canadian mounted police are not allowed to own any property in the communities they govern, and are not stationed at one post long enough to form attachments which would tend to influence their administration. Their decisions are seldom questioned and they along with very little friction.

There are many peculiar things connected with the metropolis of the Upper Yukon. The horse wagons, vegetable carts and all small vehicles delivering provisions are drawn by dog teams. The male learn their routes and without any direction their drivers pull back and forth across the street the proper stopping places, after the habit of the trained delivery horses in the cities of the States. A good "husky" dog commands a higher price in the Klondike market than an ordinary horse. When he goes away to the south and leaves the country in the embrace of the long Arctic winter, the owner pulls his master swiftly over the long stretches of snow and separates him from civilization. The dog is the only domestic animal that can venture into storm-ridden wild and live—hence its value. There are no 5 or 10-cent pieces in Dawson, and there are few articles than can be purchased for a quarter of a dollar. Things as a newspaper, an orange, or a very good can be had for 25 cents, but "four-bits" is the price for the usual 10-cent article in the States. It costs 50 cents to have a shirt laundered, and a postage stamp is the least that can be chased at the postoffice. And yet they are called Dawson a cheap town. It is cheap according to old régime, but it is still expensive enough to give an average tenderfoot a feeling of dizziness when he is faced by the prevailing prices. During the summer there is no darkness at all. Baseball and hockey are frequently played at midnight. Photographs can be taken at any hour and one can see to read a paper without the aid of a light at any time in this veritable Land of the Midnight Sun.

But if the summers are a delight, the winters are a horror. The conditions are reversed and the little daylight. A pall of gloom envelopes the town. The storm king wraps his icy arm around the life of a dreary, indoor routine. But the smallest claim is sufficient incentive to the heart of the inhabitant of Dawson to endure the hardships of this long and dreary winter. It is to tell of the great fortunes that have been made in this wonderful country, but the fact must not be lost that a price has been paid for them. The mountain fastnesses yield reluctantly to the miner, and have guarded so long. Measured by the value of life and suffering spent in obtaining them, they are all they are worth. The early trail to the gold fields is the bloodiest ever broken in the cause of man's quest. Men toiled and struggled and died, and the burden were overloaded with plunder and driven by merciless masters until they dropped in tracks. For every man that came out with a thousand were left behind burrowing in the side like ants. Thrifty little Dawson is a town of the white race, but she has known the ache and disappointment than words can describe. The clerk and the laborer and the prospector who you in confidence they are "going to strike it big." They will explain how their money gave out, how they struck anything and how they are working now enough to try again. They have enlisted for every one of them considers fortune just ahead. For many of these the loved ones at home will be vain.

FREDERIC J. HARRISON.

Dawson, Yukon Territory.

KING "AELFRED."

"Aelfred"—as Mr. Thornycroft has preferred to name the great West Saxon on his statue at Whitehall is a form of spelling which has not escaped a good deal of controversy. Since Mr. Freeman altered the name to Charles the Great paleographic purity has been most a rule among historical writers; but it is a little remarkable that at least one vigorous writer who more than any other must be accounted the author of the Aelfred Millenary. In a volume called "The Meaning of History," published by Frederick Harrison protests somewhat against "the half-hearted realism" of the name "Aelfred" into "Aelfred," and shows the absurdity to which such alterations would go if logically carried. The ground of Mr. Harrison's objection to the spelling was that organic evolution should not be applied to the field of historical culture as elsewhere, and that archaic revivalism in proper names really rests on the delusion that bits of ancient things can be transplanted into the organism of modern civilization. Evolution is generally a valid argument nowadays, but Mr. Thornycroft's spelling might perhaps find many defenders, possibly, Mr. Harrison himself, on the ground of its consonance with the idealization which the sculptor has adopted in "bodying forth" the personality of the great hero King.—[London.]

INVENTOR OF THE BICYCLE.

Who invented the bicycle? At Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, Richard Hammond, a coachbuilder, aged 72, has just died, and it is stated that he made, out of wood and iron, the first English pedal and crank bicycle. It was partly a copy of a French invention, and was completed within a month after designs had appeared in a technical paper. Other experts favor the claim of William Hamilton, others again point out that in the early days of the bicycle, a safety with rear driving wheels, Macmillan built a safety with rear driving wheels. We confess we had not heard the late Mr. Hammond's name before the present announcement.—[London.]

PAN-AMERICAN

ITS POSSIBILITY DISCUSSED BY FORMER CONSUL

BY CLIFFORD SMYTH, Ex-U. S. Consul to Cuba.

WAR has been so common in South and Central America that military achievements of almost incredible deeds of valor have found a heading in our daily press. "They are fighting again," "After awhile some one will be more startling in the way of all revolutions in South America." The trouble that is brewing today in Colombia and Venezuela is of a character from the everyday Latin. It is the result of a long series of United States is not a stranger, and questions that have to do with the nation. It suggests, finally, the Pan-American war.

In the minds of the founders of the republic there was the scheme of uniting together all the Latin American States. This idea arose at a time when Spain all South America was bound to one ruler, and the States in North America were struggling for the political advantages of a federation. Thus, Bolivia conceived the plan of having Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia as a republic of Colombia. Miraflores and the shrewder statesman of the time in theory, and hoped to



WHERE WAR WAS DEFEATED.

America in one republic that would be a political rival on almost equal terms with the States of North America. But both the States of North America in the early days of the republic proved abortive. Bolivar's Republic was disintegrated into pieces, while Miraflores got even a trial.

Didn't Encourage Bolivar.

In view of the present situation of the United States in the development of plans for a Republican South, interest. Although we sent Bolivar's famous "Panama Congress" avowed purpose was to secure the Americas, we showed our wishes by admitting nothing further expression of friendship. And the elimination of his labors, planned the Spanish dominion, we unhesitatingly of Spain against him and succeeded in achieving Cuban independence. The United States at that early date seemed to an independent union of

In recent years, up to the time of the war, the South and Central America were entirely contented with the United States toward their own interests. Cleveland's famous Venezuela where hailed with unbounded enthusiasm. The announcement that the Monroe doctrine was considered a guarantee of dependence to all the republics of the United States. Then came the war with it one of those sudden changes of feeling among our southern neighbors inherited from the days of the "mother country," grew in popularity and intensified. An intense sympathy for the United States in South America, for the time being, between conservative and radical. The United States in its condemnation of the predictions that the latter would tempt the overthrow of South America became the favorite theme of



NEW COURTHOUSE AT DAWSON.

60 deg. below zero. Every one was so gold crazy that ordinary labor could hardly be secured at any price. It cost \$60 in gold dust to hire a man to cut and deliver a cord of wood, and flour sold for \$60 a sack. In the fall of 1896 town lots sold for \$5. Two years later some of the same lots sold as high as \$30,000, or \$1000 per front foot. A single milking from the first cow brought to Dawson sold for \$55—and she did not give very much at that, on account of her long journey from the States and the excitement at her unusual surroundings.

Dawson is over 1500 miles from Seattle, the nearest base of supplies, and the Yukon is open to navigation only about five months in the year. Considering these facts and that the place is less than five years of age, the accompanying illustrations of its substantial buildings, together with the enumeration of its various enterprises and general thriftiness, will come in the nature of a surprise to most people. It has quickly passed from a mere stopping place for the miner, to a social and commercial center. Until a few years ago, the climate of the Yukon country was considered too rigorous for the white man to withstand; yet here in the heart of it we have a bustling city, whose real estate is valued at \$20,000,000.

There are few localities in the world with an equal range of temperature. It is very cold during eight months of the year and warm during the other four. During each season the temperature ranges from 80 deg. below zero to 100 deg. above. There is very little humidity, so that the extremes of heat and cold can be

ladder. It is illuminated by a modern electric light plant, which also furnishes pumping power to the mines for miles in every direction. It costs from \$1 to \$5 a call to use the telephone system which connects the town with the different mines.

The census taken last fall shows the resident population of Dawson to be 5400. Of this number 4500 are men, 650 women and 250 children. The floating population during the summer season will more than double these figures. Among the business enterprises of the place may be mentioned two banks, five assay offices, six newspapers, three express companies, one telegraph company, six sawmills, two planing mills, three brick yards, three machine shops, eight cold storage warehouses, five dairies, two breweries, one bottling establishment and twelve laundries. Ample provision has been made for entertaining the transient guest within the city gates. There are forty restaurants, thirty-three hotels and twenty-three saloons. There are two public libraries, three theaters, three hospitals and five churches. The new Presbyterian house of worship cost \$15,000. The government is spending \$300,000 on public buildings in Dawson and \$200,000 on roads leading into the place.

Dawson is not incorporated, but is governed by what is known as the "Yukon Council," consisting of the senior judge of the Yukon Territory, the Gold Commissioner, the Legal Adviser, the Registrar, the commanding officer of the Northwest Mounted Police, and two members elected by the citizens. It is claimed to have the best order of any mining town in the world. The

PAN-AMERICAN WAR. ITS POSSIBILITY DISCUSSED BY A FORMER CONSUL.

BY CLIFFORD SMYTH.
Ex-U. S. Consul to Cartagena.

WAR has been so common with our neighbors in South and Central America that really notable military achievements on battlefields, marked almost incredible deeds of valor, have scarcely found a heading in our daily press. We have but one example: "They are fighting again. They are always fighting. After a while some one will be hurt." It would be more startling in the way of news to announce that the revolutions in South America have come to an end. The trouble that is brewing today, however, between Colombia and Venezuela is of a distinctly different character from the everyday Latin-American revolution. It is the result of a long series of causes to which the United States is not a stranger. It involves interests and questions that have to do with our own future as a nation. It suggests, finally, the possibilities of a great pan-American war.

In the minds of the founders of South American independence there was the scheme for a single government, leading together all the Latin republics in one common union. This idea arose naturally from the fact that Spain all South America, with the exception of Brazil, was bound to one ruler; while the successful States in North America was an obvious demonstration of the political advantages to be gained by such a union. Thus, Bolivia conceived and carried out the plan of having Venezuela, New Grenada (now Colombia), Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia united under the republic of Colombia. Miranda, Bolivia's predecessor and the shrewder statesman of the two, went further than this in theory, and hoped to consolidate all Latin-

politicians. "Combine! Combine!" was the rallying cry of one republic to another.

Began to Look to Spain.

The close of the war brought no abatement to this feeling or its expression. The quick and decisive success of the United States was a surprise, as well as the cause of increased alarm among those who credited this country with a desire to appropriate South America as a colonial possession. How should they defend themselves against this "giant of the North"? Then the political faith of the fathers was remembered, suggesting itself as the surest solution of anticipated danger. A united continent, a "Greater Colombia," was the only possible safeguard against the Yankee hunger for colonies. It became popular to emphasize the racial unity of South America, to point out the ineradicable difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon; and for the first time since their war for independence, South Americans commenced to look with a sudden friendly interest to Spain. The venerable institutions of the mother country, her tyrannies and oppressions forgotten, reappeared in a light so alluring and romantic as almost to be regretted. Things Spanish became the fashion. Ties of blood, language and religion assumed a vital importance never before realized. A desire for a closer union with Spain found expression everywhere. Finally, on the high tide of this popular feeling, not more than a year ago, Spain herself spoke, proposing to the republics of South America that a congress composed of delegates from the various southern republics should meet in Madrid with a view to strengthening the bonds existing among all Spanish-speaking countries. The ostensible purpose of such a congress was not, of course, an official or governmental one. That would be to infringe the Monroe doctrine. But it was not denied that it would have a far-reaching commercial and industrial tendency, detrimental to the United States and favorable to European countries, against which our traditional foreign policy would be powerless.

Confidence Not Restored.

South America received this novel proposal from

coalition of three republics has already been formed for the immediate purpose of conquering Colombia. Ecuador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Venezuela, united under one strong government, would form the nucleus, certainly, for a formidable republic—a step toward the realization of the dreams of Bolívar and Miranda!

With such elastic political ambitions as its impelling motive, a war is serious enough. If Castro's intention in the proposed conquest of Colombia has been correctly interpreted by his friends, as well as his enemies, he will not stop with Colombia. His programme involves the other republics of Latin America as well, until he, or some other South American Napoleon, wields the dictatorship over a united continent.

Monroe Doctrine Involved.

But before such a result could be by any possibility be attained, the active interference of the United States would be inevitable. The history of the past century shows unmistakably that our government has viewed with marked disfavor any attempt on the part of the South American republics to form a union. We have countenanced it explicitly under John Quincy Adams, and it is not likely that in this direction our policy has weakened under President Roosevelt. Besides, such a change in the political map of South America as Castro's "Greater Colombia" contemplates would infringe the Monroe doctrine as well as imperil the maintenance of the isthmus as a free and open thoroughfare—and the United States is pledged by treaty to guard the isthmus and by tradition to uphold the Monroe doctrine.

Thus, if Castro is financially able to continue his attack on Colombia and to keep peace meanwhile in Venezuela, a pan-American conflict would seem to be speedily imminent, in which the United States would bear a hand as the probable ally of Colombia. Strangely enough, it would not be the first time that our troops have fought on Colombian and Venezuelan soil. On two memorable occasions in the past we have tasted the horrors of warfare in those tropical countries.

The first blow for South American independence was struck in 1806 by a party of Americans, New Yorkers, under the leadership of Gen. Miranda, with the knowledge, and some say with the approval, of President Jefferson. Most of our men were either killed or captured by the Spanish on this ill-fated expedition; and ten of them were hung in the public square of Puerto Cabello, where a monument has lately been erected to their memory by patriotic Venezuelans.

Years before that, however, before we had achieved our own independence, Lawrence Washington, George Washington's half-brother, under the British Admiral Vernon, headed 3600 Americans in the siege of Cartagena. He captured the Fortress Boca Chica, at the entrance to the harbor, and made one of the most heroic assaults in history on the Fortress of San Felipe, overlooking the walls of Cartagena. In this assault he was unsuccessful, and nearly every American who accompanied him perished either in battle or by the subtler ravages of fever. But he practically destroyed the old fort; and today it stands there as he left it in 1741, a ruin, one of the most picturesque ruins in America, but a monument as well to the bravery of those Americans who were the first to shed their blood on South American soil.

History is full of surprises. Puerto Cabello in Venezuela, Cartagena in Colombia, are names of romantic, tragic import to the United States. But in the pan-American conflict that today threatens to surround these old places what a revelation of history will need to be chronicled!

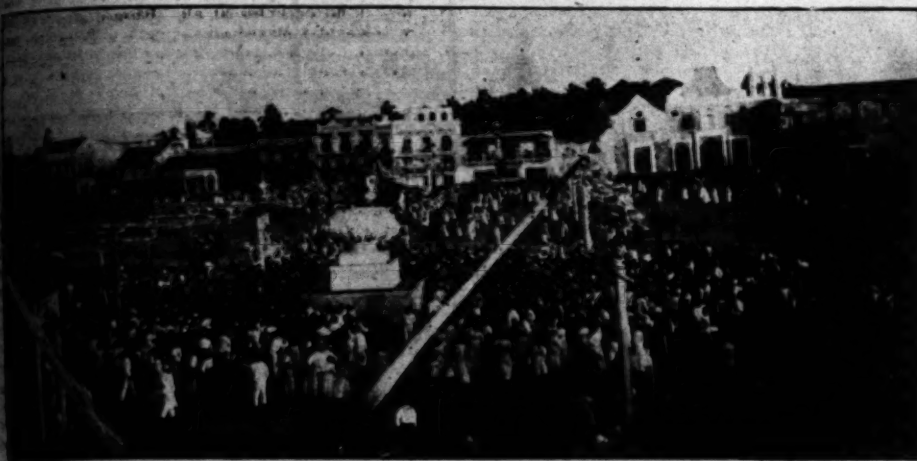
[Copyright, 1901, by Clifford Smyth.]

HUMAN AND BRUTE STRUCTURE.

Prof. J. D. Cunningham's address to the section of anthropology (of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) is mainly devoted to the ever-interesting question, how does man differ from the beasts structurally, and especially in regard to the brain? That question was debated, as some of the older members will remember, with considerable acrimony, at more than one meeting of the association about forty years ago. Though Owen's attempt to differentiate man from the ape by the presence or absence of the famous hippocampus has long gone to the limbo of inexplicable mistakes, the president maintains that, while no hard and fast line can be drawn, certain differences do exist in the brain structure of man and animals which are closely related to the intellectual powers. The phrenologist, no doubt, failed in his attempt to give a precise location in the brain to the mental faculties; but his leading idea was not altogether wrong.

The cerebral surface can be divided into regions in which are situated the motor centers controlling the muscular movements of the more important parts of the body, such as the muscles of the face, hands and tongue. It is, however, not so much the amount of muscle power as the degree of refinement in the movement which determines the size of the area occupied by a motor center. But, besides this, there are other areas which have no direct connection with muscles, and to the increase of these is due the enlargement of the cerebral cortex in man. Here, according to Fiechsig, they constitute about two-thirds of the whole, and in these "association centers," as he calls them, originate the higher qualifications of the brain, such as those of judgment, memory and speech. Prof. Cunningham uses the last as a special illustration of his general argument, showing, by discussion of the anatomical evidence, that perhaps in no other case the acquisition of associated muscular movements has been also associated with a more evident cortical change.

In a sense he does not limit speech to man. The rudiments of it—the communication of ideas by sounds—exist in several animals. Nor does he seek to discuss whether the origin of language be imitative or otherwise, but he points out that in man alone are these particular structures largely developed, and to him only a systematized language belongs. No doubt it was slowly developed. Probably language of a kind existed among the missing links, long before the age of Paleolithic man, but as it progressed, so, too, did the race, and drew further and further away from the ancestral stem of which it is now the topmost branch.—[London Standard



WHERE WAR WAS DECLARED BY THE POPULACE OF COLOMBIA AGAINST VENEZUELA.

America is one republic that would thus become a political union on almost equal terms of the United States in North America. But both these plans for South American unification in the early part of the century proved abortive. Bolívar's Republic of Colombia went disastrously to pieces, while Miranda's programme never got even a trial.

Bolívar's Ennoble Bolívar.

In view of the present situation, the part played by the United States in the development and fate of these first plans for a Republican South America is of curious interest. Although we sent delegates in 1826 to Bolívar's famous "Panama Congress," a body whose avowed purpose was to secure the political unity of all the Americas, we showed our opposition to Bolívar's plan by admitting nothing further than a mere verbal expression of friendship. And when Bolívar, as the champion of his labors, planned to liberate Cuba from the Spanish dominion, we unhesitatingly took the part of Spain against him and successfully blocked this first attempt to achieve Cuban independence. The policy of the United States at that early day was thus plainly opposed to an independent union of Latin America.

In recent years, up to the time of the Spanish-American war, the South and Central American republics were entirely contented apparently with the attitude of the United States toward their own governments. President Cleveland's famous Venezuelan message was everywhere hailed with unbounded satisfaction. His further announcement that the Monroe doctrine would be upheld was considered a guarantee of protection and independence to all the republics of America on the part of the United States. Then came our war with Spain, and with it one of those sudden, characteristic revolutions of feeling among our southern neighbors. The suspicions inherited from the days of Bolívar were revived and intensified. An intense sympathy for Spain, the "mother country," grew in popularity. The Spanish war became a burning issue in South American politics—an issue that, for the time being, marked the difference between conservative and radical. The press was almost unanimous in its condemnation of the United States, and predictions that the latter would sooner or later attempt the overthrow of South American independence became the favorite theme among journalists and

Spain with favor. The congress has been formed, its first session held, and although no openly avowed political programme was adopted looking to the union of South America, the mere fact of such a meeting, under such auspices, is abundantly significant of the trend of South American opinion toward the consolidation of their political interests, the formation of a republic that will be South American in design and extent, and able to treat with the United States on equal terms.

Our own Pan-American Exposition has done little to restore South America's confidence in our national integrity. Many of the republics have no share in the show at Buffalo, and the part taken by others is decidedly inadequate. What may be accomplished along this line at the Pan-American Congress now meeting in the City of Mexico remains to be seen, but, in the light of what is now going on quietly and secretly in South America, too much need not be expected. We shall of course insist on the strict observance of the Monroe doctrine, but it may be necessary for us to go farther and intervene in the inter-republic wars which seem to be forthcoming.

The immediate pretext for the war between Colombia and Venezuela is undoubtedly a local one, if such a term is permissible. Both countries have been enjoying their customary internal revolutions, and this time the liberals of one country have aided their partisans in the other—Castro achieved the Venezuelan Presidency through the timely assistance of the Colombian liberals, a service for which he is in honor bound to make due return in kind.

But Castro has shown himself to be a man of unrestrained ambitions. His attack on Colombia is not undertaken merely to pay off a political debt. He has found the latter country weakened by a civil war that has dragged itself along with few interruptions ever since the death of President Núñez in 1894. He has thus seen the opportunity opened to him to become a sort of "savior of society," a second Bolívar, the founder of a vast republic laid out on lines that were originally chosen by the first Bolívar. A "Greater Colombia" appeals to him as it appeals to many other South Americans, since the Spanish war, as the inevitable future policy to be pursued in order to preserve the integrity and independence of his country. To the furtherance of this policy he has apparently found Ecuador and Nicaragua willing and ready to lend their aid. Thus a

THE "AELFRED."

Thornycroft has preferred to keep his name on his statue at Winchester which has not escaped a good deal of Mr. Freeman altered Chapman's paleographic purity has become a historical writer; but it is at least one vigorous point. Historical names have come from him as any other must be accounted for. In a volume of "History," published in 1890, he protests somewhat clamorously against "realism" of the restoration of "red," and shows the absurd heights to which it would go if logically extended. Harrison's objection to the antique name evolution should apply to the future as elsewhere, and that the proper names really rests in the ancient things can be crammed into modern civilization. Evolution is present nowadays, but Mr. Thornycroft perhaps find many defenders. Mr. Harrison himself, on the ground of the idealization which is in "bodying forth" the statue of the great hero King.—[London Chronicle]

THE OF THE BICYCLE.

bycycle? At Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, a coachbuilder, aged 73 years, is stated that he made, out of wood, an English pedal and crank bicycle. It was a French invention, and was with after designs had appeared in a paper experts favor the claims of Gainsborough point out that in the 46's Kipling a safety with rear driving wheel, and heard the late Mr. Harrison's announcement.—[London News]

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Episcopal Convention

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at Point Loma spookery revealed by a theosophist.... Why Alfred Dolge schedules his assets at \$2,000,000 in bankruptcy case, when he is penni-

yawns for President McKinley's assassination.... Paul Czoizog sends farewell message to his doomed son.... Foul Chicago woman wants to erect a monument to Czoizog.... Suspected train

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.] NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—O'Connor, a former captain of the Ninth Regiment of the New York, has just returned

WESTERN FORT LIFE.

DUTIES AND DIVERSIONS OF OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN.

By a Special Contributor.

THE person who believes that, in this "piping time of peace" life in an army garrison in the West is a humdrum existence, where men lazily mark off the days on the calendar and await the government paymaster, while the wives of the officers drag out monotonous periods, is much in error. To be sure, there is nowadays little of the romantic dash, the strenuous chivalry and the exciting risk in our western forts that there were two or three decades ago, when Indian forays and uprisings and dreadful border crimes were common. But nevertheless there is even now enough in western army fort life to keep most active minds busy and to furnish sufficient incentive and opportunities for ambitious and energetic people. For most people army garrison life is happy—free from worries, assured of a steady and certain income and removed from eager competition of business and professional pursuits and the jealousies of society.

For a generation the western army fort has been very unlike the typical forts one reads about in romance and history—forts with big parapets, buttresses, bastions, where huge cannon project through embrasures and solemn sentries tread ceaselessly. Our western forts are a collection of squat, unattractive, dark-painted buildings arranged in squares and rectangles as may be approved by superior officers. There is not the least semblance about our forts to the fortifications of song and story. Here and there (as at Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Ariz., and at Fort Assinaboine, in Montana) extra expense has been incurred in permanent large buildings of commanding architecture, but generally the construction of

provost marshals, or they are off in the field surveying, escorting postmasters, chasing Indians and the like. The duties of all officers and soldiers are calculated to teach any civilian on short notice that the military servants of Uncle Sam on the frontier earn every cent they get by the grace of Congress.

A perennial problem at every army garrison in the West, is what induces able-bodied, intelligent and ambitious young men to enlist in Uncle Sam's regular army. The term of enlistment is five years, and in a long period of peace there is comparatively little chance for a private to rise above the rank of sergeant. Indeed, the chances are that he will not get above corporal in seven years' service. The personnel of the enlisted line is excellent, when one considers how untempting the service is. The private's pay is meager. The duty is not arduous these days and the discipline is not severe. Here and there in the army garrisons are privates who have come from proud American homes and have been educated at the great colleges. Disappointed in life, discouraged in business and professional careers or lacking confidence in their own ability to win success in competition with their brothers, they have enlisted in the army, where they feel sure of an honorable livelihood and have freedom from worry as to their having a home as long as they live. At almost every army garrison are some young men who have enlisted to restrain themselves from drunkenness and who, for reasons of pride, keep their origin and family history a strict secret.

A Soldier's Pay.

The private soldier gets \$13 a month pay. He has an increase of \$1 a month for his third year of service; \$2 for the fourth, and \$3 for the fifth; also additional remuneration if promoted corporal, sergeant, or artificer. Besides this, if worked as a carpenter, plasterer or mechanic of any kind, he receives what is called extra duty pay; then must be included board, lodging, clothing, schooling, medical attendance and various other perquisites.

Uncle Sam's army catches all sorts of material for

of prairie makes campaigning on foot not the least occupation one could find. When the winds blow the blizzards fly and the snow begins to pile up, there is time to seek shelter and not be found wandering the open prairie without compass or landmark. The Indians, under such climatic conditions, are not to their uncomfortable tipis and lodges, but rather to be at peace with all the world than to have unlimited freedom in the open air under the protection of a breech-clout and a well-worn blanket.

In army forts on the southwestern frontier, the contrary climatic conditions to deal with. The heat of Forts Bowie, Wingate, Huachuca, Stanton and Endure a temperature that frequently rises to 100° in midsummer in the shade and sometimes to 120°. There is a constant effort to keep the garrisons in good condition amid such fierce climatic conditions. Cases of prostration from exposure to the fiery Old Sol are common. The winter days in the southwestern forts are, however, about as nearly complete as climate is concerned, as one may imagine.

Winter in Northern Forts.

Garrison life in the North in midwinter is a different experience among all army men of whatever rank. Reveille is sounded before daylight during the winter months, and with the first sound of the bugle the soldier must be out of bed and slipping into his uniform with all dispatch. At the assembly, ten minutes after the companies fall in on their respective parade grounds, roll is called, and the result reported by the first sergeant to the proper officer. With cavalry, stable hands are blown immediately after reveille, when the troopers proceed to give his steed a little attention and then taking breakfast himself. Fatigue call is sounded at 7:30 o'clock, when those not on other duty are to perform any work required about the garrison. Guard mounting is at 9 o'clock. This is the beginning of the official day, which lasts just twenty-four hours. The old guard is relieved, a new guard mounted and the new officer of the day relieves the old one, and the floors at the conclusion of the ceremony report to the commanding officer in his office for orders. The day is divided into three reliefs—first, second and third. Each man has two hours "on" post and four hours "off." For instance, suppose there are three posts to be relieved. 1 is at the guardhouse, No. 2 at the commissary and quartermaster's storehouse, and No. 3 at the hospital. The cavalry take care of their own stock and their own stables. The first relief (consisting of many sentinels as there are posts to guard) goes on at 9 o'clock and comes off at 11. The second relief goes on from 11 to 1, and the third relief from 1 to 3. At this time the first relief has had four hours' rest. The duty is fairly equalized, giving each man of the eight hours on post and sixteen hours rest. The of guard duty comes to each enlisted man about every six days, or from four to five times a month.

So much for the guard. Those not on guard have other things to look after. Drill call is sounded at 10 o'clock promptly and precisely, according to the matter if it be raining pitchforks or blowing hail at the time. This pleasant pastime is kept up in the doors, for sixty minutes. Of course, no movement is performed in the limited space of the square, but simply the manual arms, bayonet drill and the like receive strictest attention from all hands. A company officer is the instructor at drills. Retreat call is set, tattoo about 5:30 o'clock and taps to extinguish lights about fifteen minutes later.

Dine on Good Food.

Let no one be deluded with the idea that the soldiers dine from cheap, unsubstantial fare out of peace. It is different in active warfare. When called the old saying of the days of the rebellion is to the effect that the menu in army life was "pork, beans and coffee, for breakfast;" "hard-tack, pork and coffee for dinner," and for a change supper consisted of "pork and hard-tack." But how untrue this is today. Anyhow, little foundation there is for the old story which the men of the old army set to "Mess Call." "Porky, porky, porky, without a single bean." "Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single beef." "Coffee, coffee, coffee, the meanest ever made."

At every army fort on the frontier the diet is practically the same. The cooking is done by soldiers who have shown expertise in the art. A commissary cook is hired to teach the soldiers new wrinkle in culinary devices. Nowadays the regulation ration for garrisons for enlisted men is about as follows: Ten ounces of pork or bacon or canned beef (fresh or salted) or one pound and four ounces of beef, or ten ounces of salt beef, eighteen ounces of soft bread flour, or sixteen ounces of hard bread or one pound four ounces of cornmeal, and to every 100 ration ten pounds of beans or peas, or ten pounds of rice or ten pounds of green coffee, or two pounds of eight pounds of roasted coffee, twenty pounds of four quarts of vinegar, four pounds of salt, four pounds of pepper, and to troops in the field, when necessary, four pounds of yeast powder to every 100 ration. The number of men being known, sufficient ration for ten days are drawn from the commissary and turned into the mess. Fresh meat is delivered contract daily wherever it is possible, while the bread is baked by soldier bakers in the post bakery.

The Post Exchange.

In addition to the food supplied in the ration, the soldiers are purchased by means of funds furnished by post exchange. This exchange is the summer of old army sutler, who rapidly became rich from profits on goods sold to the men. A few years ago the sutler system was broken up and the government

runs its own stores in the interior. Only a small profit is made, and a better and more varied supply. There is a small exchange at most articles bought at a post exchange give an idea of what the soldier of extra diet. Six hundred and 500 pounds of cheese, 200 pounds of fresh sausage, 400 pounds of fresh mutton, and 300 pounds liver. There is in an average army garrison, pounds of roast beef, 7 bushels of apples, 24 gallons tomatoes, 1 bushel of potatoes for pudding, and 160 pounds of 2 barrels of syrup are eaten in a month, and the average of sugar daily is 43.

The following is a fair sample of three meals each day in western wilds: Dinner—Roast potatoes, succotash of lima beans, tapioca pudding, bread, syrup and cracked wheat with sugar, beef, syrup and coffee. Supper—Meat, potatoes, hash, pudding, bread, syrup.

Every man can have just as much as he does not waste by leaving plate. This waste is not permitted for so doing.

On holidays an extra dinner is one post on last Christmas was a cranberry sauce, celery, mashed potatoes, pickles, cold slaw, mince pie, cake, jelly cake, apples, bread and butter—which for a good favorably with a holiday dinner in the land.

Amusements.

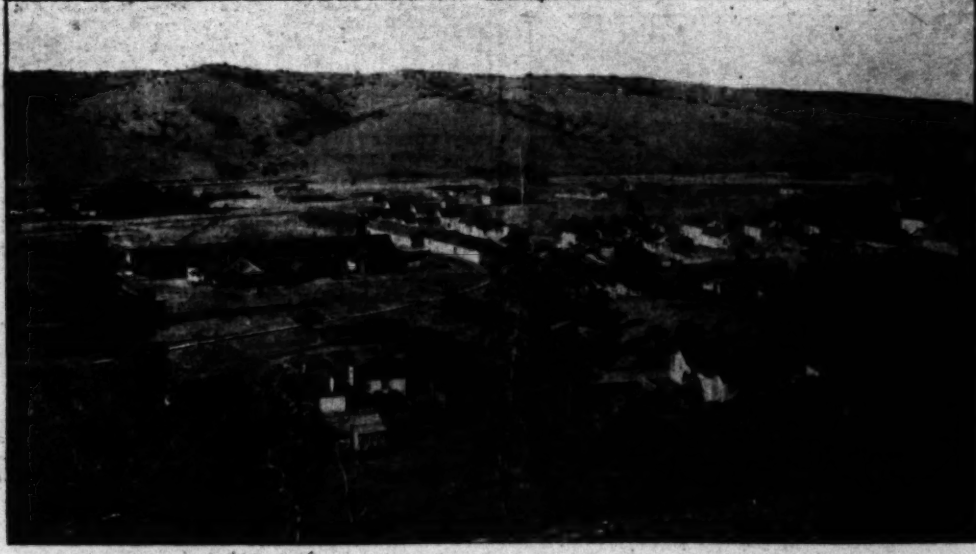
For amusements the officers have the soldiers, too, for that matter, who formerly supplied the luxury of the monopoly of what trade has been abolished. At the billiard or pool table, frontier posts may be seen men with the cue. The band at the benefit of officers and enlisted of intoxicating liquors is not a pretense within the limits of the years' service in some particular has the esprit de corps, and he is his profession, and what he is in military service, with hardly a body of musicians, and capable against all comers, in or out of the frontier post this luxury is most of hops, concerts, dances, card parties and various other amusements are cut off from the outside world by the icy fetters of winter. It is made much of. He or she is in summer the guest is driven country to the Indian camp, over the river bank, back and forth, where, to his or her heart's content and behind a merry set of flaps, he goes spinning over the prairie sagebrush, getting as much enjoyment as the air, country and surroundings. This is a pleasant picture all these diversions are dearly beloved, partly settled country, with shopping or any of the ordinary consider a part and parcel of the

The Arts of War.

In fair weather great attention is given to the arts of war. There was a time when the line could not hit a sock of bar have been armed with a double-barrel gun. It used to be said, too, that a man with a gun would have to weight in lead before he could be changed now. It would surprise degrees of fine marksmanship brought by the most excellent soldiers now in vogue. At fixed distances shots at an object, the soldiers then hold their own against the on earth today. European armies as an important adjunct of a soldier.

But the tendency of modern longer in solid brigade, but with five yards between individuals, a tillery. Were the late Civil War all the late improvements, there are years of long-drawn-out campaigns would be settled in a twelvemonth of any of our regiments of times the execution of a similar line ago. The reason is that the first duty how to handle and how his piece. A visit to any one of the States would convince the most question of doubt, that Uncle Sam's army of marksmen and sharpshooters of raw, undisciplined, verdant recruits.

There is one drill practice by general frontier posts which is not constructive, but also decidedly interesting on the prairie have been erected height of an ordinary man from his dera. A number of large leather man's head, and filled with straw, before drill commences. Now the line, and each individual is a various heads from the posts comes he draws his saber, the



FORT WHIPPLE, ARIZ.

our western army forts has had cheapness, durability and comfort solely in view. One common feature of every army garrison is the tall flagstaff, on the parade ground, near the guardhouse, from which floats the Stars and Stripes from dawn till sundown. Barracks and officers' quarters are usually built facing the parade grounds, and often the officers' cottage homes are pretty with tiny flower gardens and artistic inner furnishings, but all that depends upon the taste and zeal of its feminine occupants.

The Forts.

The size and importance of western army forts varies with the needs of the garrison for the peace of the government and the policy of the Secretary of War and his military advisers. A fort may be a twelve-company post one year, and later it may be reduced to a three or four-company post. Nowadays western forts run from one to fourteen companies. Most Arizona and New Mexican forts are five companies at present, while those in the Sioux and Blackfoot Indian countries average eight companies, with one troop cavalry. The occupants of an army garrison regret orders depriving their post of its cavalry troop, for the presence of such a troop, with its horses, regimental band and dashing officers, adds a zest to the life in the fort. The organization of an army garrison is altered every now and then under new regulations from Washington. At present a regiment of cavalry consists of twelve companies and a band. There is a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, three majors, fifteen captains, fifteen first lieutenants, and fifteen second lieutenants.

Then there is the company organization. This is officered by a captain and a first and second lieutenant. Very few companies are fully officered, because so many outside details are found for the lieutenants. Of course, a captain commands his company when he is present, but he or his lieutenants may be detached hundreds of miles away. For instance, a lieutenant may be detached for recruiting service, for giving particular information for the War Department, for special duty as aide-de-camp to a general, or for a hundred other duties, as those of post-adjutant, post quartermasters, post commissaries, instructors of rifle practice, ordnance officers,

soldiers—men of all nationalities and all climes. They come as bright as meteors and as verdant as unripe cucumbers, but no matter how ignorant or how green a recruit may be at the time of joining, he usually leaves the army satisfied with his five years' discipline and experience and also a fine marksman.

To give the officers and enlisted men a fair chance at living in frontier forts in different climates, the War Department transfers officers and companies every few years from one fort to another. Thus a company may live three years in the mild, soft climate of Fort Wingate or Douglas and then be transferred to any of the forts along the northern hem of the United States, close upon the British American boundary, while the soldiers who have served in the cold and snow of the North may be transferred to the southern garrisons. As a rule, the garrisons in Colorado, New Mexico and Texas are most preferable to officers and enlisted men in the army. Life in the most northern garrisons—those in Montana, Idaho and Dakota—is not always agreeable. In such northern forts as Belknap, Peck, Buford and Benton it is not safe or comfortable for the soldier to attempt to do guard duty or other work at the height of the warm season unless well-protected by head-nets and cast-iron gloves, on account of the ways of the mosquitoes. These insects of the plains are prepared for business. They come in swarms and are so numerous and so persistent that it is not exaggeration to say that life is positively a burden for a few weeks of each year. Mules, ponies, horses and cattle all suffer terribly from these pests, while man would also find existence next to unbearable should he not be able to provide himself with adequate protection in the way of head-nets and long-armed gauntlets. In summer the inmates of frontier forts have temperature as high as 123 deg. Fahr. in the shade. In January and February the mercury there has sometimes sunk to the awful depth of 45 deg. below zero. Putting the two together, there is a range of 168 deg. as the difference between the extremes, which is hard for any other spot on the known globe to equal. In the winter the snow may reach on a level in the Northwest anywhere from six inches to four or five feet. The average, however, is not much more than fourteen inches all around; but even this depth on a level, unbroken stretch

signaling on foot not the pleasure of the soldier. When the winds blow and the snow begins to pile up, then the soldier is not to be found wandering over the compass or landmark. Even such climatic conditions, stick close to the tents and lodges, preferring to be with all the world than to enter the open air under the doubtful protection of a well-ventilated

the southwestern frontier, there are conditions to deal with. The Indians, Huachos, Stanton and others that frequently rises to 120 degrees in the shade and sometimes higher. Effort to keep the garrison food in such severe climatic conditions and from exposure to the fiery darts of the winter days in the southwest, about as nearly complete, as the best, as one may imagine.

Fort. The North in midwinter is a dreadful army men of whatever rank. Before daylight during the winter the first sound of the bugle the soldier and slipping into his trousers at the assembly, ten minutes later on their respective parade grounds the result reported by the first officer. With cavalry, stable call to arms, when the trooper gives a little attention and oats to himself. Fatigue call is sounded about noon not on other duty are detailed required about the garrison and at 9 o'clock. This is the beginning of which lasts just twenty-four hours, a new guard marches in, a reliever the old one, and both of the ceremony report to the officer in his office for orders. The guard reliefs—first, second and third—on post and four hours later there are three posts to walk. No. 1 at the commissary and house, No. 2 at the barracks, and the first relief (consisting of 11 men) are posts to guard) goes on duty at 11. The second relief is the third relief from 1 to 2. The relief has had four hours' rest and again at 5 o'clock p.m., being relieved by the second relief, who has been on last four hours. In this manner, giving each man of the post and sixteen hours rest. The time to each enlisted man about one hour four to five times a month.

ard. These not on guard duty have after. Drill call is sounded at 7 o'clock, according to order, to get pitchforks or blowing howling pleasant pastime is kept up, while of course, no movements are limited space of the squad room, bayonet drill and the like from all hands. A commissary at drills. Retreat call is at 8 o'clock and taps to extinguish minutes later.

ded with the idea that Uncle Sam's fare, unsubstantial fare only in the front in active warfare. We all of the days of the rebellion to the army life was "pork, hard-tack, and salt." "hard-tack, pork and salt," a change supper consisted of "salt, pork, and hard-tack." But how untrue this is in the old army set to "Mess Call."

orky, without a strip of lard, lard, without a single bean; the meanest ever seen." At on the frontier the diet is not cooking is done by enlisted men, business in the art. Occasionally the soldiers new wrinkles in the regulation rations at the men is about as follows: Two ounces of beef, or twenty-four ounces of beef, or twenty-four ounces of soft bread or one pound of hard bread or one pound of salt, and to every 100 rations fifteen ounces of rice or beans, or coffee, or two pounds of tea, or coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, four pounds of salt, four ounces in the field, when necessary, powder to every 100 rations. The known, sufficient rations to be from the commissary department. Fresh meat is delivered, while the bakers in the post bakery.

ood supplied in the rations many means of funds furnished by the exchange is the successor of the rapidly became rich from the to the men. A few years ago the broken up and the government not

the own stores in the interest of the enlisted men. a small profit is made, and this profit is used to a better and more varied supply of food for the men. There is a small exchange at most forts. The following bought at a post exchange in two months will give an idea of what the soldier boys have in the way of extra diet. Six hundred and fifty pounds of bologna sausage, 500 pounds of cheese, 225 pounds of breakfast, 400 pounds of fresh sausage, 700 pounds of mutton, and 300 pounds liver. There is consumed at a dinner in an average army garrison, 50 gallons of soup, 250 pounds of roast beef, 7 bushels potatoes, 2 barrels turkey, 24 gallons tomatoes, 1 barrel cold slaw, 30 pounds apples for pudding, and 160 pounds of bread. From 1 to 2 barrels of syrup are eaten at an average frontier garrison in a month, and the average number of pounds of sugar daily is 43.

The following is a fair sample of the menus at the three meals each day in winter at a garrison in the western wilds: Dinner—Roast pork and gravy, roast potatoes, succotash of lima beans and green corn, beets, apples pudding, bread, syrup and coffee. Breakfast—Oatmeal with sugar, beef hash, bread, butter, syrup and coffee. Supper—Meat and gravy, fried potatoes, hash, pudding, bread, syrup and tea.

Every man can have just as much as he desires, provided he does not waste by leaving much food on his plate. This waste is not permitted, and men are punished for so doing.

On holidays an extra dinner is served. The dinner at the fort on last Christmas was as follows: Roast turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, mashed potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, pickles, cold slaw, mince and pumpkin pie, jelly cake, apples, raisins, coffee, cheese, bread and butter—which for a good meal compares most favorably with a holiday dinner at some of the best hotels in the land.

For amusements the officers have a clubroom, and so do the soldiers, too, for that matter. The post trader formerly supplied the luxuries, and in return had the monopoly of what trade there was in it, has been abolished. At the billiard or pool tables of some of our frontier posts may be seen men who are truly experts with the cue. The band at headquarters forts is for the benefit of officers and enlisted men alike. The sale of intoxicating liquors is not now allowed under any circumstances within the limits of the garrison. After many years' service in some particular regiment the soldier has the esprit de corps, and he takes a certain pride in his profession, and what he is about. The bands of the military service, with hardly an exception, are fine bodies of musicians, and capable of holding their own against all comers, in or out of the army. At an isolated frontier post this luxury is most thoroughly appreciated. Balls, cotillions, dances, card parties, dinners, theatricals, and various other amusements are the order, when they are cut off from the outside world and the rest of civilization by the icy fetters of winter. A visitor at the post is made much of. He or she is dined, fêted and danced. In summer the guest is driven or ridden across the country to the Indian camp, over the bluffs, or along the river bank, back and forth, here and there, everywhere, to his or her heart's content. In winter, on bobs, and behind a merry set of jingling sleigh bells, away is the guest splashing over the prairie in and out among the squaws, getting as much enjoyment out of the square feet in the air, country and surroundings are capable of offering. This is a pleasant picture to contemplate, but all these diversions are dearly bought, by isolation in a cold, partly settled country, without theaters, operas, dancing or any of the ordinary enjoyments that people consider a part and parcel of their existence.

The Art of War.

Is the weather great attention is given to target practice. This was a time when the average soldier of the line could not hit a flock of barns, although he might have been armed with a double-barreled, repeating shotgun. It used to be said, too, that during the late war a man with a gun would have to shoot away his own weight in lead before he could hit anybody. All that is changed now. It would surprise people to know to what degree of fine marksmanship the soldier has been brought by the most excellent system of rifle instruction now in vogue. At fixed distances, or rather with single shots at an object, the soldiers of our line can more than hold their own against the line of any other army on earth today. European armies neglect marksmanship as an important adjunct of a soldier's life.

But the tendency of modern warfare is to fight no longer in solid brigade, but with intervals of from one to five yards between individuals, and backed up with artillery. Were the late Civil War to be fought over with all the late improvements, there would be no four or five years of long-drawn-out conflict. The unpleasantness would be settled in a twelvemonth. A skirmish line of any of our regiments of today would do twenty times the execution of a similar line of twenty-five years ago. The reason is that the soldier is taught as his first duty how to handle and how to get the most out of his piece. A visit to any one of the annual rifle competitions held at various points throughout the United States would convince the most skeptical, beyond all question of doubt, that Uncle Sam's troops are now an army of marksmen and sharpshooters, instead of a mob of raw, undisciplined, verdant recruits.

There is one drill practice by a cavalry troop at several frontier posts which is not only useful and instructive, but also decidedly interesting to witness. Out on the prairie have been erected numerous posts, the height of an ordinary man from his feet up to his shoulders. A number of large leather balls, the size of a man's head, and filled with straw, are placed on the posts before drill commences. Now the troopers are hauled up in line, and each individual is set to work cutting off the various heads from the posts. When a man's turn comes he draws his saber, the command is given and

away he goes at a mad dash down upon the enemy, cutting off the first head with a down stroke, the next one with a back sweep, and the third is slashed on the crown or decapitated in some way. Of course, it is ridiculous to see the recruits first practice these maneuvers, but the raw-boned fellow becomes an expert after awhile, and his laugh is turned on others who succeed him as the butt of ridicule. The drill also includes firing blank charges with a revolver at the heads, the sharp concussion of the explosion generally blowing the heads off, if the aim chances to be a good one.

The bump of fun is an exceedingly large one in the average soldier of the line. Young men in the prime of manhood, of fine physique and generally perfect in every way, look on the term of enlistment as a sort of task, and propose to get as much amusement and fun out of the five years as possible. Their devices and tricks for getting out of drill and other duties are of various descriptions. Whisky is the soldier's weakness. Should a post be 1000 miles from civilization, and stringent orders be in force forbidding liquor on the reservation, with every possible means taken to prevent its introduction and use, still, the average soldier will, in some way or other, have his toddy in spite of every obstacle. He's bound to get it in some way. The greatest trial of the officer of the day is to keep whisky away from the prisoners and out of the guardhouse, but it is impossible of accomplishment, for they certainly get it in some manner and whenever they want it. Whisky has been discovered being smuggled inside of loaves of bread when food was brought to the prisoners. A sentry might fill the barrel of his musket with liquor and walk his post smelling awfully like rum, but never be found out. Prisoners returning from work under charge of the guard, carrying stable brooms over their shoulders, have had a flask or two concealed in the bulky part of the broom, and yet escaped discovery. A few years ago extraordinary efforts were made at Fort Stanton (in New Mexico) to prohibit the use of whisky. The colonel and the other officers thought they knew all the tricks of soldiers to smuggle intoxicants into a post. But when the officers found half a dozen men drunk in the fort each week, they began a vigorous investigation, which resulted in learning that certain of the bricks, which were delivered there for building purposes, contained glass flasks of whisky. A workman at the El Paso brickyard confessed that he had made over \$100 a month in thus getting the liquor to a sergeant at Fort Stanton. The bricks containing the whisky were marked so that they were easily distinguished when each consignment of bricks reached the fort.

HELEN TYLER GRISWOLD.

FOLKLORE OF THUNDER.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE early days of the world's history, when every occurrence was ascribed to the action of some particular deity, thunder was productive of a great fund of weather wisdom and folk lore.

To the primitive minds of our ancestors, thunder was a mystery; to them it came as the voice of an unknown and terrible deity.

Prognostications were drawn from it, and the soothsayers and seers professed to be able to read the message of the deity to the world.

In later times we were taught that thunder was good for fruit and bad for corn, and the old proverb says:

"Winter's thunder,

Poor man's death, rich man's hunger."

An old saying, often used by farmers, warns us that—

"Thunder in spring, cold will bring."

Thunder out of season has caused many of the weather wise to enter the realm of prophecy and to tell the people what to expect during the coming seasons. In an old book, entitled "The Book of Knowledge," we read: "Thunder in January signifieth the same year great winds, plentiful of corn and cattle, peradventure." The same book is the authority for the statement that "Thunder in December signifieth that same year cheapness of corn and wheat, with peace and accord among the people."

A proverb popular in the northern counties of England tells us that:

"In February, if thou hearest thunder,

Thou wilt see a summer wonder."

It is considered a sign of bad luck to hear thunder in March, and all sorts of disasters are sure to occur, but there is a consolation in knowing that:

"When April blows his horn,

It's good for hay and corn."

This prophecy may be accounted for by the fact that April thunder is generally accompanied by rain.

There is a special significance given to thunder on different days of the week. An ancient authority tells us: "Sondaye's thunder brings the death of learned men, judges and others;

Monday's thunder the death of women;

Tuesday's thunder, plenty of grain;

Wednesday's thunder, the death of harlots and much bloodshed;

Thursday's thunder, plenty of sheep and corn;

Friday's thunder, slaughter of great men;

Saturday's thunder, a general pestilent plague and great death."

If thunder is heard in the morning, it is said to signify wind; at noon, rain, and in the evening, a great tempest.

In France it is a common belief that "if you hear thunder first in the south, make your barn floor larger and your garden smaller; when you hear it in the south-west, you may reckon on much bread and wine." An old English writer tells us that "It thunders most when the wind blows from the south, and least when it blows

from the east." Virgil is an authority on this subject, for he wrote:

"When the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crushed, a glut of gathered rain
The hollow ditches fill, and floats the plain,
And sailors furl their dripping sheets amain."

Many other writers agree with Virgil, and a proverb assures us that "After much thunder, much rain," which is rendered by the French, "Tant tonne qu'il pleut."

A scientist writing in 1827 quaintly says:

"We see why it thunders very seldom when the northern winds blow; for those winds constrict the earth with their cold, and so hinder the fulminating matter from bursting forth; and when they are burst forth and floating in the air they hinder their effervescence. But on the contrary, when the warm and moist south winds blow, which open everything, the earth likewise is opened, and abundance of fulminating matter is expired, and ascends on high, which is there easily inflamed."

Wilsford, in his "Nature's Secrets" (page 113,) writes: "When it lightens only from the northwest, look for rain the next day; if from the south or west it lightens, expect both wind or rain from those parts."

The Scotch say that "morning lightning is an omen of bad weather; sheet lightning, without thunder, during the night, having a whitish color, announces unsettled weather."

The great master-mind, in Hamlet (act ii, scene 2,) says:

"We often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, and the rack stands still;

The bold winds speechless, and the orbs below

As hush as death; anon, the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region."

In the days when thunder and lightning were believed to be the manifestation of the anger of an offended deity, numerous charms were used to protect people against the dangers of the storm. In an old play, "The White Devil," one of the characters exclaims:

"Reach the boys;

I'll tie a garland here about his head,

'Twill keep my boy from lightning."

In the North of England, the boys who wish a thunderstorm to pass quickly away, very ungallantly sing:

"Rowley, rowley, rattle bags,

Take the lasses and leave the lads."

In some countries the house-leek, or Cypsel, is believed to be a protection against lightning. In some parts of Europe the plant is called "Jupiter's beard," and by that name Charlemagne refers to it in his edict: "Et habeat quisque supra domum suam Jovis barbam." ("And let everybody have the Jupiter's beard on his house.")

In England for centuries the great bell, known as St. Adelm's bell, at Malmesbury Abbey, was rung during a thunderstorm, the people believing its noise would drive away thunder and lightning. The devout used to invoke the aid of St. Barbara, during a storm.

In Germany old housewives place a piece of iron on the beer barrel to prevent the contents turning sour.

The Scotch, who believe more in signs and omens than any other people, assure us that if the peals of thunder are even in number, it is a sure harbinger of good luck, and if the lightning flash from north to west, bad luck will most assuredly follow.

We have outlived most of the old superstitions, but in the rural districts of the Old World there are thousands who cling to them with reverential awe, and no scientific argument can ever convince them that thunder and lightning are as natural as the sunshine.

JOHN DE MORGAN.

UNCLE SAM'S FORAGE.

Over one thousand different species of grasses worth cultivation for forage grow in the United States besides 100 other plants useful for the same purpose. These and other facts of interest to farmers and land owners form part of a report on the work of the division of agrostology of the Department of Agriculture since its organization in 1895, just submitted to Secretary Wilson by Prof. F. Lomson Scribner, the government agrostologist. The report says that of the unoccupied public lands, about 365,400,000 acres are now regarded as fit only for grazing purposes, and in addition there are 124,300,000 acres of forest land, the greater portion of which is also used for grazing.

From field work already done, the department has been enabled to recommend to farmers and stockmen throughout the country the forage crops adapted to their conditions and special requirements, and to carry on experiments with introduced forage plants likely to prove valuable in any particular region. Because they are native, says the report, many grasses have been too often not only neglected, but abused, and in some cases partially exterminated.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF KING ALFRED.

There is probably no person in England who has more reason to be proud of her descent than the aged Mrs. Barclay-Allardice, now 85 years of age. She is the legitimate representative of King Alfred, an honor neither the King nor the Princess Louise of Bavaria can lay claim to, although descended of that great ruler. Robert II of Scotland, by virtue of descent from the Atheling's sister, was heir in the fourteenth century. His children by the first wife were born before marriage, and to enable them to succeed an act was brought in. The children of the second marriage were legitimate, and represented the act, which led to the murder of King James I. The eldest of these was David, Earl Palatine of Strathern, whose grandson and heir was the first Earl of Monteith. When the eighth and last earl died his sister, Lady Allardice, became representative, and her direct heir of line is Mrs. Barclay-Allardice. Of the first marriage of King Robert, the Princess Louise of Bavaria is representative by descent from a line nearer than that of His Majesty, namely, the line of King Charles I, the King being from his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of King George I.—[London Chronicle.]

any other name. All shades of series.

TO THE HOLDERS OF...
Episcopal Convention

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at Point Loma spookily revealed by a theosophist... Why Alfred Dolge schedules his assets at \$2,000,000 in

yawns for President McKinley's assassin... Paul Czolgosz sends farewell message to his doomed son... Paul Chicago woman wants to erect a monu-

TREACHEROUS... (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS) NEW YORK, Oct. 28. O'Connor, a former ca-



Stories of the Firing Line * Animal Stories.

The Spirit of 1861-5.

THE following incident is related by Gen. R. H. G. Minty:

May 27, 1864, I received orders from Gen. McPherson, through Gen. Kenner Garrard, my division commander, to make a demonstration in rear of the left flank of the enemy's entrenched position at Dallas, Ga., which had proved to be much stronger than had been anticipated. One of my regiments, the Fourth regulars, was on special service, but two regiments of mounted infantry from the third brigade, the Ninety-eighth Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Kitchel commanding, and the Seventy-second Indiana, Col. Miller commanding, reported to me. I pushed across the Villa Rica and Dallas Road, driving the cavalry brigades of Gens. Morgan, Ferguson and Ross; erected rail barricades, or breastworks, and placed the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry and the two mounted infantry in position behind them. Taking the Fourth Michigan cavalry and two guns from the Chicago Board of Trade battery, I moved forward toward Dallas until I could look into the Confederate entrenchments from the rear and then opened on them with the two guns causing a very lively commotion in their lines. From which a considerable force of infantry was detached to reinforce the three cavalry brigades which I had dislodged earlier in the day. The Fourth Michigan fell back slowly to the position occupied by the other regiments and took part in the repulse of the enemy later in the day.

In this fight Private Benona Birch, Troop I, of the Fourth Michigan and Corporal E. L. Beck of Troop M, Seventh, Pennsylvania, were mortally wounded. As Birch lay on the ground the surgeon doing what he could to relieve his suffering, he called his comrade to his side, and in the faint voice of a dying man said: "Mort, I am done for," then raising up to a sitting position, he waved his right arm and added, "but, hurrah for the old flag," and fell back dead.

Corporal Beck lasted until evening. Shortly before he died his captain, an old schoolfellow, was with him. He said: "Captain, good-by; write home and tell mother she has given one boy to save the Union." These were his last words.

These incidents are given, not as isolated cases, nor as the only ones of the kind which occurred; for scarcely a man died who did not, if strength permitted, give utterance to similar sentiments; but as illustrations of the lofty spirit of patriotism animating the men in the ranks.

During the night, Gen. Garrard received a letter from Gen. McPherson in which he said:

"General: Your letter inclosing report of Gen. Minty received. His brigade has done good service today and drew four regiments of rebel infantry from in front of our right, off toward Villa Rica to fight him. (Signed.) Jas. B. McPherson, Major-General Commanding."

The Kind Roosevelt Wanted.

WHEN Col. Roosevelt set out to raise a regiment of Rough Riders he decided that he would make sure that every man enlisted possessed not only nerve but staying qualities as well. His experience with one young Westerner is a type of several. The young man was strong and husky enough, but there was a look in his face that the colonel took to be one lacking a continuity of purpose. He told the would-be recruit that the ranks were practically full and that he could not enlist him. The next day the young man returned to repeat his request to be enlisted. Again he was turned down. This proceeding was repeated for a week, the Western youth never missing a day at the recruiting headquarters. The pertinacity of the boy finally interested the colonel.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Roosevelt on the eighth visit.

"Henry Johnson."

"Where do you come from?"

"Iowa."

"You want to enlist as a Rough Rider?"

"I do."

"How did you get here?"

"I walked some of the distance, stole rides part of the way, and paid my fare as far as possible."

"Can you ride a horse?"

"Yes."

"And shoot?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the kind of men we are looking for. I did not like your appearance at first, but any man who will show as much zeal trying to get into the army deserves to be enlisted."—[Chicago Tribune.]

How Dewey Taught a Lesson.

A GOOD story is told in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of Admiral Dewey when he was commander of the U.S.S. Pensacola on the European Station. Commander Dewey had given orders that no visitor be allowed on board until noon of the next day, as the ship needed cleaning. A New York nabob in port on his steam yacht sought to go aboard. He was told of the order.

"But you must let me on now," the nabob urged. "I am Mr. So-and-So, you know," mentioning his charmed name. "I pay more taxes in America than any other two men, and, in fact, I own half the United States navy."

"Let him up," came the order from the commander. The man of millions clambered aboard and was met by Dewey.

"I heard your remark that you owned half of the United States navy," said the commander; and then, stooping, he cut with his knife a sliver of wood from the

deck and handed it to the boastful visitor. "Take this souvenir of the Pensacola and keep it," remarked the commander. "It is yours; it is all you have ever owned or ever will own of the navy of the United States. Shall be glad to see you with other visitors any time after the noon hour tomorrow."

So saying, Dewey turned and walked aft, and a crest-fallen Croesus crept back to his launch.

Arrested With a Borrowed Sword.

REAR-ADMIRAL TERRY, commandant at the Washington Navy Yard, who has been arranging the room for the meetings of the Schley court of inquiry, diverted a visitor a day or two ago with a story about courts-martial in the navy. Admiral Skerrett was then a captain, and an officer who had been charged with an offense and ordered under arrest presented himself wearing his full dress uniform but having no sword.

"I can't arrest you," said Capt. Skerrett, looking for the missing sword, "unless you come prepared to submit your sword to me."

The officer explained that he had not received his sword from home, although it had been expressed to him.

"Well, you'll have to get one," was the reply.

So the officer skirmished about the navy yard for some one who had a sword to lend. Finding one, the offender returned to Capt. Skerrett and was promptly and regularly put under arrest according to regulations.—[Army and Navy Journal.]

Sickles's Missing Leg.

GEN. SICKLES is so impressive in appearance that people stare a good deal at his crutches (he lost a leg at Gettysburg) and not a few strangers have the bad grace to stop him and inquire how he met with his supposed accident. The general does not take these imperfections any too kindly, though he usually avoids giving expression to his opinion of the questioner. Once in a while indulges in sarcasm. A young man who ought to have known better, came up to him one day in the presence of a number of spectators and said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but where did you lose that leg?"

Sickles turned a stern look upon him and answered in his most tragic bass voice: "You ought to know."

"Perhaps I ought," said the inquisitor, "but I don't, and I should be obliged if you would tell me."

"Young man," thundered the general, "I lost my leg at the battle of Bunker Hill, and don't you forget that again!"—[Cleveland Leader.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Patti's Dog.

DURING one of the most admirable performances that Donizetti's opera ever received in this country an incident occurred that lent momentous interest to Patti's appearance.

Mme. Diaz, wife of the President of Mexico, had heard of the death of her pet dog, Ricci, and had sent her another, which was to be presented to the diva in a novel way. The tiny animal was buried in a basket of roses, but an usher discovered it and the manager refused permission.

At the next act, however, Mr. Abbey relented and allowed the usher to convey the gift. The basket in which the dog was hidden was a triumph of floral art, and Mme. Patti, attracted by the beauty of its design and the gorgeous bloom of its roses, chose to carry it personally off the stage.

As she lifted the basket and kissed its flowers, the little dog, which was badly frightened by the experience it had had, gave a feeble cry. The diva started, looked curiously into the mass of flowers, gave a purely feminine scream of delight, and, running down to the footlights, whispered gleefully to the audience, "I declare if it isn't a lovely little dog."

No one who has not been at a Patti performance can realize the enthusiastic volume of applause that greeted this announcement. Men jumped up on the chairs and yelled, "Brava! Brava! Patti!" and women waved their fans and handkerchiefs and cried hysterically. Suddenly, Patti divined her curly head into the basket and kissed the dog, whereat a fresh storm of cheers rang through the house. Then she tried to extract the little animal from the flowers, so that she could show him to the audience. But he was tied in securely with ribbons.

Whereupon she said in dumb but eloquent pantomime, "I can't get him out." Finally, as the applause showed no signs of abatement, she ran off the stage, gave the dog and his basket to an attendant, came tripping back and whispered, "Home, Sweet Home," to Sig. Ardit, and the ballad was sung as only Patti can sing it.

There were tears in her eyes as she finished, and many a man in the auditorium choked down a sob and many a woman wept silently as the pathetic strains of the old song floated in mournful cadence throughout the auditorium.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

H... and Kittens.

A READER of The Times contributes the following story.

Years ago while residing in Cincinnati, O., with my wife I was visiting her parents, living on a farm near the village of Butlerville, in Warren county. Located in the rear of the house was a double ash bin, from the contents of which lye was made to be used in manufacturing soap. In one apartment of the bin a hen

was sitting, and the time was about up for her to hatch. In the other apartment, at this time, a cat had a litter of kittens. On the following morning the hen was away from her nest in quest of food, and the pussy also temporarily absented herself from her newly arrived family. The hen was the first to return, mistaking the mewing of the kittens for the purring of newly-hatched chicks, she changed her residence and began to cover the kittens, clucking to them in an assuring way to stop their noise, as mother cats do. When mama pussy returned and found her nest invaded she at first evinced confusion; but on perceiving the sound of her offspring, and attempting to possess them, she found a formidable foe. Driven by driving the hen from her nest, pussy sat down, apparently watching for "something to turn up." As a witness of the whole performance, I attempted to satisfy both mothers by removing the hen to her deserted eggs, and removing pussy and her litter to the quarters in an adjacent woodhouse; but on hearing the mewing of the kittens, the sound of which had become familiar to her, at every leave of absence she took from her nest, the hen would abandon her eggs and attempt to get to the kittens, which, whenever the door was open, she would succeed in doing and accomplishing this, she would always contend for the privilege of remaining. To prevent the eggs from being taken the kittens had to be moved again out of the distance of the hen.

Time for Oats.

A PAIR of intelligent horses attracted the attention of a large crowd on Nassau street at noon on last week. They were attached to a heavily-laden wagon coming down the steep grade between Broadway and Maiden lane, and were holding back the wagon with a noticeable effort. When they saw the way down the whistles blew for 12 o'clock, the horses drew into the curb and began to plant their hind feet well forward to stop the wagon.

The driver made no effort to check them, and the hard work at once attracted notice. Pedestrians looked at the horses and then at the driver, who had a grin on his face. By hard work the wagon was stopped. The driver sat still and watched his animals. They immediately began rubbing his head against the neck of the other, and with nods and pushes began in rubbing his bridle off. Then the other horse turned at rubbing, and his bridle came off.

Fully 200 persons had watched this, and when the completed the driver got down from his seat and threw a bag of oats over the nose of each animal. The driver was patient and proud of his team. He petted them, talked to them, and when they were through whistling.

"Talk about the laboring man dropping his hat at the sound of the noon whistle," said one man, "he beats anything I ever saw. No one hereafter will try to convince me of the intelligence of the horse. The ice wagon team settles it."—[New York Sun.]

Kind-hearted Sparrows.

THERE have been tales told about this curious bird among birds. He was a nuisance in our song and grub-eating birds away; he also the corners of buildings and made of himself a general. There have been other tales told about a cute chap who perches upon a wire near the top of a rock and rocks his clever head toward you when you are against the pane; and still another story is told concerning the lynching of one by a flock of his chaps. Some say they took a bit of twine, fastened to a wire, secured the victim, and induced him to his head through a loop, then drew the twine tight, leaving a lot of wise men to gaze upon the wonderful spectacle, which the newspapers took up and printed. I have watched birds for years, and I saw an incident of the sort—the lynching of a sparrow by his fellow-sparrows! A sparrow has been caught in the loop of a bit of twine fastened to a wire, and no sparrow ever deliberately put his neck up and lynched one of his rowdy brood. He does it simply because he hasn't got bird instinct to follow out such a tragedy. I will tell you an incident concerning a sparrow which I know is true. It didn't find a place in any newspaper, either, because I never gave it much thought until now, I never mentioned it before.

I had noticed upon arising for several mornings the early spring a half dozen or so of sparrows congregated in a sunny spot of the roof below. As I paid no attention to it, for the sparrow is a bird where he pleases, man's wishes to the contrary notwithstanding. But the little chaps were there one morning, and in the same sunny spot. I was going to know why they came there, and I went down one morning to watch them from a more close observation. I got there before they came. I was back of a closed blind, peeped through the slats of the window the little fellows began to come and a morsel of food. They twittered and hopped about if they were enjoying the morning fancy. They scattered and took wings to chimneys, crossing wires. I opened the blinds and looked out. I saw one, little sparrow feeding. I bent over the blind and did not fly away. I reached out and took him in my hand. He was blind.—[H. S. Keller in Birds and Beasts.]

He: Do you know, I am fixing to fall in love with you.

She: Well, be careful. The man I marry will be pretty well fixed.—[November Smart Set.]

GOOD STORIES.

Compiles

Too Much for Uncle J.

THE following anecdote is from the Pacific.

An earthquake occurred in Switzerland a number of years ago, severe about the capital city region became sadly disturbed, deeming them come. Our family consisted of boys, ranging in age from five to fifteen, as housekeeper and cook, day help, at that time the household, while the head of the family, who was seeking heat of the "dog days" of the Bernese Alps, look after us boys, were then on, were thus left alone. So, when the earthquake bethought himself was situated in a lovely city, where we were falling bricks, mortar was generally, if things were town.

Uncle John's farm was our age and our inclination. Not only was money but, being a boyish buoyancy, and had, however, little or nothing then harvest time, servants, were almost hired help.

Inasmuch as pretty what four healthy boys were able to accomplish in when left to their own into an enumeration of were guilty of in the was the extent of our only a few salient features. Our abrupt exit from of our visit two of us pond by the capsize persisted in entering a day the eldest managed old shot guns to such an he fired, much to the features. On the third scarlet quilt, an old un to drive the farm bul steady animal, into a total destruction of a nearly frightening an o

Early on the morning woke us up with the were going home; you a me." Apparently he was Hans to hitch up a team filled with straw. He shook hands with us, something about "per however, I am not quite ward.

Hans, the driver, was father. This note I found very short and contained "Brother Christian: callions. Send me the e

Her Valuable Reference.

ONE servant girl on should readily secure cides to leave her presence to leave if the family

One afternoon a few d the city and her mistress called and asked for—th maid told him she was pointed.

"It's really very impo you get me paper and pe "Certainly," said the stoop and rang the from the door.

"Paper, an envelope an said the maid.

The man wrote his no the maid to be sure to a minute she returned, he woman of the house had circumstances under whi and handed it to her ma "Jane," she said, "you reference some time."

This is what the man "Dear Madam—your m Sun.

Tricked the Good Old Pre

"I SEE," said Uncle J chair against a ver Hotel, between heats in Dave Francis, of old Mi have a look at these yer was Cleveland's Secretary

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Too Much for Uncle John.

THE following anecdote is sent The Times by a member of the Pacific branch Soldiers' Home:

An earthquake shock is an exceedingly rare occurrence in Switzerland. When, therefore, quite a number of years ago, several slight shocks were felt in and about the capital city of Berne, the inhabitants of that region became sadly frightened at these seismic disturbances, deeming them an indication of worse to come. Our family consisted of father, mother and four boys, ranging in age from 10 to 16. An old maid, acting as housekeeper and cook, assisted by a younger maid as day help, at that time attended to the management of the household, while the mother, a victim to nervous headaches, was seeking relief from her ailments and the best of the "dog days" in a summer resort at the foot of the Bernese Alps. Father was too much occupied to look after us boys, who, during the long vacation then on, were thus left almost entirely to our own devices. So, when the earthquake scare fell upon the city, father bethought himself of his brother's farm which was situated in a lovely valley about twenty miles from the city, where we boys would at least be safe from falling bricks, mortar and timber and out of harm's way generally, if things should begin to tumble down in Bern.

Uncle John's farm was a perfect paradise for boys of our age and our inclinations, and Uncle himself was a treasure! Not only was he very freehanded with pocket money but, being a bachelor, had retained much of his boyish buoyancy, and rather liked to see us lively. He had, however, little or no leisure to look after us, it being then harvest time, and he, as well as the two house servants, were almost continually in the fields with the hired help.

Inasmuch as pretty nearly everybody can imagine what four healthy boys, each with normal vitality, are able to accomplish in the course of a long summer day, when left to their own devices, it is needless to enter into an enumeration of the "monkey shins" we boys were guilty of in the space of three days—for alas! that was the extent of our stay with uncle. I will mention only a few salient features which mainly contributed to our abrupt exit from paradise: On the very first day of our visit two of us were nearly drowned in the mill pond by the capsizing of the small boat which all four persisted in entering at the same time. On the second day the eldest managed to overcharge one of Uncle's old shot guns to such an extent as to make it burst when he fired, much to the detriment of his nose and other features. On the third day we managed, by means of a carpet quilt, an old umbrella and several fire crackers, to drive the farm bull, an otherwise harmless and steady animal, into a perfect frenzy, thereby causing the total destruction of a number of milking vessels and nearly frightening an old washerwoman to death.

Early on the morning of the fourth day Uncle John woke us up with the words: "Come, boys, pack up, you are going home; you are just a little bit too much for me." Apparently he was not angry at all; he ordered us to hitch up a team to a light farm wagon partly filled with straw. He gave each of us a new quarter, shook hands with us, and I think he even mumbled something about "perhaps after harvest (of this, however, I am not quite sure), and off we went home."

But, the driver, was given a little note to hand to him. This note I found and read next day; it was very short and contained this legend:

"Father Christian: Send you back your four rascals. Send me the earthquake. Your brother, John."

My Valuable Reference.

ONE servant girl on Long Island has a reference that should readily secure her employment if she ever decides to leave her present position. But she won't decide to leave if the family she now works for can help it.

One afternoon a few days ago when her master was in the city and her mistress was visiting neighbors, a man called and asked for—the lady of the house. When the maid told him she was out he seemed greatly disappointed.

"It's really very important," he exclaimed. "Could you get me paper and pencil? I'd like to leave a note."

"Certainly," said the maid. She stepped out on the stoop and rang the front door bell. The cook came to the door.

"Paper, an envelope and a pencil for this gentleman," said the maid.

The man wrote his note and sealed it. After telling the maid to be sure to see that her mistress got it the minute she returned, he left. That evening when the woman of the house had read the note and heard the circumstances under which it was delivered, she smiled and handed it to her maid.

"Jane," she said, "you may keep this. It may do as a reference some time."

This is what the man had written:

"Dear Madam—your maid is no fool."—[New York Sun.]

Tricked the Good Old Preacher.

"SEE," said Uncle Josh Fuller, as he tipped his chair against a veranda post at the Long Beach Hotel, between heats in the yacht race, "I see that Gov. Dave Francis, of old Mizoura, is down York way to have a look at these yere yachets. Francis, y' know, was Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior, and he is now

boomin' along one of them ere world's fairs out home. Now, Dave—we allus call him Dave in Saint Louis—Dave has a brother-in-law, Col. Chris Ellerbe, who is the lambationist best story teller in a county where the sort of thing counts an' means votes at 'lection time. Seein' Dave 'minds me o' one of Ellerbe's yarns 'bout the good ole hardshell Baptis' preacher who taught th' district school on weeks days an' expounded th' gospel o' Sundays.

"Th' church an' schoolhouse was in one an' the same buildin'. It was a little red schoolhouse, an' 'it stood on a hill,' jist the same as these yere lit'rary fellers is always writin' 'bout. Of course it was in th' country, where th' circuit-ridin' preachers didn't get more'n once ev'ry three months. Come along in th' dead of winter after school had been runnin' for some time, th' boys had noticed thet th' preacher had a habit, or made it a practice, to start right at th' beginnin' o' th' Bible for his text and read straight on through, takin' up the readin' of a Sunday where he had left off the previous Sunday. Under th' circumstances it was easy for th' lads to put up a game on th' good ole man, an' they did it.

"One Sataday a couple o' th' youngsters broke into th' schoolhouse, got th' Bible, an' on findin' the text for th' next day, they saw thet it began with a paragraph at th' bottom o' th' page, th' last sentence o' which was continued on th' next page. That was cherry pie for them. They got th' glue pot an' carefully pasted th' next two leaves together, put th' Bible on the desk an' sneaked out.

"On Sunday there was a big attendance at church. After th' usual preliminaries th' preacher, lookin' very solemn, put on his ole horn spectacles, opened the Bible an' began to read:

"An' Noah took unto himself a wife, an' she were (here he turned the glued pages, strikin' into the middle of a sentence two pages away) an hundred an' fifty cubits in length an' made o' gopher wood, an' pitched without an' within with pitch."

"The congregation noticed th' error, and some o' the members looked apprehensive. The preacher took off his spectacles, rubbed 'em with his old bandana an' gave a second look. He turned back the glued pages an' started in all over with an expression of determination on his face.

"An' Noah," he read, 'took unto himself a wife'—he turned and read slowly—"an' she were an' hundred an' fifty cubits in length an' made o' gopher wood, an' pitched without an' within with pitch."

"Then he closed the book, his faith in it unshaken, but realizing that it was necessary to explain things.

"Brethren and sistern," he said, "in twenty years' experience, fourteen as a class leader and six as an expounder o' these yere gospels, I hain't ever seen them ere words in that ere position before. But—and his face brightened with sudden inspiration—"we are told elsewhere in the Good Book that man, which means also woman, am fearfully an' wonderfully made, an' it am my opinion thet Misses Noah, bein', as she was, an' hundred an' fifty cubits in length, and made of gophers' wood an' pitch, were indeed fearfully an' wonderfully made. We will now sing th' fo'teenth hymn, omittin' th' third stanza."—[New York Mail and Express.]

Johnny Obedy.

"CHILDREN," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice Johnny Wise turned in the following composition:

"We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick lemon candy add my dinner."—[Baltimore American.]

A Drove of "Bulls."

HISTORIANS have been collecting the Irish bulls perpetrated during the summer by public men, but have omitted to recall Mr. Henley's who said that there were two United Irish parties, and on another occasion, that he had seen soldiers walking about the streets without their limbs. Another member, called to order by the speaker, remarked later on that "he was now going to repeat what he was prevented saying." And yet another complained that it was a terrible thing at this time of day that members should be sitting up tonight till this time in the morning. One of the best journalistic bulls was that of the St. James Gazette, which said, in an editorial note about the Duke of Cornwall's arrival at Melbourne: "Since last night is today in the Antipodes, this interesting event, which will occur in some hours from the time at which we write, took place in the other hemisphere before the most of us left our beds this morning." Not long before her death, the Empress Frederick made a bull. Speaking of the political intrigues at court, she remarked she was "glad that queens did not lose their heads now as they did in the old days. I should have lost mine several times during the last few months."—[London Chronicle.]

Proved Her Nationality.

RECENTLY a bent old lady entered the book department of one of the Salina-street stores, and upon being asked what she wished to see, made a reply in what the clerk judged to be an unknown language. A second inquiry proving no more satisfactory, the clerk excused herself and went in search of one her colleagues who is of German descent.

"Oh! Miss L—," she entreated, "won't you come over to my counter for a minute? There's a poor old German lady there, and I can't understand a word she says."

Miss L— followed, and, pausing before the stool on which the would-be customer was seated, inquired in her sweetest tones:

"Are you German?"

The "poor old German lady" raised her handkerchief

to her lips and evidently extricated something from her mouth. Then bending a look of the utmost scorn upon the clerk, she exclaimed, in a rich and unmistakable brogue:

"Garman, is it? Indade an' I'm not, but I've got a new set of false tathe, bad scran to thim! And now, if you please, will wan of ye wait on me?"—[Syracuse Herald.]

Trials of a Novice.

"I MUST have been born to the business," said the old magician. "Certain it is that as a small boy I had a leaning that way. But my first trick was a most disastrous one, and it is a wonder that it did not drive all future thoughts in that direction out of my head."

"An illiterate sleight-of-hand performer happened to show in the little town where I lived, and during the performance he made use of the old trick of preparing an omelet in a silk hat, a most wonderful thing from my standpoint at that time. It fired my blood, and meeting the professor of magic, as he called himself, I said to him:

"Mister, I'll give you 25 cents if you will tell me how to do that trick."

"My son," said he 'you are a likely-looking boy and I will tell you for nothing. It is all the result of pronouncing certain mysterious words over the contents while it is cooking, and the words are: 'Presto chango pokedo selah!'

"I carefully noted the words and rushed home in a state of wild excitement, announcing exultantly to the family that I could cook an omelet in a silk hat as well as the noted professor of magic."

"The family expressed doubt about my ability to do the trick, and I proceeded to show them that I could. Borrowing my father's silk hat, the pride of his heart and which he wore only on Sunday, I broke a number of eggs in it—and stirred them up with a spoon. Then I held the hat over the lighted lamp, muttering the mysterious words under my breath as I did so. But somehow, strange to relate, they refused to work the necessary spell, with a result that was most disastrous to my father's hat."

"What happened when he surveyed the ruins of his silk hat is a matter of private history that is painful to think of even to this day."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Caught the Car.

THE man dashed down the street after the retreating State-street car.

Every muscle was strained, his breath came in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals on a bicycle. He only touched the ground in the more altitudinous places.

"I'll—catch—that—street—car," he gasped, "er die."

Faster went the street car. Faster went the man.

He overtook front street cars and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocked down children and trampled upon them. But onward he rushed. He collided with a baby buggy. The baby was knocked into the street. The mother of the child picked it up. She pointed a finger at the disappearing form of the man. "Murderer!" she hissed through her clenched teeth.

He draws nearer to the car. Nearer yet.

He reaches out his hand.

He touches the rail on the rear platform.

He gives one last convulsive effort.

He is on the car.

He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow.

The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

"Git offen here," speaks the conductor. "We're a-goin' to ther barn. No more cars tonight."—[Chicago Tribune.]

He Made a Mistake.

HE OWNED a six-days' growth of tangled beard, a hairline-tinted nose and an impediment in his voice. The top of his aged straw hat, the holes of his broken shoes and all the buttons on his tattered coat were lacking. Furthermore, he was near-sighted, and, worse than all, he was consumed with a burning thirst.

But when he entered a certain downtown drug store yesterday afternoon, his parched lips were parted in a smile and he held his head high.

"G-g-give me 'bout fo-fo-four finger' of that free whisky," he muttered to the astonished clerk.

"D-d-don't know what your game is, but I read your sign outside the door, an' I ju-just came in to help you along. Ju-just four fingers for a starter."

After they had thrown him out and he had partly recovered from the shock of the collision with the pavement, the luckless tramp took a second look at the sign, and then asked a sympathetic spectator to read it to him.

"Th-th-there's a lot of fine print in it what I ca-can't read without me glasses, 'cause I'm near-sighted," he explained. "Bu-but I'm b-b-blamed if it doesn't say in big type that there's free whisky inside."

Then they read this sign to him, and he all but collapsed:

"FREE cure for the WHISKY habit. WALK IN. DRINK habit positively cured in ALL cases. YOU can cure yourself. WANT agents."—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Complimenting the General.

WHEN Gen. Moreau was in England, he was once the victim of a rather droll misunderstanding. He was present at a concert where a piece was sung by the choir with the refrain:

"Tomorrow, tomorrow."

Having a very imperfect knowledge of English, he fancied it to be a cantata given in his honor, and thought he distinguished the words:

"To Moreau, to Moreau."

Each time the refrain was repeated, he rose to his feet and gracefully bowed on all sides, to the great astonishment of the audience, who did not know what to make of it.—[London Tit-Bits.]

Stories.



time was about up for the summer apartment, at this time, a cat. On the following morning while from her nest in quest of food, she absented herself from her newly-born was the first to return, and of the kittens for the peeping she, she changed her residence and kittens, clucking to them in a re- their noise, as mother was near, returned and found her home in- confused; but on recogniz- offspring, and attempting to get a formidable foe. Despairing from her nest, puss sat without, ap- "something to turn up." Being some performance, I attempted to by removing the hen to her de- moving puss and her litter to new woodhouse; but on hearing the sound of which had been, at every leave of absence puss the hen would abandon her eggs, to the kittens, which, whenever she would succeed in doing and having she would always contend for the. To prevent the eggs from chib- to be moved again out of hearing G. T. W.

not horses attracted the attention on Nassau street at noon one day attached to a heavily-loaded to the steep grade between Cedar and, and were holding back the noble effort. When they were half the New for 12 o'clock. Suddenly the curb and began to plant their feet to stop the wagon.

to effort to check them, and their distracted notice. Pedestrians looking on at the driver, who had a hard work the wagon was stopped and watched his animals. One of the man rubbing his head against the and with nods and pushes succeeded off. Then the other horse took to his bridle came off.

had watched this, and when it was got down from his seat and swung the nose of each animal. The driver of his team. He petted them and when they were through down of

laboring man dropping his head and whistle," said one man; "that saw. No one hereafter need try the intelligence of the horse. The New York Sun.

cases told about this curious bird. He was a nuisance; he dem- esting birds away; he also illu- tings and made of himself a per- been other tales told about de- then upon a wire near the window head toward you when you to and still another story is told of- ing of one by a flock of the bird- ey took a bit of twine, fastened the victim, and induced him to sit down, then drew the twine and of wire men to gaze upon the which the newspapers took up at- tached birds for years, and I have the court—the lynching of a sparrow! A sparrow has been caught twice fastened to a wire or a saw ever deliberately put the tail of his rowdy brood. He would he hasn't got bird inst not caught a tragedy. I will tell you a little a sparrow which I know to be true, is in any newspaper, either, despite it much thought until now, less before.

on arising for several mornings half dozen or so of sparrows com- pment of the roof below. At first I to it, for the sparrow is apt to go man's wishes to the contrary, but the little chaps were there over- came sunny spot. I was curious come there, and I went down- ch them from a more close point there before they came. I stood lined, peeped through the slats and sun rays fell upon the spot close to fellows began to come—each with they twittered and hopped about ing the morning fancy. Then they wings to chimney, cornices and blinds and looked out. I ran on finding. I bent over the sill. He reached out and took him in. He and. His eyes were covered with

—[M. S. Keller in Birds and Nature.]

W. I am fixing to fall in love with

eful. The man I marry will have

ed.—[November Smart Set.]

any other name. All shades

series.

TO THE HOLDERS OF...

Discopal Convention

THE CITY. Outrages practiced at Point Loma spookery revealed by a theosophist....Why Alfred Dolge schedules his assets at \$2,000,000. te

Yawns for President McKinley's assass- sin....Paul Czolgous sends farewell message to his doomed son....Paul Chicago woman wants to erect statue

TREACHEROUS FIL- (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED NEW YORK, Oct. 28. O'Connor, a former

THE BELL MARE.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

SQUIRE GLEAVES reined in at the top of the hill and looked back down the long, gentle slope with eyes of pride.

"They a-most make it seem like I never had a real drove before," he said, nodding toward the roadway; "yet I've followed this droverin' business better'n twenty years—an' not a year but I took some good stock down to the cotton country."

Johnny Cope, at the Squire's elbow, answered only with a sigh. It was Johnny's mission and privilege to ride 'Lightly, the bell mare. Her full name was Lady Golightly—she stepped proudly and held her head high, as became the wearer of a silver bell, and a great-granddaughter of Diomedes. She was not quite thoroughbred, but bloodlike all over, with flat, clean legs, firm, fine-grained hoofs and muscles like steel whiplashes playing beneath her satiny black coat. If the cold cross showed anywhere it was in her quarters—they were powerful enough for a carthorse. The fact assured that she could carry weight any distance, notwithstanding Johnny, who rode her, weighed less than 100 pounds, though he was rising 17.

Johnny had drifted to the Gleaves place, three years back, from nobody knew where. The Squire, who was half easy going and wholly shrewd, had kept him at first compassionately, and later because the lad exactly suited his turn. Johnny was a born rider, light yet bold, strong-handed, clear-headed and full of the curious magnetic sympathy which goes subtly along the rein and makes horse and rider one.

The Squire, of course, did not phrase it just that way. He said, the stray boy could feel a horse's mind through its mouth, down to the tips of his own toes. Therefore, he was kept riding the most of the time. Drove horses, broken and gaited, especially saddle-gaited, fetched easily as much again as those merely halter-wise. Three parts of this drove were so broken and gaited. No wonder the Squire was proud of them—two hundred odd, sleek all, in perfect fettle, gray, bay, brown, black, dappled and roan, there was not one without a cross or two of blood, nor one whose condition did not do equal credit to the pastures and paddocks of the Gleaves place, nor to judgment of the place's owner.

Five to six abreast they came up the road pell mell. Now and again those at the edges halted to snatch at twigs or sere roadside grass. It was late September. Though there had been no hint of frost, the black gums were full of crimson leaves, and the taller sassafras were shot through with yellow. New blackberry briars showed the purple of iron cooling from the forge. Everywhere else there was the deep glossed-green of mid-summer, somewhat ragged in spots, and faintly fretted with dust. There had been no rain since the drove started from the grass country eight days back. It had just got fairly into the sparsely-settled half wilderness which in the late twenties stretched between Middle Tennessee and the Carolina cotton plantations.

The road, a well-traveled trace, ran mainly through woods. Here or there it crossed a natural meadow, often many acres in extent. Grass grew so tall in the low spots of these meadows, it could be tied either side above a horse's neck as one rode through. The vanished buffalo had no doubt relished such luscious stalks, but the drove beasts chose instead to nip the fine, tender upland bents which came, at most, no higher than the knee.

Thus the Big Meadow was a noted camping place. It lay two miles ahead of the hill top. There was a clear creek between. Possibly it was the scent of the water which set 'Lightly whickering, but Squire Gleaves said, patting her neck, "So you smell grass and rest—eh, old gal!" She tossed her head the least bit, whickering again. This time the call was louder, more insistent and compelling. In answer every hoof behind quickened, necks stretched, muzzles lifted, ears went flat against the neck. In sinuous, tumbling column, melting, changing momentarily, the ranks charged upon their leader, breaking from the walk to the trot, the trot to the gallop, the gallop to the full dead run.

Squire Gleaves drew out to let them pass. He knew Johnny and 'Lightly could be trusted—besides there was water and the grass. The drove was sharp set—the noonday halt had been in tall, barred woodland, so they had had nothing more than scant mouthfuls of fodder from the wagon. His mare, roan Mary, was wild to join in the rush, but he held her until his son Joe came up, with black Sam at his horse's tail and the big covered wagon rolling pompously behind. Shadrach, wagoner and camp cook, sat nodding in the saddle, but still clutched his single rein and long-lashed whip. It was wonderful that he slept, even with the wagon at the snail's pace it had been going. Joe Gleaves and black Sam had also long whips, and made them crack like pistol shots over the backs of laggards, yet without touching a hair.

"Father! I say! Hadn't you better ride up? S'pose Johnny couldn't stop 'Lightly?" Joe said, anxiously. His father smiled—Joe was the apple of his eye. This forethoughtful caution, instead of youth's natural recklessness, pleased him through and through. He said over his shoulder as he gave roan Mary the spur: "Son, I'm obliged to you—but you've no need to worry. 'Lightly' knows the business nigh as well as I do—this is the tenth drove she's led for me, remember—please the good Lord, she'll lead many more—she shows her age as little as I do mine."

Joe's face was tense as he watched his father galloping ahead, light and straight in the saddle as he was himself. "The old man's good for thirty years at least," he said, half under his breath, his mouth hardening. He

was a handsome fellow, slight but well set up, with darkling eyes, under bent brows, and very red lips cruelly thin. He had been strictly brought up and was outwardly a model of all virtues. As to whether the virtues struck deep there were two opinions. His world for the most part held that they did. But there was a sharp-eyed moiety, long-eared withal, that whispered in its most private hours of other things—roysterings and riotings in Nashville town, whither Joe went for a fortnight every winter—night-long gaming at the crossroads the other side of the county—stolen visits to the Nashville races and heavy wagers lost and won.

Still, when all was said, he was no worse than a hypocrite, throwing dust in the eyes of a blindly-doting father. There were only himself and his blind sister, Alice, to inherit the tidy fortune Squire Gleaves had laid up. Everybody knew Joe would come into seven-eighths of it, so the harshest of his critics did not blame him overmuch for keeping his riotous living under cover. To riot openly would distress his father beyond measure—and it is everywhere understood that whoso can pay his scot is entitled to riot in his youth.

"Maybe it's fifty years—he's just the build to live to a hundred," Joe repeated still hushedly, as his father went out of sight. Then he snatched a walnut from a laden bough above the road, half turned, and fired it at Shadrach, shouting: "Wake up, ole nigger! Wake up! Are you tryin' to break your neck, and let us starve here in this wilderness?"

"No, sir-ee! Shadrach too hungry. He not gwine die dat-er-way, wid meal and flour, an' middlin' meat in de wagon," Shadrach said, grinning broadly, as he rubbed his eyes. "But 'tain't no wonder I drapt ter sleep. Y'all dribe dam hawes so pizen slow, de ve'y look er de wagon wheels sot me noddin'."

"Well! Drive for all your team is worth now," Joe called back. He was a hundred yards clear of the latest drove laggard. Far ahead he could see the foremost ranks bunching and crowding in the creek. He swung his whip high above his head, made it snap three times, and went like the wind in the wake of the plunging beasts. By the time he came fully up with them only twenty stood in the stream. It was rolled for 100 yards up and down. The banks were shallow and shelving; Joe knew the drove had rushed down them, then the more whimsical or the least thirsty had crowded one above the other, each eager to drink from a current unvexed and untainted.

As he rode up the bank he saw his father, dismounted, bending to rub his stiffened legs. Johnny had made a half circuit of the meadow—he was fetching 'Lightly back, leaving the drove, which had followed her, divided betwixt wallowing and grazing. He scrambled down, and leaned a minute on the mare's shoulder. She batted her ears and nipped his arm, then rubbed the saddle lightly back and forth against him. The instant she felt it ungirthed she slid from under it, letting it tumble from his hands, gave a low, frankish kick, then ran a little way to a level space, put her nose to earth, turned twice about, feeling for snags or stones, then lay down upon it and wallowed hard; turning over three times, and kicking vigorously with all her feet, as she lay poised upon her backbone.

She got up and stood with her head slightly drooping, nibbling at a handful of grass Squire Gleaves held. Johnny went up to her and made to take off the bridle, but Squire Gleaves waived him back, saying: "Get the halter ready first, Jack. No horse, not even 'Lightly, ain't to be depended upon when there's rain in the air. I'm sure it's goin' to rain tonight—that's what sets the drove to wallowin' and nickerin' so, and cockin' their tails so sassy. They won't break out without this lady," stroking 'Lightly's glossy neck; "but with her loose, that's no tellin' what mightn't happen—ef once she took the notion to run, there'd be the very devil to pay."

The wagon, clattering up, drowned lower sounds, at least to human ears. But all at once, 'Lightly half wheeled, stretched her neck, pricked both ears sharply forward, flung up her head and snorted. After it, she stood rigid, with flaring nostrils, snorting faintly with every other breath. She faced the unbroken woods, thick with underbrush, which lay upon the other side of the road. Squire Gleaves stroked her shoulder soothingly, as he said to Johnny: "I do wonder what she hears or smells? It can't be varmint—if it was, she'd stand forward, ready to jump at it and trample it. And travelers ain't likely—not unless they're lost."

"Maybe—it's robbers," Johnny said in a whisper. Squire Gleaves laughed, but not too easily—outlawry was a thing all drovers had to reckon with. He had known of droves stampeded, of drovers robbed and murdered in cold blood, though he himself had always gone scot free. He reflected that it was foolhardy, to come as he had, thus light handed, with the biggest drove, and the most valuable, that had ever left the grass country. So he was more than relieved when a single horseman broke out of the bush, apparently unarmed, well, even fashionably equipped, and splendidly mounted, though his horse, a raking chestnut, seemed something over-riden.

With a civil greeting he got down, stretched himself mightily, unsaddled his panting horse, then swung upon his heels, saying: "I see you mean to camp here. Will you take me in?"

"We are out ourselves; we don't own the earth and the sky," Joe answered with a nervous half laugh. The stranger did not notice him. Instead, he addressed the Squire: "We are dead beat—my horse and I—have been lost all day," he said. "White Foot is better off than his master—he can eat grass if there is nothing better. I am very hungry—"

"Well! You won't stay so—not long," the Squire said. "You, Sam, make haste with that wood. The fire ought to be burnin' by this—I struck a light the minute I got down."

"With your gun flint?" the stranger asked. Squire Gleaves looked at him hard, nodded, and added slowly: "Yes—with my gun flint—but you better believe I

primed the pan well afterward. I never yet shot at anything more'n a deer, and hope I never shall—but one thing's sure—if ever horse thieves or money thieves try to stop me, they'll find me ready."

"They generally go round men they know to be ready," the stranger said, laughing sweetly, and looking back across at Joe. Then he turned to 'Lightly, ran his hand up and down her forearm, and on down to the coronet, then back with a sweeping flourish until it rested upon her throat. "Sound legs—a head that looks over the moon," he muttered as if to himself; then to Squire Gleaves. "I want her. Name your price."

This time it was the Squire who laughed. He frowned, and essayed to speak. His father held up his hand. "Wait. It takes a bit o' figuring," he said. "Let's see—the drove's a little the rise o' two hundred, they'll average a hundred and fifty the head. That's \$30,000 in a lumpin' trade. I couldn't take less for 'Lightly—not a cent less."

"I don't understand. I don't want to buy the drove," the stranger began. Squire Gleaves broke in: "I thought you didn't. I doubt, in fact, if you ever saw a real horse drove before."

"I have certainly seen loose horses driven," the stranger said. Again the Squire cut him short. "No doubt!" he said. "Everybody must have seen that—or five horses, or maybe even a dozen. But, let me tell you, that ain't horse droverin'. A real drover has got either to breed his own stock, or else buy it at auction time, and let it graze, and grow up to follow the bell. Every hear of a bell mare? 'Lightly is mine. A bell mare must never have a colt of her own—then she's ready to mother and rule everything that comes round her. When the colts are wanted to her, she can take 'em anywhere—one mile or a thousand, it don't matter. If I was fool enough to sell you 'Lightly, and you took her away, not one out there in the meadow would feedin' till he was full. But along after dark, when half of 'em were ready to lie down, they'd begin whickerin', whickerin', whickerin', and keep it up till after midnight. Then there'd come a break in spite of me, and my men, and whips and halters. They'd take right on on her track, and climb mountains, or swim 'em to find her—and they would not stop to eat much or drink often by the way."

The stranger laughed. "Droving must be profitable under such conditions," he said demurely. "As I understand it, the bell mare comes back with you—"

"Oh! I'm honest enough to warn folks," Squire Gleaves said, also laughing, but grimly: "I want to keep stock they buy of me, stabled or broken, through two springs. After that, the beasts either get, or fall in love with the place they live, or something about it. But as true as you stand there, I bet horses come home after six years. Seems like to me spring time sets 'em wild to see the place they were foaled in—and no matter how far off it is, they will come."

"How far have you known them come?" the stranger asked.

"Five hundred miles—maybe more," Squire Gleaves answered. The stranger whistled, then with a change of manner, said: "Since I must impose upon your hospitality—my name is Robin; Lucas Robin. I bet you very much for a chance of supper, and a place for your fire."

Johnny Cope wondered why Joe Gleaves got so shy as he heard the stranger's name. But Fate and chance had conspired to make him a silent lad, so he kept it to himself. Indeed, he never talked to anybody except blind Miss Alice. He sat with her of Sunday when the rest went to church. And to her he told of his saw in the woods, the pastures, the farm yard, between he read to her haltingly, but intelligently, the Psalms, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount. Miss Alice was older than Joe, frail, but clear, and the soul of kindness, especially to Johnny, who seemed to her so pitifully lost and lonesome. In time Johnny worshipped her, and was ready to die for her for anybody she loved.

He fell asleep to dream of her beside the camp after the watch had been set. Squire Gleaves and Shadrach were to drive round the drove until midnight. From then until daybreak Joe and black Sam would be in charge. Johnny's last conscious sight was of staring into the fire, while Lucas Robin spoke to him eagerly in his ear. Lady Golightly, secured to the little way from the wagon, was muzzling the roots of her fodder, making little dry tinkling sounds as somehow wove themselves all through Johnny's dream.

When they fell silent he awoke with a start. The fire was dead. By the stars he knew it was long past midnight. A northwest wind had swept away the promise of rain, and though there was no moon, a gray brilliance filled the sky. He scrambled up and stirred the brands—they were dank and cold. They had been thrown upon them. Just outside the fire Joe lay, breathing heavily. Black Sam was snoring yard beyond. Johnny shook them hard. They did not stir. He sprang toward the blanket spread for Lucas Robin. It was empty, tossed into a huddled mess. Trembling all over, he ran toward the meadow. In the edge of it Shadrach sat his horse, fast asleep. Squire Gleaves was nowhere visible. But the drove had begun to stir, neighing here or there, keen complaint.

No answer to the complainings! Johnny knew what that meant—the bell mare had been stolen. Lucas Robin was the thief. Intuitively the lad snatched a halberd and rushed into the thick of the drove, now all snorting and half of it whickering distress. The horses snorted and edged away as he wound in and out. Mary was one let fly at him with viciously nimble heels, but he kept on undaunted until he found what he sought. Damsel, 'Lightly's four-year-old half sister and match in speed and stay.

In a twinkling he had scrambled up and was on the road. There he let his single rein fall loose—himself must choose the way. Once she was out of

October 27, 1901.]

the course he knew he could not. The others had been drugged, that Robin had made them drink pocket flask. Johnny had refused because he had promised Miss Alice he was twenty-one. Miss Alice being back the bell mare and the said ingratitude was the blot could not let himself be ungrateful.

From the Big Meadow the and almost level for ten miles fork leading into the foothills. There on were mountains, the old plains. Damsel whickered three now this way, now that. Mares snorted, then struck into a trot. An owl flew across the way, a little head, hooting loudly, its eyes showing the dark woods, on either hand, of fox-fire—mists rose white from crickets shrilled, and whip-poor-will crying.

Johnny was superstitious. He of Lucas Robin, but the owl, the poor-will daunted him—he was that as he pondered it, choice through the starlit dusk, there a 200 heads, following a new lead. Damsel was galloping easily. As a hind she swung into a dead run. lag but sit still, keep her head up drove was in mad stampede. If it would trample him.

On, on, they flew, mile after mile, never led the unweighted ones. upon all others, blood told. Behind only the pick of the drove ran hot heels. Johnny sat far forward, him—he caught the spirit of the for any fate. Once when he he that and far off, he answered. Once, too, a fox barked, and he n. Damsel swerved a little as. Thus gray Gilder ran up to half a length in front. Jo. prose along her neck and shouted half-articulate, maddeningly clear and answered it gallantly. In the clear of the gray, running strong she never meant to stop. A hun she neighed joyously. Johnny's mouth—for down wind, low and swerving north.

He was coming up with the th should be—what could he do? His belt—otherwise he was unan despair. If the man led 'Lightly she would break from him and o when she heard Johnny's call. Th and ride for it. She would run for in the world. White-foot, the fa never catch her. Of course there Lucas Robin might shoot—maybe and the fox-fire and the whip-poo it was too late now to change a rode on, conscious of nothing but the horses, because, in a way, th Alice.

Dawn broke red and clear, the dently a bullet sang past, missing inch. It came from the roadside light he could distinguish there L at her halter and lashing out w fagged chestnut. The chestnut's loudly—his second pistol had flash saw that in his anger he had put head, and flung up his hands cryi

"Here you, boy. Are you a senal as the drove and its leader cha Johnny sat straighter. "If I was here," he said. "But I try to be came after 'Lightly."

"You won't get her," Robin sa laugh. "She's mine—lawfully min have her to pay one of his gamb was to pay the others, and leave so Joe is a coward—he would not let I had to drug the lot of them and

"You are a thief—and worse," With an oath Robin spurred at him down. In the rush he dropped 'L wheeled Damsel, whistling as she v to him—before Lucas Robin coul Johnny was on the bell mare's bac through the woods, toward the Big

Luckily they were open woods, the mare's back guiding her, guidance, by gentle pressure, now t now that. It took more than a m the bewildered drove, which turn follow the tinkling bell. Momently a bullet, better aimed, plow throu hear Robin behind swearing horribl sounds grew fainter. And when b through the woods they ceased alto did not sit up, until at a cross r circuit rider and the hunter who w next appointment.

They went with him to the Big sleepers all were struggling back to There Johnny told the whole story in it. That he never told anybody dead, for say what you will, he was and she loved him dearly.

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The Midway at the Pan-American Exposition.

THE WORLD'S CIRCUS.

"MOST COSTLY AND MOST EXACTING PLAY-THING DEvised FOR MODERN MAN."

By a Special Contributor.

THE following pen pictures of the Midway at Buffalo are from Richard H. Barry's book, "Snap Shots on the Midway."

The Midway is the most gigantic, the most complex, the most costly and the most exacting plaything yet devised for modern man. Those who made it have had the world for a stalking ground and the four corners have contributed to its strange sights and stranger sounds. Its name has no relevance to its nature. A street which is a jumble of fantastic architecture, embracing one corner of a harmonious exposition like a gilded shoulder on the polished mahogany frame of a plate-glass mirror cannot appropriately be called a Midway. What is now a name was at first but an adjective. It modified Plaisance and the two defined that broad stretch of grassy boulevard that reached from Jackson Park in Chicago far through what was then the sand wastes of the south side to another beautiful park, called Humboldt, miles to the west. Along it was built the extension of the World's Fair, and there was placed what was catalogued as Department Q of the Ethnological Division. There was some excuse for so hard and scientific and altogether uncongenial a classification, for the peculiar and unknown people of the world were gathered for display, but display soon became amusement and the amusement hilarious, the public was looking for novelty and the showmen, for the men who had made the exhibit were of that class, were anxious to cater to such a taste. Ethnology was forgotten, and reference to it relegated to the guide books and official reports. Visitors became students of the dances of all nations, and the Midway became synonymous for masked folly. At Buffalo the projectors of the exposition agreed without hesitancy on a Midway, for such a feature in some form has been an essential part of all expositions, but considered other names: "The Whirlpool," as indicating its frothy, uncertain character and as peculiarly fit because of the nearness of Niagara, was proposed. "The Rapids" for similar reasons was considered, but "The Midway," with its suggestive associations and the prestige of its Chicago reputation, was the only real applicant, and its choice has made the same sobriquet imperative for all future streets of all nations.

Whatever there is of ethnological value on the Pan-American Midway is there for other than scientific reasons. It is like the bit of Wagner music that Sousa is sometimes permitted to play at an open-air concert; a part of the programme that is swallowed almost unconsciously and without complaint, sort of a sugar-coated pill, for though students go to the Midway they do not go for study. The boisterous noise of brass music that makes a trip through it a constant succession of discordant crashes distracts attention from many a less presuming attraction waiting behind high walls. Though less presumptuous, the dances of the street are the engrossing things that are offered, and they hold the attention of most visitors.

Mexican Dances.

The dances of Spain are languorous and of all the dances in the world they have the most of the rhythm and graceful ease that is so often called the poetry of motion. The dances of Mexico are those of Spain.

Jerabe is a Mexican dance, swift in action, cumulative in movement and hilarious in outcome, and it employs both a man and woman besides a chorus. All the Mexican dances have a chorus and all are accompanied by an orchestra. La Coca is the petite and buxom dancer of Jerabe, and she moves through its blithesome steps with a suppleness that employs all the ginger her dainty feet contain. As a conclusion she stamps around the brim of the cone-shaped straw hat of Juquin Bringas, her partner, and squats on the floor, while Juquin hurdles over as boys do playing leap frog. It is a distressing end of a pretty dance, and is a freakish evidence of its native origin. No such remission from grace is seen in La Mora's performance of Sevillana, except as it comes through the dancer's observation of the couchee girls in the Orient across the street. La Mora is an impetuous dancer and seldom fails to catch the sensuous swing of its high cadences. As with other dancers on the Midway, she has imbibed some of the corrupted movements of the couchee dance that in its degraded appeal is indigenous to no country, and has no inception but the prompting that comes from low music halls. With the oriental girls the suggestiveness is less apparent, for practice has brought facility, and with that the muscular movement has become mechanical and so less harrowing. It is the difference between French and American nastiness; one is smooth and natural, the other artificial, labored and so, vulgar.

The fandango hall built for the Mexican dances in imitation of the similar halls in the south, and seen in this country now for the first time, is a pit around which, on three sides, rise tiers of seats, and it is a fit arena for the dancing of Jerabe and La Jota. Sitala is the dancer of La Jota, and she has the limpid nut brown eyes peculiar to many dancers and stage people of ecstatic temperament. They are the noticeable equipment of three-fourths of the dozen girls who offset the tumult of the bullfighting in the Streets of Mexico with the color of their costumes, their supple grace and languorous ease.

Filipino Dances.

That the Filipinos are a people who have felt somewhat the influence of civilization is shown by the cut of

the clothes they wear, by their methods of living, and surest of all by their dancing. It has been a beneficent civilization in their case at least, for the lurid and degenerate hue that has tinged the dances of other people has quite escaped them, as shown in the festive steps they display on the Midway. The asdoro, or marriage dance, is as simple as a Virginia reel and as innocuous. It is so much so with its playful side step and half-timid figure evolution that at first sight it appears as though improvised, as some of the other Midway dances are, for special Pan-American use. The dancers, three men and three women, accompanied by a tinkling guitar orchestra, in which further evidence of Filipino advancement is shown in the skillful playing of three violins, perform a delicate step which has the intricacy and reserve that all refined dancing has. Another of their quaint performances is the esmeralda, or star dance, showing another figure that would do credit to the designer of a cotillon, and, indeed, it is said that many of the elaborate turns that are apparently improvised for fancy balls are merely excerpts from the native dances of such people as the Filipinos, the Mexicans and the Japanese. The bolo dancer is the only one of the company who shows the indigenous stock that derives its hardihood from the Malay race. He twirls a long bolo, or thick sword of good steel, and performs a series of significant evolutions, holding in his other hand a shield of stretched raw hide and hard wood, performing with high step and elaborate finish much of the glide that gives the fandango its subtle motion, and which may be seen in modified conventionality in the ballroom waltz.

Oriental and Hawaiian.

There are many who come to the Midway to look for impropriety and who depart satisfied with the visit if they discover a rouged face or a bare leg. For these the Orient has its horrors, and the hula hula dancers are baneful, for they are the Midway's red lights that make the trip down the lane of laughter really worth while for a great number, just what per cent. no census can enumerate, but larger than would be revealed by responses to a category. The two dances are similar, but not alike. Both depend for their effects on the sinuous, gyratory movements of abdominal and body muscles. The gliding of feet is only an incident in either dance; the whole body moves in undulating pantomime that is also seen in the epithalamium or marriage festival of the blacks. Savage dancing is an instinct that civilization has not improved. American influence has affected the couchee couchee, while it has not yet had time to weaken the elemental dancing of the Hawaiian girls. One is the formless, free religious dance of the buoyant, open West, and the other the effeminate expression of a degenerate East, compared to which a stifling interior, rank with dank odors, would be mild and healthy. The hula hula is the genuine expression of real feeling, accompanied by no tuneless harp or glib piano or resinous violin, but filtered through all its monotonous fall of the soft, bare feet of the brown women on pine boards by the crescendic thump of two silent male crouchers who pound with rhythmic regularity on hollow gourds. In the background stretches a desert waste of arid land and its dull, tense ever-repressed vitality shows in the vacant eyes and hollow stare of the women's faces, as they intermittently cry out in ejaculatory plaintiveness. It is the outward manifestation, which for ages has given relief to pent-up feeling. It recalls the wild, old Corymbian dance with the contestants wounding each other, the torture dance of the Soudan dervishes, the metrical shuffling of the feet of the Roman youth to the shrill sound of flageolets as he feverishly tossed his weapon on high.

The Torture Dance.

Saturday night at 12 o'clock is the time for the torture dance in the Streets of Cairo. It is usually given after an exhibition of the abdominal proficiency of Fatma and Zulieka, and after a diffident little Turk, with an insinuating smile, has been around with a bunch of 5-cent palm leaf fans. As the couchee girls are told to cut quite brisk. When Hadji Ben Sala, the chief dancer, begins the peeling of his outer waist, that looks like a piece of figured wall paper, the dusky depths of the room are pretty well filled with nervous spectators wrought to the screaming point by the assurances of Baccarat, the Barker, that though they may see nails driven into men's heads some two or three inches, or watch burning coals glow on naked breasts, they need not fear, for it is only the way that some men, who live under the shadow of the crescent and the scimitar, have of expressing their reverence for Almighty God.

The three dancers are similar in their methods. Sala, the chief, is the most excruciating of the lot. After removing his garments, one by one, his turban first, then his sash, collar and shirt, he finally appears naked from the waist up. Throughout his undressing he jumps heavily from one foot to the other. It is like the insensible flopping of a decapitated hen, without rhythm or measure, accompanied by the incessant, alternate heavy and short thump of a pair of brand new tom-toms, stretched to creaking and warmed over a brazier of burning coals. Some doctor who takes advantage of the invitation to see the dance at first hand steps onto the platform. Sala, half drunk with excitement, his eyes dull and dazed with leaden numbness, turns, discovers the intruder, knows instinctively that he is a Christian and springs at him with the wild abandon of an insensate fanatic. When two of the helpers seize him he lies in their arms, glaring savagely like a wild animal at bay.

The doctor removed, Sala returns to his torture. He seizes a double-bladed dagger of Damascus steel. This

he suddenly plunges into his stomach. It doesn't hurt very easily, so he calls for the assistance of two liegemen, who succeed in placing about three-eighths of an inch of the steel inside his epidermis. He then inserts six long needles through his cheeks, two long needles through his tongue and a dozen through the entire length of his forearm. Thus lacerated, with not a drop of blood showing, for these dancers have perforated the same places frequently for years until the wounds are healed, he crouches before the footlights and exhibits the wonder. On rare evenings he submits to the punishment of a ten-penny nail half an inch into his head. At times women faint and strong men rise from their seats and leave the place, declaring the exhibition too painful. The dancers come out of it, though, with no apparent injury, and are perfectly willing to repeat the performance once a week.

In Darkest Africa.

The war dance of the Cape Lopez blacks is a very unnatural orgy, scientific in detail, frenzied with emotion and terrifying with its cumulative intensity. In on it casually, pick up the thread of its motion with no information of its intent, he has a distorted sight-seeing and enervated with the fraud of the Midway, and in spite of biased intention you will be swept along by its elemental grandeur of the savage and serious rite of a primitive people, living the blood of centuries that filters its weird, painful realism, the carnal taste of slaughter and fiendish glee of combat that have marked its performance for generations, and permitting the imagination to carry thought from play to actuality, the casual "frenzy" becomes terrifying and then unbearable. The artifice can succeed; life and feeling and triumph in a climax of rouse and startling enthusiasm.

The war-dance is preceded by two minor dances in the rustic theater, with its proscenium of the Midway. The fetich dance is the usual religious ceremony formed on every conventional occasion. The gyrations of its movement and the monotony of its ceaseless repetition of the same figures place it in the programme. Then follows the black epithalamium like the wedding dance of all the eastern nations, sensual in its coarse suggestion, but the blacks are entirely moral in their purpose, perform it as they tap an awl on a pine stick, believing that the chestration has reached its limit and that they are inducing music. The war-dance requires the music and the free incentive of outdoor air in the Midway. Its proper performance, and there the audience after the wives of Augustus have concluded a scortatory soiree. John Tivie, the only one of the dancers on the Pan-American Midway who was at the Cape, who ever before left Africa, leads the mob of warriors, who, naked from the waist up, with a swishing rush and war clubs that look more like walking sticks than they do like ugly instruments, through the movements of the dance, some of which are in duration.

The twenty are led down the hall slowly, first with left feet, then with right, accompanied and continuously, without an instant's let up, by the monotonous thump of impenetrable drum heads, the harsh clang of ebony sticks on metal covers. The procession is slow, the next increases in rate of movement. Tivie wears a horned cap to distinguish him from the rest. His physique is perfect, tapering at the waist like a wedge, shoulders strong, but not too head well poised, neck and arms sinewy, not a pound of flesh to spare, and his chocolate skin smooth with palm oil, and as soft as a lady's, glistening with shiny sweat. He lunges forward with his arms, the plunge that the Aussa makes with his arms, the band does the same. Then follow all the characteristic movements of war, the skirmish, the repulse, the hand-to-hand fight, the short burst of the quick pattering of retreating feet, the removal of the wounded, the victorious return, the celebration of the final feast.

The Tarentella.

The trousered girls in the Streets of Venice in comic opera attire is obtrusive, for such a costume requires calcium and perspective to be effective. The performers of the tarentella, the national dance of Italy, it is a quick, almost a brilliant dance, suggestive of the measures of the sailor's hornpipe, and is the Parisian pirouette that Selica, the lion tamer, took, and Mlle. Dodo, in "Around the World."

Other Dances.

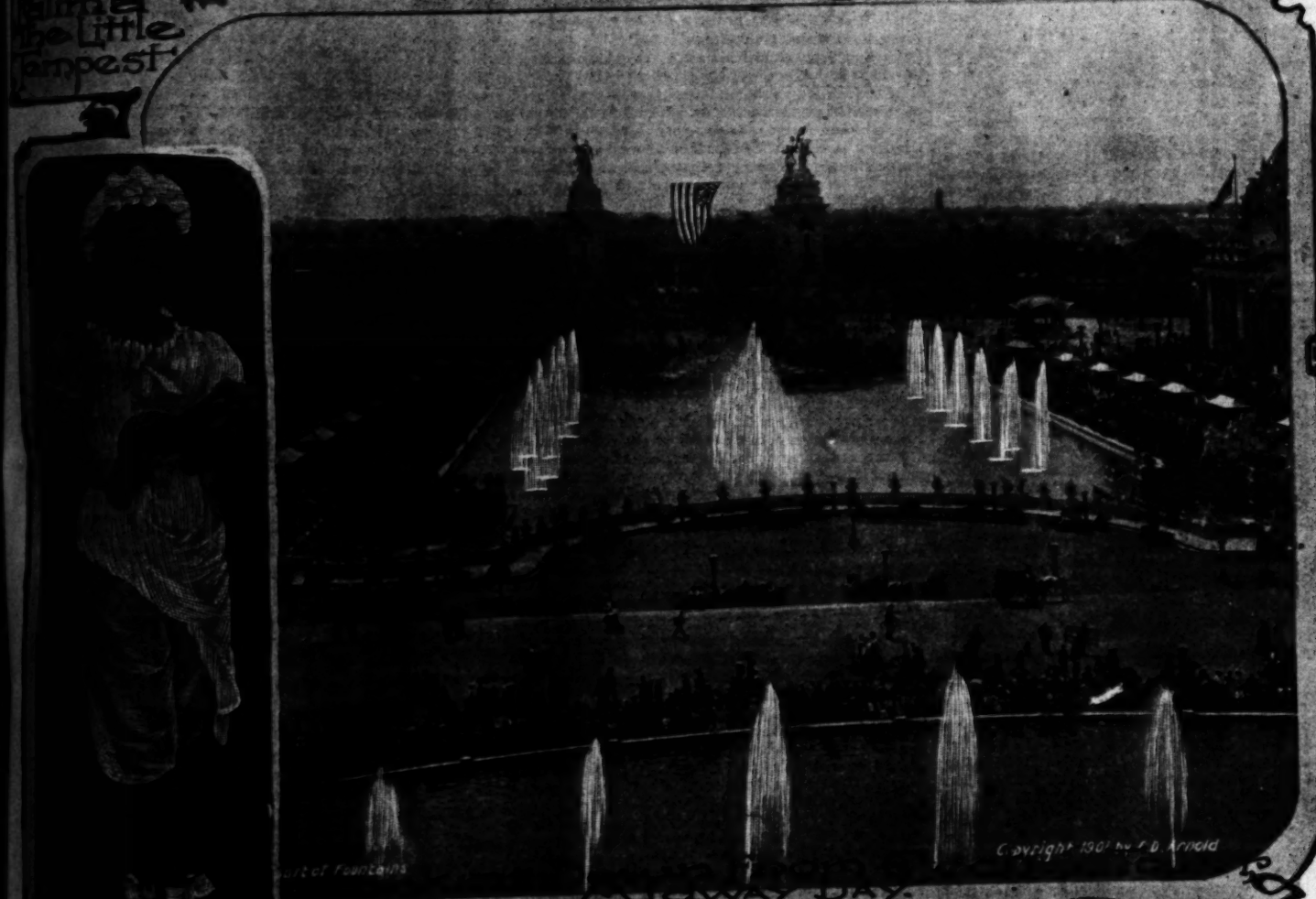
A young man in a red coat and an asbestos mask is more strident than the coat, announces that he is a quarter of the globe have contributed dances to "Around the World." If his statement is accepted, are the other announcements on the street, as much else than gospel truth, the visitor will enjoy the performance of Sophie Sobieski, the Polish single singer, Mlle. Dodo, the French chanteuse; Tatu Pecorale, the Maori hip wriggler, and Juliette Gardner, the dancer who infuses what there is of grace or rhythm into her performance.

The most daring of all the Midway dances, and unlike most animal feats, retains the natural spontaneity, is the familiar heel and toe skit of the old vaudeville days, that Selica performs with a tenuous dignity about four lions snapping at her stretched toes, from four pedestals inside the arena at Bostock's animal show. Selica has the lion tamer and the nerve of the dancer, and the two displayed together are a pleasing conjunction.

Dance



Dances and Dancers to be Seen on the Midway.



tion. 22
23

his stomach. It doesn't go
the assistance of two Mo-
about three-eighths of an
epidemic. He then runs
his cheeks, two long prongs
down through the cuticle of
with not a drop of blood
have perforated the same
until the wounds are callous,
delights and exhibits the won-
submit to the pounding of
back into his head. At such
men rise from their seats
during the exhibition brutal.
though, with no apparent
willing to repeat the perform-

the Streets of Venice, when
restrative, for such dressing re-
relative to be effective, are the
ella, the national dance of Italy,
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at Selica, the lion tamer at New
in "Around the World," and
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he east, announces that the two
have contributed dancers for
if his statement is accepted, at
on the street, as something
the visitor will enjoy the pre-
the Polish single stepper; Mlle.
Tatu Pecarabe, the brown
Juliette Gardner, the American
is of grace or rhythm in the
the Midway dances, and which
reains the natural quality of
the heel and toe skirt dance of
that Selica performs with en-
her lions snapping at her
pedestals inside the great arena
Selica has the hardihood of
nature of the dancer, and the low
the pleasing conjunction.

any other name. All shades of
series.

TO THE HOLDERS OF...
Episcopal Convention
GENERAL EASTERN. Oblivion
yawns for President McKinley's assass-
sin....Paul Croigoss sends farewell
message to his doomed son....Foul
Chicago woman wants to...
TREACHEROUS FILIP
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED P
NEW YORK, Oct. 28.-C
O'Connor, a former capt

The charm of the three "luggies" luggies are respectively left empty.

HOW EVE. TO ITS ORIGIN AND SELECTED WITH IT. Contributor.

holidays and anniversaries
some religious festival of the
such as Christmas, New
days, have retained their
as All Souls' Day, Val-
have become mere seasons
seems absurd to consider
these festivals as once hav-
ceremonies, but such they
anniversaries, after all
last, shows how close are
the past, and how strong
binds people. We may
many times in a life-
generation to generation.
know this. Knew that
the pagan customs in In-
the answer would this new
the people. Therefore, they
of the church should fall
and religious celebra-
way the days were sure of
the old ideas pertinent
old take color from the new
Christianity adopted as its
Even Christmas does not
birth—for of this date
—but was a feast day of this
years before Christ was born.
Thanksgiving and memorial
very near, probably within
century.
through the same process of
for no more than a cen-
comes to church pews, here
and, and here the neigh-
alley; when girls try to read
their toes tied together, and
with salt, in the hope of
lovers. That they do dream
their dreams are not all con-
assumption.
more properly, is the
November 1.) In the month
instituted a day in the
to honor of all the saints,
the conversion of the
temple into a Christian
who at this time over-
England, Scotland, Ireland,
of France, kept three days
sacrifices to the sun, some-
in honor of Pomona.
in the spring, when the seed
solstice (June 21), when
in the fall, when the harvest
of these sacrifices con-
the altar on the hilltop. On
the people gathered around the
the Celtic priests, put out the
kept burning since the in-
new fire, the people carry
their own hearthstones. When
down, answering fire on one
side.
in England, the day of All
some other place in the
the first day in November;
converted into a Chris-
an emblem of immortality,
the sacred fire, kindled for
application of the departure
of hallow eve lacked the
to give them eternal life.
man became hollow, and
past was full, crept in and
till people became more
believe in magic. And now,
of the season are no more
except possibly in the more
Ireland and Wales. In cer-
of Wales—where the is-
long to old customs and
on All Saints' eve. They
and smoke and throw on the
they have previously marked,
of the black, short-tailed
squirrels and apples, sleep in
one of the stones is missing.
that cast it, foretelling his
months have passed. In
to parade the streets, led by
blowing broom and heather
And even as late as the
England, farmers carried
around their fields to scare
the Ireland of today, the last
are the candles that the
lads and lasses of the pre-
hallowe'en is diving for ap-
This is not only one of
one that seems to have
foundation or significance
in that of trying to catch in

an apple fastened to one end of a stick sus-
pended from the middle by a string, while at the other
end is a candle. That the person trying this gets
a goodly amount of grease and singed eyebrows than apple is
unnecessary to state. Apple seeds, if stuck one to
another and one to the other, tell by their remaining
on the bill of the faithfulness of the special Lub-
ber for whom they are named. In certain por-
tions of Cornwall, there is the custom of the eating of
the apple. On the last Saturday previous to
Hallowe'en, these apples—being nothing but large, rosy
ones, and as is the heart of the maid that has not
yet found an apple to dream on. The charm of the looking-
glass is very popular with the damsel of an
unwed maid, concerning that most interesting thing—
marriage. Tradition is somewhat uncertain regarding
the origin of this charm; for instance, as to the
necessity of going down the cellar stairs backwards,
and of combing the hair continually while looking in
the glass. But tradition is firm regarding the efficacy
of the apple, and immovable in the certainty that
the lower will look over the left shoulder
of the upper. That so many maids have tried this
charm, and that there are so many more married women
in the world—and always have been, even when tradi-
tion was a maid—than old maids, might prove to the
skeptical unbeliever the power of the charm.
The apple, but nuts also, play an important part
in hallowe'en festivities. There have always been super-
stitions connected with nuts; owing, most likely, to their
kernel hiding what the kernel might be. Roman
husbands threw nuts to crowds of boys; and today
we have the selling of the philopona. All-hallow eve
is to be known Nutcrack Night in certain parts of
England owing to the prominence that nuts assumed
in the ceremonies of the season. Goldsmith, in the
"Star of Walsfield," tells us that during church serv-
ice on the eve of All Saints' the congregation "re-
peatedly cracked nuts." The Romans had many super-
stitions connected with nuts, particularly in their cele-
brations in honor of Pomona, the goddess of fruits;
probably trying the opening of the winter stores, after
the passing of the summer fruits. Divination and the
casting of oracles attended all these celebrations.
In hallowe'en, nuts are put on the coals in pairs. If
they burn evenly, the matrimonial bliss of the parties
for whom they are named is assured; but if they sputter
and to apart, we be unto conjugal felicity. In Ireland,
the nuts are three nuts after three lovers and put
on the coals—the lovers, most probably, are al-
ready three—and if a nut burns decorously, the man
has a pension for the maid; but if it cracks or pops
the man is utterly faithless.
The nuts of ground nutmegs, hazel nuts and wal-
nuts, with butter and sugar, are supposed to bring
down. (It would be a wonder if they did not.)
Following close on the nut charms, comes the "scad-
ing of peas." This is not as formidable as the name
would indicate, but consists merely in boiling peas,
shells and all, having first inserted a bean and pod in
one of the pea pods. Then the peas are shelled hot and
eaten with butter and salt, and the person finding the
bean will be the first married.
Baked potatoes, containing a ring, a thimble, a dime
and a small doll, foretell marriage, single blessedness,
wealth or a large family of children, according to the
article found by the person eating the potatoes. Con-
sidering the effect the finding of both the ring and the
thimble by one person would have tradition remains
solid. That there have been such persons, one can
hardly tell; but their lives and sufferings are a sealed
mystery.
Burn's poem on Hallowe'en, describes the prin-
ciple done practiced in West Scotland. The first of
these, the pulling of the stalk of corn, is as follows: Go
to the harvest unseen and alone—these charms are
mostly useful things—and pull three stalks of oats,
and if the third stalk lacks the grain at the top, you, if
you are a woman, will not be married before you have
been deep of the gall of being an old maid. The
second charm, the "blue clue" (ball of blue yarn) is
this: Go alone to a kiln and throw in your clue, and
as you walk around the kiln pot, begin winding your
yarn toward the clue, and something will hold the yarn.
When this happens, call out (if you happen to remain
long enough to do so) "Wha hauds?" (who holds?)
and the answer will be the name of your future heart's
chose. The hemp seed charm: Go out into the night
and sow a handful of hemp seed, harrowing it
with anything you can drag after you—you may con-
sider the act itself sufficiently harrowing, however—
and say: "Hemp seed, I sow thee, hemp seed, I sow
thee, and he (or she) that's to be my true love come
to me and pou thee." (Just precisely what the word
"pou" means is not known. But the essential part is
the coming of the true love, therefore etymology is a
small consideration.) The charm of the fathoming of
the barley stack: Fathom a barley stack three times
around, and the third time will you catch the apparition
of your future spouse in your arms.
The "work sleeve" (shirt sleeve) charm: (This is the
only gregarious charm in the collection, and therefore
must be worn-out by its own popularity, but for the
charm in procuring the essential materials for per-
forming it.) Go to a south-running stream, where three
birds' lands meet, and dip the left sleeve of your shirt
in the water; then hang the shirt to dry by your bed in
front of the fire. Lie awake and watch it, and in the
midnight hours the spirit of your sweetheart will come
and turn the sleeve as if to dry on the other side. (Burns
thought it was noteworthy here to mention further that
the apparition was probably assisted in its materializa-
tion by the goodly potions of sack and ale drunk by the
sleeve: await to get his courage up to the sticking
point.)
The charm of the three "luggies" (dishes): Three
luggies are respectively left empty, filled with clean

water and with foul water. After being blindfolded, put
your hand in one of the dishes, and, according to the
dish it is, the first, second, or third, will you wed (if on
this occasion you are a man) a maid, a widow or not
at all.
The melted lead charm: Pour melted lead into a
saucepan of water and lo! the lead will assume the shape
of something that will show your future husband's
trade.
There was a very curious custom, in ancient times,
observed on the Isle of Lewis. The people were farm-
ers and fertilized their land with seaweed thrown up
by the waves. So on Hallowe'en it became the custom to
pour libations on the water to inveigle the sea-god,
Shony, to throw up a plentiful supply of the seaweed.
The ceremony consisted in a man's wading out waist
deep in the sea and throwing a cup of ale on the
water. Afterward the people adjourned to the church,
where burned a single candle; and at a given signal all
blew at the candle and put it out, and then went away
and made merry on the remaining ale.
Even as late as the time of Henry VIII it was the cus-
tom to ring the church bells on All Saints' eve; but the
practice was ordered discontinued, as being a part of
pagan superstition.
Among the Latin races the season of All Saints' has
not lost its original religious character and sunk to a
mere season of frolic and superstition, as it has among
the Celtic and Teutonic peoples, if we leave out of ac-
count the Venetian notte delle marti. This, however,
is on the eve of All Souls', one day later than All Saints'.
But among no people have the superstitions of the sea-
son assumed such proportions as among the Finns. An
account of their extravagant practice may be found in
Tooke's "Russia." SUSIE C. OTT.

BACK TO SAVAGE LIFE. MEMBERS OF AN INDIAN RACE THAT HAVE RETROGRADED.

From the Philadelphia North American.

IT is commonly believed that the Indian is no longer
roaming the forests of this land. The aborigine is
supposed to be cooped up on a reservation, or travel-
ing with a show, or taking a college course.
Yet, here in the State of Pennsylvania there is an In-
dian band camped out in the wild wood, living on the
game they kill and in all respects following out the
primitive habits of their savage forefathers.
The members of a race of Indian descendants in
Fayette county have retrograded to the condition of the
ancient tribes of the Tuscaroras. Civilization caught
them up, it is true, for a time, but it did not bleach
away the strong instincts of the old blood and for this
reason the mountain dwellers on the banks of the Youn-
ghogheny River some twenty miles east of Connellsville
are now ringing with the war whoop and giving arbor-
age to the wigwam and the camp pot.
As far as is known the Pierce family, of Fayette
county, does not bear any relationship to the famous
Pierce of the Carlisle Indian School; but there is good
Indian nature in the Pierces of Fayette county, and they
let it run its wild course sometimes. It shows plainly
in the appearance of the family. All are tall, gaunt
and bushy haired. The iron of the old spirits re-
mains.
For several years the Pierce family have given pe-
riodical way to their wild natures. It has been their
custom to organize in bands on the mountain, and
there hold festivals, in which the eagle eyes of the
braves have been renewed in various games of the wood.
Shooting, fishing and the details of camp life have been
the tests to which the young braves have been subjected,
and to which the old braves and chiefs have given will-
ing attention.
This year the band, numbering more than twenty
members, decided to go into camp in true wild man
style. They selected a wild spot on the mountain side
three miles from Springfield, in the very heart of the
Allegheny Mountains, and there pitched their wigwams.
In the side of the hill is a deep cave, where part of the
braves have been sleeping, while the "squaws" and the
older members have enjoyed the protection of wigwams.
This chosen spot has more sentiment than beauty
about it. For the ground was for many years the bury-
ing place of the tribes of the Tuscaroras, who roamed
Western Pennsylvania even within the memory of old
residents now living in Fayette, Allegheny and Beaver
counties.
All the present-day campers have adopted Indian
names. The band is now under the direct leadership
of Red Cloud, the title used to designate that tall, gaunt
figure of strange habits and weird instincts—Franklin
Pierce. He is the grand sachem, and his call to arms,
or to the mountain retreat is never questioned. Second
in power is Long Gun, the dead shot of the band, who is
known on the official register of voters of Fayette county
as Boone Pierce. Then come Little Thunder, who is
Jacob Pierce, and Sitting Bull, who is known otherwise
as "Pot" Gray.
All the other braves are named, too. One is "Young
Blood Afraid of His Face in the Water," another is
"Tumbling Star," another is "Son of the Yoxie Ghent"
—this being the original Indian christening of the
river now known as the Youghogheny; another is
"Will of the War Whoop," another is "Fox Foot."
The squaws also have names—but civilization has done
thus much, that the females are sufficiently honored
about the camp to receive very gentle pet names.
"Flower of the Forest," "Gentian of the Glen," "Hick-
ory Kate"—supposed to be illustrative of the sapling-
like agility and grace of one of the young princesses—
such are terms heard in the strange camp.
It is easy to outline a day's doings of the braves.
The squaws, according to the ancient rites, do most of

the work, and so preserve the spirit of this drama of
resuscitated lore and legend. The squaws seem to like
it. They are a merry set, who have scarce higher above
the traditions of the Tuscaroras than their husbands.
After the early meal, eaten in the glow of the sun
just peeping over the mountain crest, the braves scatter
into the woods, and along the Youghogheny, for game
and fish. They use old-fashioned, long-barreled rifles,
and carry powder horns, and some of them flints. Long
Gun breaks all the records. So well established is the
reputation of Boone Pierce as a shot that, when he
shoots for turkeys on Thanksgiving at one of the many
contests that usually take place about his home, he has
to give a handicap before being permitted to enter with
other contestants. Long Gun's gun does not always
prevent the Indian camp from going short on rations.
A sort of succotash, corn and beans boiled in old Indian
fashion, in a kettle swung on a tripod, is the bill of fare
substituted when game and fish run low.
Before camp breaks up the braves will give a big feast.
Friends from Gibson, Springfield, White Rock, Connells-
ville and other towns will be invited to the mountain
retreat, and there royally entertained for a day and
night. Red fire will be burned about the camp, a feast
will be spread and eaten, and a big shoot will be a
feature. Saltlick township, where the braves are camping,
is so named because the deer for many years came to
the pools there to lick the salt. Deer are occasionally
seen there even now, and the Indian descendants have
hopes of getting one this fall. Wild turkeys and squir-
rels are numerous.
A year ago it became noised about that the cave in
which the Pierces make their home was the den of coun-
terfeiters. United States revenue officers were soon on
the trail, and one day pushed out into the mountains.
They found the cave closed with a heavy door at the
entrance, the door locked and everything looking sus-
picious. When the officers came to Red Cloud's cabin
the evidences of counterfeiting were even more pro-
nounced, everything being under lock and key about
the place. Finally the officers came across a strong
chest, and when they requested Red Cloud to open this
he refused. Then the revenue men made known the
cause of their visit. Red Cloud feigned indifference for
a time, but finally handed the officers the key to the
great strong box. The sleuths opened the chest, when
their eyes were made wide with wonder, for behold!
the chest was, indeed, full to the brim with greenbacks
and coins!
"This is our find," thought the officers. But their
joy was short lived. "Why, this is a collection of old
coins, Confederate 'shin-plasters' and foreign notes,"
laughed Red Cloud. And such proved to be the truth.
But in a few moments the officers came across more
than enough to renew their search. They thought Red
Cloud had opened the chest so willingly simply to lead
them off the real trail. For when he was compelled to
open the door into the cavern the officers found there a
number of molds much like those used in the casting of
coins. One of the officers bit into the supposed mold
and spit out a mouthful of soap.
He had taken a chew of what Red Cloud had com-
pounded and molded to sell as "Pierce's Home Soap!"
The officers skipped out, ending the farce, and Red
Cloud renewed operations at his queer soap factory.
EPIDEMIC OF BALDNESS.
EUROPEAN RESIDENTS IN PARTS OF JAPAN
AFFLICTED WITH A PECULIAR DISEASE.
[Spectator:] Dr. Elkind of Berlin sends an account
of an epidemic of baldness among Europeans resident
in Japan. Women, in particular, live in constant dread
of losing their hair. He says:
"There was an epidemic of baldness at Chiba last year,
and there has been an even more serious one quite re-
cently at Osaka, the same province, where, as it will
be remembered, an extensive epidemic of plague, which
subsequently assumed a most formidable and alarming
character, prevailed in the last months of 1899 and at
the very beginning of 1900. The clinical course of the
affection under consideration offers many points of in-
terest, and differs eminently both as regards extent and
character from the occurrence of sudden baldness, say,
for instance, after enteric fever or any other acute fever
attack. For it is stated that during that epidemic of
baldness the loss of hair comes to women (and men
also) after very little, if any, premonitory warning.
"The scalp may, to all appearances, be quite healthy,
and as far as its external examination is concerned, no
morbid signs can be detected, and there may be no
symptoms either of actual illness or even of slight indis-
position; but a woman may find when she combs her
hair soon after rising in the morning, that it falls out in
remarkable quantities, and soon she is partly if, indeed,
not quite bald. Or it may be that for some little time,
as it has been observed in some of the more acute and
severe cases, there have been disturbances of vision, a
feeling of vertigo, diminished appetite and digestive
troubles, but none of them being well defined or present-
ing any definite character. It may, however, be added
that in some cases at least it was noted that a slight
rise of temperature has preceded the infliction.
"The effects of the disease exhibit several interesting
peculiarities. The bald patches are irregularly spread over
the head, but the first large one generally appears on the
crown and extends down on the back of the head instead
of forward toward the forehead; thus it may be that the
back of the head is quite bald and the front covered
with hair—the opposite of the course of baldness as we
know it in Europe.
"Then, also, men's beards are ravaged in a peculiar
manner. The left cheek, say, may be completely bereft
of hair, while the rest of the beard is as usual, as also
is the mustache, which, fortunately, is slightly affected
by the disease. Another point which may be noticed is
that most of the victims of the epidemic are women,
and more children are attacked than men. Strange to
say, it is men in the prime of life who have to suffer,
not those who are advanced in years. The latter seem
to be immune from the complaint, for no case is re-
ported of a man who had white or gray hair suffering
any loss; and yet, such is the eccentricity of the disease,
fair men suffer much more than dark men, and dark
women much more than their blonde sisters.
"The cause of this curious epidemic is very difficult
to determine; indeed, there is no really satisfactory ex-
planation of it. Some of the native physicians think
that the Europeans are affected by the climate, and
others say that the water is the cause of the trouble,
and a third party are inclined to the belief that the dis-
ease is parasitic."

zero quality under any other name. A

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.



That Shot Lincoln.

The assassination of President McKinley recalled to George Plowman, the well-known theatrical architect of this city, the murder of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865. Mr. Plowman is the possessor of the revolver, a small vest-pocket revolver, from which Booth fired the fatal shot.

Several times it has been doubted that the Derringer which I have is the one with which Lincoln was murdered," said Mr. Plowman, "but there is absolutely no doubt that it is the same weapon. Three or four years after the shooting, while George K. Goodwin and myself were running the Walnut-Street Theater in this city, the stage carpenter, who was working at Ford's Theater the night of the assassination, put in an appearance at the Walnut-Street Theater. He informed Mr. Goodwin (they had been friends for many years) in a confidential manner that he had in his possession something that had caused him great anxiety. The carpenter, whose name I do not recall, told Mr. Goodwin in my presence that he had the Derringer that Booth had used to murder Lincoln.

"The reason he had not said anything about it prior to that time, he said, was because he was afraid of being arrested. The carpenter said he picked it up on the floor of Ford's Theater after Booth had fled to Virginia. He pocketed the weapon and kept it secret. He drew a statement of the occurrence and signed it in our presence. Then he gave the Derringer to Mr. Goodwin. When Mr. Goodwin died his widow made me a present of the weapon, together with the stage carpenter's statement."

Mr. Plowman prizes the weapon very highly and no amount of money could purchase it.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Swallowed His Teeth.

MAURICE A., the nineteen-year-old son of James A. Brooks, swallowed while asleep early yesterday morning a plate with false teeth attached. He was dreaming that the plate had become detached and had slipped down his throat and awoke to find the dream a reality. He aroused his father, who hurried him to a physician living nearby, but after an examination the doctor was told that he had not swallowed his teeth. A thorough search was made at his home, but the missing plate could not be found. As the choking sensation continued and the boy was unable to eat, the father took him to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where Dr. Finney made an examination and found that the teeth had lodged near the top of the breast bone. Every effort to remove them through the mouth failed and an operation was necessary.

An incision was made in the throat about the top of the breast bone. The plate could then be plainly seen, but it was too deeply imbedded to be removed. The incision was then sewed and a laparotomy performed, the stomach being opened. A rubber tube was then passed in the stomach and up to the food tract, or esophagus, and the plate and out of the mouth. A cord, with a loop at one end, was then attached to the protruding end of the tube and the latter was pulled. The cord came out, followed it, and the sponge catching against the plate, pulled it down the esophagus and thus into the stomach, whence it was removed. The operation is a success, but young Brooks is expected to recover. He is now at the Baltimore and Ohio Central Building.—[Baltimore Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Lighting's Queer Freak.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, a farmer living near here, had an almost miraculous escape from death this week. With his wife and two children Mr. Johnson was sitting in his library when a terrific electric storm came on.

Lightning entered the house, passed through a couch where a baby a moment before had been lying, entered the side wall into the kitchen and passed out.

The most remarkable part of the antics of the bolt was that it literally tore from Mr. Johnson's feet a pair of shoes. One shoe was driven twenty feet into another room. One of his legs was badly burned and his trousers were torn into tatters from the knees down.

Mr. Johnson was able to be out on crutches the following Tuesday, and apart from some burns and general shock to nervous system he seems to be none the worse from his frightful experience. All those in the house were stunned by the shock, but not injured.—[Byant (Wis.) Correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Gypsy Divorce.

BY THE ancient rites of the gypsy tribes, King D'Gardoni Byrrd and his wife have been divorced near Morristown, N. J. She was Queen Natalie, daughter of the late gypsy King, Jordan Welles, who died in Elizabeth about two years ago.

She was ten years the junior of her husband, who was forty years old, and she did not like his ways. So when he came into camp the other day carrying a heavy load of hard cider in his interior anatomy she noted a disturbance. She told him she would leave him, and he replied that such procedure would be most agreeable to him. So they prepared for the event.

The sacred marriage rod was brought from the tent and placed on a cloth in the center of the gypsy circle. Then the goods belonging to the tribe were brought out, piece by piece, half placed on one side of the rod and half on the other. When everything had been thus divided Queen Natalie opened a book and named the goods. King D'Gardoni did likewise.

As he came nearest to the middle of the book he took

his place on the north side of the rod. She stepped among the goods on the south side, and then stooping together they picked up the rod, each holding an end, and after a moment broke it in twain.

Queen Natalie then called her followers together, and with about half the tribe started westward. King D'Gardoni and his followers will remain in the Rock-away Valley, where they have been camped for a month, and after the seventh rising of the sun will move northward.—[New York Telegram.]

Hole in His Lung.

A LIVE, with a bullet hole through his left lung, and in a fair way to recovery, George Loeman, 35 years old, lies in St. Catherine's Hospital, after trying to take his life at his home, No. 12 Diamond street, Greenpoint, last Monday. Dr. Hayt, house surgeon at the hospital, considers Loeman's case one of the most remarkable on record.

Loeman, who is a clerk, had been out of work for some time, and, in a fit of despondency, he shot himself. The bullet entered the left breast and passed entirely through his left lung, lodging, the doctors believe, in the muscles of the back. When he was taken to the hospital it was thought that he had only a few hours to live. He was unconscious at the time, but his pulse was good and apparently there was no internal hemorrhage.

In the operating-room he revived somewhat, and remarked that he felt but little pain from the shot. A close examination of the wound showed that the course of the bullet had been very near to the heart. Loeman responded readily to treatment and his condition, though regarded as serious by the physicians, continued to improve and yesterday it was announced that he would recover.

"Loeman's is one of the most peculiar cases that has ever come under my notice," said the surgeon. "I cannot understand how the man lives with such a hole in his lung as the bullet made. None of his internal organs is diseased and none has been affected, apparently, by the bullet. I am almost sure he will recover."

Loeman has a wife and three small children.—[New York Herald.]

Effect of an Old Wound.

S HOT in the back by a maniac twenty-five years ago, Desire Reuse, 83 Walton place, lies in the Presbyterian Hospital, a paralytic, awaiting the decision of the surgeons who are trying to locate the bullet. Whether the removal of the leaden missile will benefit him is a matter of doubt at present in the minds of the physicians who are interested in his case.

Reuse is 56 years old and a book-keeper. He was stricken with paralysis on August 12 while going to his work, and upon being taken to the hospital was examined by Dr. Fred D. Hollenbeck and Dr. E. J. Senn. Reuse recounted to the doctors the history of his injury, with the result that they have taken a deep concern in the case.

Twenty-five years ago Reuse was Mayor of the city of Marshall, Mich. One day a maniac started out to burn up the town, and set fire to a number of houses. Among them was the Reuse residence. From a place of hiding the crazy incendiary saw Reuse trying to extinguish the blaze, and shot him with a revolver.

The bullet entered Reuse's back, two inches to the right of the spinal cord, and caused paralysis of the lower limbs. For nearly two years the wounded man was almost helpless. He finally recovered, with the exception of an almost imperceptible limp, and resumed his work.

Two X-ray photographs have been made of Reuse with a view to locating the bullet, but both were unsuccessful. Another attempt will be made next week. Dr. Senn believes the lead is now situated in the region of the pelvic bone.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Coughed it Up at Last.

Y ESTERDAY morning about 8 o'clock Lonnie T. Alzman, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alzman, was taken with a violent fit of coughing, and after a hard struggle succeeded in raising from his lungs a timothy head which was swallowed by him June 13, 1899. The piece of hay was two inches long and in perfect condition.

He was picking his teeth with the straw over two years ago when he suddenly swallowed the head. For over a year from that time he was confined to his bed, but for the past year has been up and around, but suffered from a severe cough and was thought to have consumption, although his family felt that his sickness was the result of the timothy head which they thought was lodged in his bronchial tubes or on his lungs. The boy says he plainly felt the timothy head leave his right lung and rise, and feels much relieved with the exception of a little soreness where the piece of hay was lodged. The family now feel much encouraged for the complete recovery of the boy's health. Mr. and Mrs. Alzman live south of the city on the Leroy road two and a half miles.—[Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.]

Sorry He Painted His House.

T HE costliest job of house painting on record hereabouts is reported by a Northeast Harbor man, who lost a fortune through his anxiety to make improvements upon his residence and his poor opinion of Northeast Harbor's prospects. In 1883 this man concluded that his house, then white, would look a great deal better if painted a sort of canary color, with pea-green trimmings. He hadn't the money to pay for the paint

or the work, but he had plenty of land, being, in fact, land poor.

To a friend from Ellsworth the Northeast Harbor man said: "Here, Jim, I need \$50 the worst way; now, you give me fifty and I'll give you a deed to that pasture lot down there to the shore."

And Jim said, after some thoughtful inspection of the land: "Well, John, bein' it's you, an' you want the money, an' it's a considerable bit o' pasture—well, here's your money, an' git the deed."

So the pasture lot changed hands. The white house was painted what the neighbors described as "light yaller." Summer visitors came and Northeast Harbor began to hump itself and get rich. The man who got the pasture lot sold a half interest in it to another Ellsworth man for \$1250, and then, not long afterward, the two got \$2500 to bind an option on the land at the price of \$10,000, the deposit to be forfeited in case of no sale. There was no sale and the owners of the land pocketed the \$2500. Last summer they sold a quarter of the land for \$7500 to a New York man, who built a fine cottage there, and today they are asking \$25,000 for the remaining three-quarters.

The man who painted his house at this great cost says that the sad sea waves are positively gay compared with him. "Over \$30,000 for paintin' that ramshackle of a house," he exclaimed. "Now, if I'd had more sense and less style I might have a yot an' a team o' speckled hosses, an' be a-swellin' 'round with them there big bugs—yes sirree, sir!"—[Bangor (Me.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

A Buddhist Bible of Many Tons.

COUNT OTANI'S representative, who visited China during the campaign, received the Lama Scripture preserved in the Yong-ho-kung at Peking. "Received" is a euphemistic way of stating the fact. It is the expression used by Japanese papers in describing the manner of the Scripture's transfer. But accounts originally transmitted were not of a character to suggest ordinary giving and taking. They spoke of the Japanese Buddhists as very anxious to remove this celebrated Scripture, and of Gen. Yamaguchi as refusing to sanction the operation. Rumor then represented the volumes as sufficiently numerous and bulky to load twenty pack horses, so by whatever process the Scripture was secured, its transmission to Japan was no small undertaking. In Japan it now is, however, together with two big lecterns used for reading the tomes. Each volume measures 3 feet by 1 foot, and bears on its cover elaborate Buddhist illuminations. The binding is in rich brocade, and the printing was done in the Wanli era of the Ming dynasty with wooden types which were subsequently destroyed by fire. There are said to be several thousands of volumes, and the total weight is estimated at from fourteen to fifteen tons. The larger of the two lecterns is 12 feet in length, 3 feet wide and 4 feet high. The smaller is 7 feet square. Both are made entirely of shitan (red sandal wood) and are covered with elaborate carvings of dragons and floral scrolls.—[Japan Daily Mail.]

Wanted Snake as Mouse-catcher.

A FEW days ago passengers on a car of the Middle River line were given a remarkable exhibition of snake catching between Black and Middle Rivers. As the car was speeding along the motorman saw a large blacksnake crossing the rails. He stopped the car and pursued the snake with the switch stick in his hand. He was about to kill it when a passenger jumped off the car and begged him not to kill the snake, as he wanted to take it alive. The stranger quietly approached the snake, grasped it firmly just below the head and held it up. It was nearly seven feet long, and it entwined itself about its captor and in a manner which fairly chilled the blood in the veins of the onlookers.

The man started to board the car with his prize, but this was too much for the other passengers, and with one accord they blackballed the snake. They appealed to the conductor to put man and snake off the car, but the nerve of that official failed him as he approached the man holding the ugly reptile. A compromise was finally agreed on by which the man with his pet were to be given full possession of the rear platform, and the car proceeded to its destination.

When questioned as to what he intended to do with the snake, the man stated that he was going to take it home and turn it loose for the purpose of ridding the place of mice. He refused to give his name or address.—[Baltimore American.]

A Railway Without a Curve for Forty-five Miles.

T HE Khartoum line leaves Wadi Halfa and goes in a southeasterly direction, through the Nubian desert to Abu Hamed, which is 230 miles from Wadi Halfa. The whole of this part of the country is a flat, sandy desert, occasionally a few hills are seen, but seldom exceed 300 feet in height, and most of them are only from 80 feet to 100 feet above the surrounding country. Some idea of the extraordinary flatness or the country says Engineering, may be gathered from the fact that it was possible to lay a piece of line forty-five miles long without a single curve in it, and without any cuttings or embankments worthy of the name. It very rarely rains at all in this part of the desert, and when it does, very little seems to fall at a time. There are no streams or surface water of any sort. Water was found in two places between Wadi Halfa and Abu Hamed by sinking wells; one place was seventy-seven miles from Wadi Halfa and the other was 126 miles from Halfa. Water was found at the former place at a depth of seventy-two feet and at the latter place at a depth of ninety-six feet. Several other places have been tried, but so far no water has been found.—[St. James's Budget.]

way," says the Critic, "authenticates the impression that Henryk Ibsen's life is nearing its end. Hundreds of guests inquire daily, and flowers, fruits and wines constantly arrive at his home. He is helpless, but his mind is said to be unaffected."

ny other name. All shades
series.

The Cornhill Magazine for October contains W. Basil Fensholt's interesting study on "The Motive for Tragedy," Reginald Blunt tells of "Mrs. Carlyle and Her Household," Theo. Douglas describes "A House of Dreams," "The Tale of the Great Mutiny," has reached "Beth," and "How the Ridge Was Held," as told by Gen. W. H. Fitchett, L.L.D. These papers alone add great value to the magazine, which has many popular features. Stanley J. Weyman, Gerald Brenan, E. V. Rieu, Mrs. Richmond Pitt-Rivers and A. T. Ouellet-Con-

"The most recent intelligence from Christiana, Nor

Among the anticipated publications of the autumn is Miss Jewett's "Tory Lover." The novel is said to contain an admirable portrait of Paul Jones. The book is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

TREACHEROUS FILIP
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED P
NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—C
O'Connor, a former capta

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated schemes.]

Lobster Packing at San Pedro.

THE San Pedro Canning Company, which commenced the operation of its plant in San Pedro early in September, turned out 200 cases of four dozen one-pound flat cans of lobsters each within the first month. The cannery is situated on the west side of the inner harbor, where there are good wharfage and drainage facilities. The company has the staunch gasoline schooner May and one other power boat employed in the lobster-taking work. Gangs of two or three men each with two boats for a gang, are kept at various places on the shores of the neighboring islands. Each gang catches the lobsters and keeps them in readiness for the coming of the power boat to transport them to San Pedro. From time to time when considered advisable the gangs are moved to new locations. At each fishing place the gang has a camp on the shore and the power boats coming after the lobsters bring provisions for the men. The islands where the company have gangs stationed are Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, San Clemente and San Nicolas. The demand for the packed product exceeds the supply. The company, which is composed of W. W. Beach and W. A. Ready, is also prepared for packing clams and other sea food. The company expects to have an output of 2000 or 3000 cases of lobster this year and is anticipating doubling that output next year. The plant at present has a capacity of two tons of lobsters per day.

Alamitos Water Production.

AN INCREASED water supply for the country north-east of Long Beach is assured by the well recently sunk by the Alamitos Beach Water Company. The well is situated four miles northeast of Long Beach. It is twelve inches in diameter and penetrates to a depth of 760 feet. The pipe has been perforated where it penetrates a number of water-bearing strata. The well has a natural flow of 250 miner's inches and that volume, it is expected, will be increased to 250 inches by pumping. A power plant has been installed and a powerful Worthington pump, which is on the way from the East, is about to be set up. The water company supplies water for the Alamitos Land Company, which has about 2500 acres now under irrigation, and has pipes laid so that not far from 4000 acres may be irrigated from the system in its present condition. The new well was sunk and the pumping plant is being installed under direction of Charles Thornburg, the company's superintendent. The new source of supply is supplemental to a number of other wells from which the company is taking water.

Santa Fe Stores.

THERE are \$360,000 worth of stores in the Santa Fe storehouse in the yards at San Bernardino. The large stock is made necessary by the heavy demands upon it for the company's railroad lines in Southern California and on other divisions. The San Bernardino Sun says: "For some time past the average monthly issue has amounted to \$45,000, and storekeeper Sloat is kept on the jump constantly, ordering material to prevent a shortage in any particular line. The present stock and issue are double those of last year. At that time the local storehouse did not carry much over \$170,000 worth of stock."

Cement Making at Colton.

IN SPEAKING of the Portland cement manufactory at Colton the San Bernardino Sun says: "The cement company has of late been making many improvements at its plant and the output of the kilns and stone quarry have been considerably increased. The concern has secured several large contracts during the past few months."

Roadmaking With Oil.

THE Whittier News says that at a late meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Commercial Association, Hon. H. A. Jastro, chairman of the Kern county Board of Supervisors read a paper on the making of roads. Mr. Jastro is quoted as saying:

"After being thoroughly convinced that the oiling of roads would in a short time be of a permanent nature, we undertook to have oil applied to our county roads wherever the district road funds would permit, and during the year of 1900 sprinkled about twenty miles of roadbed at a cost of \$250 per mile, crude oil being worth \$1. This work was done under a contract with the owner of the DeCamp's patent for applying oil to roads, and the comfort and pleasure derived by those who drove over these roads amply repaid the outlay. The oil was applied on twelve feet of the roadway, and wherever the road was in any kind of repair—that is, when the road had been graded and crowned to the center—the effects of oiling were so noticeable that the cost of sprinkling was materially lessened this year. This year we again contracted with the same parties, paying them \$1 per barrel for the oil, heated and applied to the road, and in no instance where oil had been applied the previous

year, has the cost exceeded \$75 per mile. The cost of crude oil this year is 50 cents per barrel, delivered at heating station. I wish to state again that these figures are for applying the oil hot, under the DeCamp system, and include all the costs connected therewith. On the other roads we applied oil cold this year, and found it could be done much cheaper. Several miles of road were oiled at a cost of \$50 to \$60 per mile, using from ninety to one hundred and fifty barrels of oil per mile. The disadvantage of the latter process I find is, that the cold oil does not readily assimilate with the soil and consequently before the soil has entirely absorbed the oil, the wheels are very apt to throw oil on inmates of vehicles driving on the roads. From close observation it is my judgment that the first application should be applied hot, so the oil will readily mix with the subsoil, and after the hard substance has been left on top of the road, thereafter the cold application will be just as effective, as permanent, and much cheaper."

A Bed of Gypsum.

THERE is an extensive bed of gypsum in the immediate vicinity of Winslow, which will make a cement of the finest quality," says the Winslow (Ariz.) Mail. "Ten thousand or less invested in such an enterprise ought to pay a handsome profit."

Water at San Pedro.

AN ABUNDANT supply of water for San Pedro is assured. The Seaside Water Company, which recently purchased water and other properties in Long Beach and San Pedro, including the Wilmington Transportation Company's water-supply plant of the latter town, will pipe the Bouton water across the inner harbor and into San Pedro as soon as the necessary permission can be obtained from the government. In telling of the improvement, the San Pedro Times says:

"The material is on hand to bring the water across the bay as soon as the permission can be secured. The company will have a large main put in from the great Bouton wells to Wilmington and from there to this place in the near future. G. L. Davidson will be the local manager of the company and is now on the ground to look after the company's business."

Julian Apple Crop.

THE season's apple crop in the Julian community, San Diego county will, according to an estimate published by J. E. Hamilton in the San Diego Sun, amount to 15,000 boxes.

Santa Barbara's Industrial Hum.

IN DESCRIBING the conditions of the lumber and building trades about that city, the Santa Barbara Press says:

"Abundant evidence of the building industry is shown by the rushed condition of the mills of this city. The planing mills are running full blast, and have work 'on the shelf' which they cannot touch quickly. Carpenters are likewise scarce, and millmen are in demand. On the outside the aspect of the city is being materially changed by the scores of new buildings which are going up."

Kern Oil Shipments.

IN A SINGLE day recently the shipments of oil from the Kern field amounted to 110 carloads. The Bakersfield Californian says:

"This to many people does not seem extraordinary, yet when it is known that each car contains 150 barrels of the product and each barrel weighs 336 pounds, the enormity of one day's shipment is more readily understood. If these cars were placed upon a straight track end to end the last car would be about two-thirds of a mile from the first. It is predicted that the shipments for October will reach 2500 cars."

Cattle and Sheep in Mexico.

THE El Paso (Tex.) Herald has the following to say of recent developments on the ranges below the border: "Mexico continues to import fine cattle and sheep from the United States and, if there is no cessation, only a few years will have elapsed until the ranches of the southern republic are stocked with high-grade animals. Yesterday Charles F. Morse of Missouri passed through the city with a carload of fine Moreno bucks, destined for Chihuahua, where they will be distributed among the wool growers. Today 450 registered bulls for the Riverside Hereford ranch of Northern Chihuahua were shipped out of this city, where they had been in the stock pens for several days. These bulls are the finest ever brought to Mexico via this port, and will do much to improve the quality of the cattle on the company ranges. Charles Hunt of this city has just shipped a carload of first-class milch cows to Chihuahua, to fill a special order placed by a dairy. A carload of fine horses and cows, belonging to Col. Caldwell, was also shipped to the City of Mexico."

Oil for Smelting in the Territory.

THE Old Dominion Copper Mining and Smelting Company is experimenting with fuel oil at their smelting works, preparatory to making a thorough test to ascertain the cost of generating steam with crude oil as fuel compared with coal and wood. The Silver Belt says:

"The oil being used in the initial test is the last of a lot brought in here in 1883, when Capt. Thomas was superintendent of the Old Dominion, which was then owned by Simpson & Kiser. The oil was shipped here

in iron tanks holding about three thousand gallons each, but owing to the high cost its use was found to be impracticable. Several months ago the last tank, containing about twelve hundred gallons, was dug out of the sand in the gulch north of the smelter, where it had lain for eighteen years. It is a lighter oil than the standard product, which is to be used in the regular test, but there is not likely to be a material difference in the results obtained. In yesterday's run the oil proved a very satisfactory substitute for wood under the test. The final test, which will cover a month's time, will determine the relative economy. The oil will be shipped in tank cars and should arrive in a week or ten days. Owing to the interruption of the wood business during the past summer the Old Dominion's supply is short and it will be impossible to make up the shortage before winter sets in on the mountain. The company is therefore compelled to use some other fuel and the test will determine whether oil or coal will be substituted. There would be advantages in the use of oil over coal. It is much cleaner, and the large bin space saved would correspondingly increase the storage room for coke and coal for the furnace."

Randsburg Activities.

AT NO time in the history of the Rand district has there as much development work going on as at present, according to an interview with County Supervisor J. W. Kelley of Randsburg, in the Bakersfield Echo. Mines that were abandoned years ago are being worked and are paying profitably. At present nearly 600 miners find profitable and steady employment at good wages. Trade in all lines of business is good. Merchants are doing well. Mines that were abandoned several years ago for the reason that they did not pay for the labor expended are being worked now and are paying well. The Yellow Aster mine is producing \$100,000 monthly. The new 130-stamp mill is working steadily, and handles ore at a profit that could be as low as \$1.40 per ton. The mill is operated by steam power, using crude petroleum, which costs \$2 per barrel laid down. The Yellow Aster Company obtains its water from Goler and Red Mountain, each about five miles away, from which point it has to be run up feet. The pumping plants utilize crude oil. The Goler is about 450 feet deep. The water is conveyed in six-inch pipes, capable of standing a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch.

Orange Experiment Near Bakersfield.

AN INTERESTING test in orange culture is being conducted in Kern county, according to the Bakersfield Californian, which says:

"The orange grove at the Sumner Waterworks is attracting a good deal of attention during the past few weeks. The trees have a wonderful growth and are loaded with fruit. The owners of the orchard are giving especial attention and care to it in the future, and thereby determine what success can be had in growing oranges here."

New Schools for San Bernardino.

ENLARGED educational facilities are being provided in San Bernardino. The San Bernardino Sun says: "The two school buildings that are to be built in this city will cost \$13,106.55. Bids aggregating this amount have been received by the Board of Education, and contracts ordered drawn, and they will be signed and the bonds approved next Monday night. The cost of the Fourth-street building will be \$14,217.05, while the First and I-street building the price will be \$13,106.55."

Agricultural Extension in Arizona.

IN SPEAKING of the enlargement of the United States in the Territory, the Kingman (Ariz.) Miner says: "There is a strong possibility of the bottom lands of the Colorado River becoming one of the great agricultural and horticultural sections of Arizona. A party from Tennessee are to investigate the lands and report if it appears feasible, thousands of acres will be once put under cultivation. The lands are rich in phosphates and are capable of raising anything to which they may be planted."

Cold Storage at Pasadena.

RAPIDLY-INCREASING business in cold storage at Pasadena is reported. The Pasadena Star says: "A great many peaches which could not be handled at the cannery have been stored at the Pasadena Ice Company plant in the past few weeks. There are at present about fifty tons of the fruit stored, which will be later by the cannery. A great many grapes and apples are also on hand."

THE KAISER'S FIELD KITCHEN.

During the recent German army maneuvers tested, under the personal supervision of the grand marshal of the Prussian court, a newly-invented "field kitchen" for the Kaiser's private use. Besides provision for cooking, during which the vehicle remains stationary, there is an ingenious contrivance for heating the dishes warm as long as may be necessary. For the kitchen can follow the movements of the troops. At a given signal the "kitchen" comes to place a piece of stage scenery, and one of its sides forms a table, while others have warm chambers and even sideboards.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

October 27, 1901.]

CARE OF THE VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND PRESERVATION

Compiled for The Times.

What the Doctors Find.

THE following paragraphs are from the pen of George Chicago:

Dr. Von Eisenberg, of Konigsberg, who had lost his index finger as a means of cure an operation the second toe was amputated. The final seat of the absent finger. The place and a finger very satisfactory though not particularly useful. operation by Nicoladoni in 1898 was made to answer for a thumb. The result in this case was perfect appearance was very good and the finger which he had formerly had.

Specialists in diseases of children for many years to find a perfect substitute for food in those cases in which milk cannot be digested. It was found that cow's milk was better than cow's milk; but to perfect substitute has been found by grinding up blanched sweet water in mortar and then straining it.

A young woman swallowed a needle and felt no inconvenience therefrom. attack of appendicitis and, on a found imbedded in the appendix. woman stepped on a needle. It great toe. Very recently she felt and the needle was removed. and a half years of age, ran a needle was 18 trouble developed also. operation a needle was found per medullary canal.

A woman faith cures epidemic of four of smallpox. She acquired sent for a doctor whose medicine.

An epidemic of diphtheria and reported from Chicago. It is susceptible to this disease and can infection.

Dr. H. R. Gaylord, of Buffalo, the germ origin of cancer. He said an animal parasite and not bacterium. This announcement been accepted by many that can table parasite almost identical with.

A French medical journal tells experiments of Roger who inoculated and found that they develop disease.

The island of Barri will now interest to the layman as well as has been selected as the place to remove from the Philippines.

A great deal of attention has been to the infection of wounds even methods of antiseptics has been recently discovered that even after incision, while the surface of the wound is absolutely germ free, the germs from the depths of the wound overcome this he has suggested surgeon be soaked for ten minutes in tannin before the operation begins be avoided.

It has been discovered by an American diphtheria antitoxin is very valuable of scarlet fever. When first and one of the most marked fever is the angina or sore throat that diphtheria antitoxin is a valuable surprised that it has been suggested close relation between the two. It may be remarked that recent recurring sore throat and rheumatism same origin. Additional evidence salicylate of soda or salicylic acid cure of both.—[Copyright, 1901, by]

Abstemiousness and Long Life.

SILLETIA PEYTON BURKE

arian diet as follows: Ancient Gaul may or may not be three parts," but the historical fact is of minor interest compared that all mankind—dead or alive—three grand divisions: Those who live to eat; and those who with the second class pressed for join the third.

Three people out of every five vegetarian health statisticians tell has given the subject of the body thought, will ever think it worth dictum. It is a long step in advance of the human race to show arm and soul rampant and the result is a distinct reversal of things as are.

One peculiarity of those who living to high medical authority, the eaters. The enormous physiological and excreting daily, pounds of food needed by the human organism, liver, and so he has the more vit thought, in action, and in living of We live healthfully—and, therefore

CARE OF THE BODY. VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIR- ING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

What the Doctors Find.

THE following paragraphs of general interest are from the pen of George Thomas Palmer, M. D., Chicago:

Dr. Von Eisenberg, of Königsberg, recently had a patient who had lost his index finger in an accident. As a means of cure an operation was performed in which the second toe was amputated and sewed onto the original and of the absent finger. The toe grew firmly into place and a finger very satisfactory in appearance although not particularly useful. This calls to mind the operation by Nicoladoni in 1898 in which the second toe was made to answer for a thumb which had been lost. The result in this case was practically perfect. The appearance was very good and the patient attained the action which he had formerly had with his real thumb.

Specialists in diseases of children have been casting about for many years to find a proper substitute for temporary use for food in those cases of artificially-fed infants in which milk cannot be digested. Some time ago I found that ass milk was much more easily digested than cow's milk; but today it is stated that a proper substitute has been found in almond milk made by grinding up blanched sweet almonds with warm water in mortar and then straining through a cotton cloth.

A young woman swallowed a pin six years ago and to her inconvenience therefrom. Recently she had an attack of appendicitis and on operation the pin was found imbedded in the appendix. Thirteen years ago a woman stepped on a needle. It entered the ball of the foot. Very recently she felt some pain in the heel and the needle was removed therefrom. A child, two and a half years of age, ran a needle in her foot. When she was 15 trouble developed along her shin bone and on operation a needle was found penetrating the bone to the medullary canal.

A woman faith curer endeavored to cure a family of fear of smallpox. She acquired the disease herself and sent for a doctor whose medicine she took very meekly. An epidemic of diphtheria among cats has been reported from Chicago. It is known that the cat is susceptible to this disease and can easily be the carrier of infection.

Dr. H. R. Gaylord, of Buffalo, claims to have found the germ origin of cancer. He describes it as a protozoan or animal parasite and not a vegetable parasite or bacterium. This announcement is important as it has been accepted by many that cancer was due to a vegetable parasite almost identical with the yeast fungus.

A French medical journal tells of the successful experiments of Roger who inoculated rabbits with smallpox and found that they developed typical cases of the disease.

The island of Barri will now probably become of interest to the layman as well as to the medical man. It has been selected as the place for the segregation of leprosy from the Philippines.

A great deal of attention has been given by surgeons to the infection of wounds even after the very best means of antiseptics has been employed. Genevet has recently discovered that even after the most rigid sterilization, while the surface of the surgeon's hand may be absolutely germ free, the perspiration will bring out germs from the depths of the sweat follicles. To overcome this he has suggested that the hands of the surgeon be soaked for ten minutes in a solution of boric acid before the operation begins that sweating may be avoided.

It has been discovered by an American physician that diphtheria antitoxin is very valuable in the cure and prevention of scarlet fever. When one remembers that the first and one of the most marked symptoms of scarlet fever is the eruption or sore throat, and when we find that diphtheria antitoxin is a valuable remedy we are not surprised that it has been suggested that there is a close relation between the two diseases. Incidentally it may be remarked that recent investigation points to rheumatism sore throat and rheumatism being of the same origin. Additional evidence to this fact is that salicylate of soda or salicylic acid is valuable in the cure of both. [Copyright, 1901, by Lewis D. Sampson.]

Abstemiousness and Long Life.

STILLETTA PEYTON BURKE writes of the vegetarian diet as follows:

Ancient Gaul may or may not have been "divided into three parts," but the historical accuracy of the old Romans is of minor interest compared with the cold fact that all mankind—dead or alive—may be classified in three grand divisions: Those who eat to live; those who live to eat; and those who neither eat nor live with the second class pressed for time in its efforts to join the third.

Three people out of every five eat too much, so the vegetarian health statisticians tell us, and no one who has given the subject of the body's nutrition intelligent thought, will ever think it worth while to dispute their statement. It is a long step in advance for any member of the human race to show armorial bearings with the mind and soul rampant and the body couchant, and it is a distinct reversal of things as we find them.

One peculiarity of those who live long is that, according to high medical authority, they are invariably small eaters. The enormous physiological task of digesting and excreting daily, pounds of food (mostly animal) not needed by the human organism, is spared the frugal liver, and so he has the more vitality to expend in thought, in action, and in living out his century.

We live healthfully—and, therefore, happily—not so

much because of what we eat as because of what we do not eat.

Those "shredded-wheat people," as a profane and frivolous young woman puts it, who conduct the vegetarian restaurants in our large cities have evidently seen a great light, and whether they will or no are virtually "dietetic missionaries" to those unnumbered devotees in great, busy, heedless American public who bow the knee daily at the shrine of the meat-coffee-and-pie fetish.

As we cannot claim personal acquaintance with anyone connected with the vegetarian restaurant business, this article is not written from politic motives. Its aim is purely peptic. We believe seriously, after much experiment and more thought, that scoffers have no right to ridicule a vegetarian diet or the elimination of flesh, fish and fowl from their daily food régime, until they have given it a conscientious trial for six months at least. At the end of that time, "those who have come to scoff" will return to "prey." A sneer in this case, as in many others is, nine times out of ten, used to cover a lack of knowledge.

Good Health tells of one vegetarian café visited recently that had placed on its menu card the motto: "Nothing Served Here That Ever Squealed," which apparently called for a liberal interpretation, as it included bleating, howling and squawking.

Those who have been fortunate enough to discover a vegetarian restaurant need not "leave all hope behind" as they enter there, only in the way of expecting to find the stereotyped articles of food on the bill of fare. In this respect they will be as much disappointed as was Mrs. Newcox when she attended the dog show for the express purpose of seeing the ocean greyhound. He was not in the exhibit.

You will be given at the "Health Café," an opportunity to delve into the mysteries of strange dishes with musical names ending in "ose" and "ene" and "ola;" and you will gain a fresh idea of the beauties of the language as applied to cookery—"grains of gold with dates," "crystal wheat," "strawberry sauce;" appetizing alliteration in "protose patties;" and filmy suggestions of breaking bread with the gods themselves, in "grape nectar" and "diplomatic sauce."

The average man (and woman) seems to have settled down in the dogged belief that he must have his beef, tuberculosis or not; his pork in spite of trichinae; his fish, no matter how strong the olfactory evidence that it has been long absent from its native element. And this, too, when it is a demonstrated fact, clinched and riveted by impartial investigation that, as far as food value is concerned, there is more sustenance in five cents worth of peanuts than in several pounds of any of them.

Unsurpassed climate cannot do everything for the trustful health seeker. Poor fare—which means bulky, heating, innutritious food—can undo the finest climatic conditions. How unreasonable to suppose—as many seem to, from their mode of living—that it is only necessary to drag a sick body from adverse condition to some highly-favored region, and then leave the climate—poor, overburdened climate!—to do all the rest! It is as marvelous as true that hundreds and thousands of people all over the civilized world, educated in languages and art, music, science and literature are, nevertheless, actually suffering for the lack of simple instruction in the fundamental principles of life, health and happiness.

Just to cite two instances of the notable outcome of a "meatless menu:" Will Brown, the champion cyclist, who broke all records recently by riding 2000 miles in 225 hours and a fraction, had been given professional notice three years before that he would shortly fill a consumptive's grave. He puts himself immediately on a vegetarian diet with such an increase of vitality and endurance as to produce this surprising result.

The first and second winners in a recent six-day bicycle race in New York had both rigidly denied themselves meat during the contest.

To adopt a vegetarian-nut-anti-coffee régime is, for many of us, one of those revolutionary thoughts that compel certain brain cells to do much reorganizing, but any unwonted commotion among them will be only temporary and will bring ample compensation in the delightful results of a sane readjustment.

A clear brain, a buoyant body, a cheerful spirit lie this way. Try it.

Three New Forms of Food.

THE possibilities of the sweet potato as an article of food, and adequate directions for cooking the potato, has been a subject of special study by D. M. Nesbit, of Maryland, at the request of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The results of this investigation are especially interesting, as they are simultaneous with the announcement that a New Jersey concern is about to extend the usefulness of this same vegetable by manufacturing flour from it. The flour will be used as a blend for wheat, rye, and corn flour; and it is asserted that such a combination gives a rich and nutritious product. In this connection it is pointed out that the new use of this vegetable will furnish a means of utilizing the great sweet potato crop of the South, for which there has never been a satisfactory market.

The two other forms of treating this vegetable are canning and desiccating. The canned sweet potatoes will be put in three-pound tins; and they will find a good market, especially in those places where the fresh vegetable cannot be obtained. The desiccating process is, however, the most startling innovation. It is a patented method, and the promoters of the idea expect to have this new form of food on the market in a very short time.

The desiccated sweet potato is forty-six parts starch, and the flour made from the vegetable is more than half starch. All three forms are very palatable and nutritious; they can be manufactured cheaply, can be transported long distances, and kept in any climate.

As to cooking the sweet potato it should be borne in mind that steaming develops and preserves the flavor better than boiling, and that baking is better than steaming. A sweet potato cooked quickly is not well

cooked. Time is an essential element. Twenty minutes may serve to bake a sweet potato so that a hungry man can eat it, but if flavor is an object it should be kept in the oven an hour. Negroes, in the South, have a way of cooking this vegetable so that it is truly delicious. They put them in a bed of ashes surrounded by coals. After they are cooked they are kept in similar places from one meal to another—hence the fine flavor.

In boiling or steaming the potatoes the skin should not be broken; and when done they should remain on the back part of the range, a few minutes, before serving. Croquettes, glaces, and pies are also made from this same vegetable.—[Every Where.]

The Latest League.

A MEDICAL exchange gives the following particulars of a curious league that was recently formed:

"This is an age of leagues. We have leagues against tuberculosis, against cancer, against syphilis, against alcohol, against tobacco, against seasickness, and others; the list of them would be almost as long as Homer's catalogue of the ships; and the cry is, still they come. The latest, as far as we are aware, is the National Locomotor Ataxia League, which has recently been formed in New York. This league, however, differs from the others that have been enumerated in the important particulars that membership is limited to sufferers from the disease. It is announced that the league intends to raise money for the erection and maintenance of a sanatorium, in the hope that the opportunities for special study thereby afforded may result in the discovery of a cure; and, further, that two members of the league have offered a reward of £2000 for the first permanent and guaranteed cure of the disease. It is said that the league already numbers 300 members. We do not know whether all the members, or only a select few of them, intend to take up their quarters in the sanatorium and offer themselves as subjects of special study. It is not quite clear, moreover, whether they intend to study each other or to place themselves under medical observation. The idea of sufferers from a particular disease banding themselves together for a struggle against their affliction is not altogether a new one; many years ago an association of victims of hay fever was formed in the United States, and there is, we believe, an Appendicitis Club in New York. The idea is capable of indefinite development, and we may see dyspeptics, asthmatics, arthritics, nephritics, prostatics, etc., form themselves into leagues and build sanatoria where they may compare symptoms and try all the newest methods of treatment. Such establishments may indeed become the clinical schools of the future, if our antivivisectionist friends succeed in their philanthropic purpose of ruining the hospitals. The patients, being more intelligent than the ordinary run of hospital inmates, would be more valuable as 'clinical material,' and scientific medicine would doubtless gain by the exchange."

Effects of Stimulants.

IN AN article on this subject, in Health Culture, Dr. W. R. C. Latson gives the following interesting illustration:

"Supposing a man to be in fair general health; let us say he is at par, 100 per cent. He takes a drink of whisky. The whisky acts as an irritant to the organism and the effort to eject it calls forth (not creates) energy. This raises the amount of energy manifested, until it stands at 105, 5 above par. But, soon, the inevitable reaction sets in. The man's forces sink not only back to par, but to 95, 5 below par. (See diagram.) He is now in an entirely different condition from that in which he was before he took the whisky. The vital organs are fatigued after their struggle with the poison, and it will be some time before they regain their normal state.

"Meantime the man feels sick. He is sick. What will relieve him? Another drink. He is now at 95, 5 per cent. below par. Another drink of whisky raises him to par. Now, again, he feels well and strong—so strong that he thinks whisky is a boon to him. Presently, however, the deadly reaction sets in, down he goes, not to 95, but to 90. Now he feels worse than ever. Another drink, however, raises him to 95. Reaction, down to 85. And so it goes, each reaction reaching a lower level of vital power.

"In the meantime the sufferer has gone through the various stages, which become more and more severe and distressing as the general vitality is depleted by the progress of the habit. The early symptoms are vague sensations of discomfort and incapacity, which immediately disappear upon taking a small quantity of the drug. Later, a craving is experienced, which grows more and more imperious. Up to this time the distressing symptoms are promptly relieved by recourse to the drug. As the vital forces sink lower and lower, however, all the symptoms increase in severity, and the period of relief, even from massive doses, becomes more brief. In addition to this there is usually extreme irritability, except when under stimulation and profound disturbance of the functions. Later, hallucinations and mania are usually present. At last comes prostration, which is terminated by death."

Oxygen as a Poison Antidote.

THE Chicago Record-Herald publishes the following Dispatch from Berlin:

"The discovery that pure oxygen is an antidote for many poisons is the startling result of experiments now in progress in the Berlin Institute of Physical Diagnosis, under the direction of Dr. Rogovin, a Russian medical scientist, in conjunction with Dr. William Cowl of New York. Numerous experiments in cases of morphine, strychnine and arsenic poisoning were made with cats, rats, mice and guinea pigs. In each case where oxygen was given, an unqualified cure was effected.

"The experiments were conducted in the utmost privacy, with the intention of making their result known for the first time at the German medical congress in 1902.

"The health authorities of Berlin are keenly interested in the experiments on account of the possibility of saving the lives of suicides by this means. It is pointed out that 90 per cent. of suicides by poison are the result of morphine dyspnoea, against which medical antidotes are powerless."

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

OUR RAVENS AND CROWS.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS WHICH ARE PLENTIFUL THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

By a Special Contributor.

IT MAY seem a rather sudden and even unreasonable change from the sea birds which we have been studying to a family comprising only members terrestrial in their habits, and perching birds at that. Some time ago we studied the jays of this region and I told you that they were the short-winged brethren of the crows and ravens, and now when these latter are more abundant throughout our ranches than at any other season, it seems to me that we may study them as easily as at any future time.

All crows, jays, magpies, ravens, etc., belong to a family known as "Corvidae," from the Latin word "corvus"



YELLOW-BILLED MAGPIE.

—which means a crow. This family in turn is divided into two sub-families or groups—the Garrulinae (literally "noisy ones," embracing the jays and magpies—and the Corvinae (ravens, crows and nutcrackers.) The jays are brilliant in blue or green coats, comparatively small in size, long-tailed and short-winged, this latter characteristic giving them that weak, undulating flight so unlike the steady progress of the long-winged ravens and crows. Birds of this order, both jays and crows, are seldom migratory—except in local movements, such, for instance, as that of the blue-fronted jay, which comes down from its regular summer home in the mountains for a winter visit to the lower foothills. On the other hand, all the ravens and crows are coal black (except the white-necked raven,) and the crows frequent the denser woods and the ravens rocky cliffs.

First and largest of this group, as represented in Los Angeles county, is the American raven, a common, though rather quiet resident of the lower-ports, quite commonly confining itself to the foothills, and not frequenting settled districts. In fact, this bird is found throughout the entire continent of North America,



AMERICAN RAVEN.

though it is rare east of the Mississippi River. Having once mated, a pair of ravens remain together for life, using the same nest year after year if undisturbed. Large bands of ravens gather on the desert and are said to nest in colonies, though I have no personal knowledge of such action on their part. Probably one incentive for their preferring the desert to more cultivated regions will be found in the fact that many cattle die annually upon the desert and thus furnish a plentiful supply of these birds' favorite food. They are very nervy chaps, circling about the travelers' camp almost as soon as it is pitched, and taking good care to be the very first to visit the deserted stopping place. Like the jays, they are great nest robbers, but they also kill numbers of lizards and snakes. Tales of their destruction of young chicks, young lambs, fawns, etc., are purely imaginative, and have probably arisen from the fact that ravens sometimes soar to great heights—particularly before storms—much as hawks do, whereby the latter are often mistaken for ravens in their henry raids.

As has been already mentioned, this bird nests on ledges, building a large nest of coarse sticks upon some shelf of rock or in a natural cave in the face of the

cliff. Nor are they averse to stealing the nest of some hawk, when placed to suit them, and relining it according to their own fancy. The number of eggs laid varies from three to five, commonly four. They are small in proportion to the size of the bird, pale bluish-green in color, spotted and marked with brown, on the whole very similar to those of the common crow. The usual nesting time is March and April.

Just at this season of the year ravens are very plentiful about sheep camps, and may be seen soaring about overhead or perched on some near-by knoll, always in pairs and always watchful. Even the wary crow is easy to approach when compared to the raven. No amount of noise will disturb him, but, point a long stick his way—and with a sudden hoarse "caw, caw," he moves off in swift, yet silent flight. Not being accustomed to gather in large bands, as are the crows, the raven is less noisy, and, in fact, shows himself much less frequently than his lesser, but equally black, relative. A larger species of raven (known as the Mexican) occurs to the south of us, but I have no record of its having been taken in the United States. In Orange county this bird is very plentiful in the hills running from Whittier around the northern boundary of the county, and over in the Santiago Hills as well.

Very frequently, especially in the wilder portions of the State, these ravens will select a particular grove of trees to which, night after night (except during the breeding season,) they return in large bands to roost. Their vociferous cawings at such times remind one strangely of English rooks and their habits. In fact, our raven differs but little from the European bird of the same name, and no doubt possesses the same cunning and

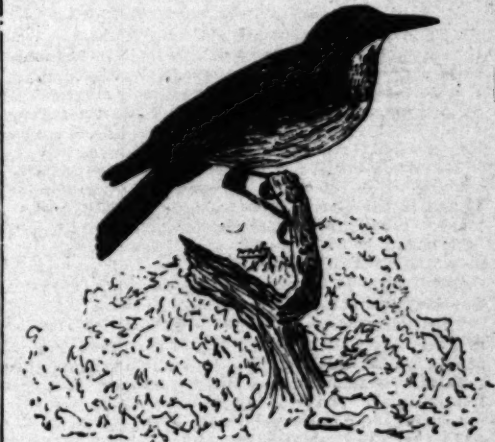


CLARKE'S NUTCRACKER.

sagacity displayed by that bird, though its natural timidity is so much greater that we do not have the opportunity to study it as do English ornithologists.

In the San Fernando Valley and in the hills adjacent to Ventura, is found a raven very unlike any other species in North America—and having but one close relative, the white-necked raven of Porto Rico. Our species is also known as the white-necked crow or raven, from the fact that it has the feathers of the neck all round the upper part of the back and the whole of the breast, snowy white. This white shades quickly through plumbeous to lustrous black, both on the head and on the lower parts. It is one of the most striking in appearance of all North American birds. Its habits are intermediate between those of the raven and of the crow, being neither so noisy nor so gregarious as the crow, yet not so silent and solitary as the raven. Its habits are, perhaps, not so well known as those of either of the two species mentioned, but it is known to nest in trees like the crow, laying four or five eggs, colored and marked (as are the crows also) much like those of the raven. The nesting time of all three of these birds is from April to May.

And now we come to our old friend, the American crow, whose sonorous "caw, caw," is heard from Maine to Oregon and from Manitoba to Texas. Hair-splitting



SIMON JAY.

ornithologists have endeavored to separate birds of the species inhabiting the Pacific Coast from those east of the Rockies, but there seems to be no valid reason for this and I consider them one and the same species. Besides this crow there is a bird known as the fish crow, but it seldom comes south of Oregon. No one knows the crow so well that but little need be said of him. Just now large flocks of them are seen throughout the walnut orchards of the valley, feeding on such nuts as the pickers, less sharp-eyed than the birds, have missed. In summer, however, and especially during the breeding season, they frequent almost entirely the willow groves of the lowlands. These birds nest in colonies, though not to the extent that they do in the bottom lands of the Mississippi. Crows are easily distinguished from ravens by their smaller size, weak bill, and their much more noisy habits. They also select roosting places for large numbers as do the ravens. Their food is variable and includes the proverbial "Irishman's goat," may consist of anything from carrion to the freshest of fruits. They are four to six in number, smaller than those of either of the two species mentioned, but otherwise quite similar, and are laid some time in April or May.

Two other birds of this same order occur in the mountainous forests of our higher mountains, coming down to the foothills only in extremely cold winters. They are Clarke's nutcracker and the pison jay, both smaller than any of the three already mentioned, and possessing the habits of the jays, but being, nevertheless, members of the "long-winged" branch of the crow group. Clarke's crow has a general bluish-gray color, relieved by greenish black wings, while the pison jay (Maximilian's jay) is dull blue in color, with a blue head and paler under parts. HARRY H. HARRIS.

THE BOX-BUSH.

A STORY OF CLARA AND SOME OF HER MISCHIEVOUS PLAYMATES.

By a Special Contributor.

There were five of them—but one did not want to be just beginning to take an interest in her own life and the rest of the world had not yet "swam with her."

The boy was the oldest. He was 9, though his name was Clara, pressed him hard for the honor of being the first. Then came his two sisters, Julia and Nancy, ages 8 and 6.

It was a wonderful old house they lived in, a place so celebrated in its younger days for hospitality and good company, that for years it had borne the name of "Bright Corner."

Flanking it spread a huge old-fashioned garden, the kind our grandmothers used to thrill our imaginations with in our childhood, a garden filled with old-fashioned flowers, bridal-wreath and syringa; Pinks, peonies and snowballs.

Laid off in squares, it was bordered with old-fashioned box, and at the corner of each square a bush stood, close clipped and stately.

Grandmother was ill and the children had been sent into the garden to insure her a much-needed sleep.

"Well now, what shall we do?" demanded the boy. "We've got the whole day ahead of us, so let's do something that'll take a long time and be highly jolly."

"We might play m'garrie," suggested Nancy, who around on her toes.

"Do you want another paddy-whacking?" asked the boy roughly. "You, perhaps, forget what we did to you the last time we played m'garrie and you were a blue-tailed lizard, and dragged that out of yours in the dust. My eye! What a sight! Nancy's lip curled contemptuously.

"How 'bout mamma's best silk stockings that we pulled with gravel and tied on for a trunk when you were 'elephant, smarty?' she said stormily.

"We might play housekeeping," ventured Julia, gently, timidly.

"Housekeeping! If that isn't more like a game, don't you say 'doll-babies' at once and be done with it. Now, its just this, if somebody can't think of anything right away, I'll cut out of this and go and play Freddy's yard."

There was an aggrieved silence. It was considered an honor to have a boy play with you when you were three girls, although a carefully-concealed home felt that a crisis had come, and just as the boy was on his heels and started whistling down the garden walk, Clara spoke up and saved the day: "I've got an idea."

The boy stopped impatiently. "Well, what's it then," he said. "You've kept it to yourself long enough. I never knew you so stupid."

"I was thinkin'," returned Clara, with dignity. "you'll help me bring up the bench I'll show you something."

The bench was carefully brought and raised on the side of one of the biggest box-bushes. "Now," said Clara, "this is our ship—get aboard, all of you. A terrible storm and the thunder's just a-roarin', and lightning's struck the mast and carried it off." "Bully!" said the boy excitedly. "That rattle in the mast. What else?" "And we're holdin' to the ship the ship to keep from being knocked overboard and drowned. And we've got to wave and shout 'ahoy!' loud as ever we can. The box-bush is the ship that's comin' to save us; don't you see?"

"How'll we get on board," shouted the boy.

October 27, 1901.]

delight, as they jumped up and down.

"Oh, we've got to jump. Trust y fellows, and jump at the word three—good-by, my friends," the air Clara landed in the water which trembled and swayed viciously at her.

"Oh, come on; it's fine!" she saved! Jump, comrades, a shout sprang into the air, scratched and panting among the willows.

Nancy's impetuosity brought the war cry of a Comanche following, just grazed the bleeding legs fell to the ground.

"Oh, I say, this is jolly!" said the tale of his comrade-in-misadventure box-bush; this is all jump clear, you idiot," to Julia stick pins in your fat legs."

Julia hastily promised, and moved until another rescuing

Five times had the mast of struck by lightning and five ship come to their rescue, w towed up and down on her deck laughing uproariously as her cracked beneath them; voices captain's were heard bearing

"I want to show you how the hedges and the big box-bush are for a surprise for mother know how she loves them."

The other voice, belonging to known as "Aunt Mary," replied another sort of surprise for h are let loose in here."

The little savages stopped breath. "P'rhaps she'll go round Clara stiffly. "Not she palm was already tingling in a

And she didn't.

Julia and Clara were put in gave them a morsel of comfort through the keyhole. "What us," asked Clara with bated breath. "Don't know," said Julia, w pious member of the firm. "Bu better pray, too," she added w so common to her sex.

"I shan't!" whispered Clara, do it for all of us if you're 'f

Strange to say, whether a righteous morsel that prevailed have distressed grandmamma a caped that day with a lecture.

But there were other days w

THE WEATHER.

HOW ITALY PROTECTS HER HAIL AND THUNDER.

By a Special Contributor.

The traveler through the v often sees a big funnel-shaped gigantic speaking trumpet set of them stand as high from the as ordinary house, while other feet in height. The largest of four men in their bell-shaped to spare.

On the ordinary summer day phones are merely objects for wonder what they were put to smaller ones are but 500 or 600 of a half mile stretch between hundred miles they loom up be neither ornamental nor useful to gather in the direction where peaks, the men may be seen hur to the funnels carrying rolls of paper under their arms. These tion. As the clouds become he boom, sounding like the discharge artillery in the distance, strike smoke rises from one of the cloud bank. Another and another noise reminds an old soldier of the storm approaches more can it seems as if a battery of art contest with the elements.

It is truly a battle, but a battle great tubes are called "weather to prevent thunderstorms and sweeping over the part of the co to protect. The masses of black and the peasants their gunnery contents an effect is produced frequently prevents it from com If the cloud appears to be but a tion of the weather cannon are comes up then all are placed in as rapidly as they can be loaded the elements sometimes come off suit that a mass of hailstones the vines and other vegetation in five minutes the work of a year every bunch of grapes owned by

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in same order occur in the coniferous mountains, coming down to the low cold winters. They are the plover jay, both smaller than the other two mentioned, and partaking of both being, nevertheless, true "winged" branch of the corvidae. A general bluish-gray color, with wings, while the plover jay is all blue in color, with a deeper blue parts. HARRY H. DUNN.

BOX-BUSH.

AND SOME OF HER MIS-
US PLAYMATES.

Contributor.

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other name. All about

TO THE HOLDERS OF...

light, as they jumped up and down and waved their

"Oh, we've got to jump. There's the brave cap'n on
deck and he says: 'Trust your lives to me, my fine
sailors, and jump at the word of command.' One, two,
three—good-by, my friends," and with a wild leap into
the air Clara landed in the very heart of the box-bush,
which trembled and swayed and snapped its twigs
chaotically at her.

"Oh, come on; it's fine!—I mean—Thank heavens! I
am saved! Jump, comrades, jump," and the boy, with
a shout sprang into the air and landed beside her,
scowled and panting among the swaying boughs.

Nancy's impetuosity brought her aboard next, with
the war cry of a Comanche brave, and the timid Julia,
following, just grazed the ship and with scruffed and
bleeding legs fell to the ground.

"Oh, I say, this is jolly!" said the boy, indifferent to
the fate of his comrade-in-misfortune. "Let's try an-
other box-bush; this is all broken up, and next time,
jump clear, you idiot," to Julia, "or I'll wait behind and
pick pins in your fat legs."

Julia hastily promised, and the bench was laboriously
moved until another rescuing ship hove in sight.

Five times had the mast of their little schooner been
struck by lightning and five times had the life-saving
boat come to their rescue, when, as they were being
hoisted up and down on her deck by the angry waves and
bumping uproariously as her timbers groaned and
splashed beneath them; voices other than the gallant
sailor's were heard bearing down upon them.

"I want to show you how prettily Jim has trimmed
his bushes and the big box-bushes," said one voice. They
were for a surprise for mother when she gets well. You
know how she loves them."

The other voice, belonging to an awesome personage
known as "Aunt Mary," replied grimly, "There will be
another sort of surprise for her if those little savages
are let loose in here."

The little savages stopped bounding and held their
breath. "Perhaps she'll go round the other way," mur-
mured Clara stiffly. "Not she," sniffed the boy, whose
palm was already tingling in anticipation.

And she didn't.
Julia and Clara were put in adjoining rooms, which
gave them a morsel of comfort, as they could whisper
through the keyhole. "What do you think she'll do to
us," asked Clara with bated breath.

"Don't know," said Julia, who was the cautious and
young member of the firm. "But I'm prayin' hard. You'd
better pray, too," she added with the missionary spirit
so common to her sex.

"I shan't!" whispered Clara, indignantly. "You just
do it for all of us if you're 'fraid.'"

Strange to say, whether it was the prayers of this
righteous morsel that prevailed, or the fact that it would
have distressed grandmamma to punish them, they es-
caped that day with a lecture.

But there were other days when fate was not so kind.
CALLY RYLAND.

THE WEATHER CANNON.

HOW ITALY PROTECTS HER VINEYARDS FROM
HAIL AND THUNDERSTORMS.

By a Special Contributor.

The traveler through the vineyard district of Italy
does see a big funnel-shaped affair that looks like a
giant speaking trumpet set up on three legs. Some
of them stand as high from the ground as the roof of
a ordinary house, while others are but ten or fifteen
feet high. The largest ones would hold three or
four men in their bell-shaped openings and have room
to spare.

In the ordinary summer day, these mammoth mega-
phones are merely objects for the tourist to look at and
wonder what they were put there for. Some of the
smaller ones are but 500 or 600 feet apart, while gaps
of a half mile stretch between the larger ones. For a
hundred miles they loom up here and there, apparently
without ornamental nor useful. When the clouds begin
to gather in the direction where the Alps lift their white
peaks, the men may be seen hurrying hither and thither
to the funnels carrying rolls of something wrapped in
paper under their arms. These rolls contain ammuni-
tion. As the clouds become heavier and blacker, a dull
boom, sounding like the discharge of a piece of heavy
artillery in the distance, strikes the ear and a ring of
smoke rises from one of the trumpets nearest the
cloud bank. Another and another boom is heard and the
noise reminds an old soldier of his battlefield days. As
the storm approaches more cannon are discharged until
it seems as if a battery of artillery was engaged in a
contest with the elements.

It is truly a battle, but a battle of a novel kind. The
great tubes are called "weather cannon," and are used
to prevent thunderstorms and heavy hailstorms from
sweeping over the part of the country they are intended
to protect. The masses of black clouds are their enemy
and the peasants their gunners. Belching forth their
contents an effect is produced upon the vapor which
frequently prevents it from condensing and descending.
If the cloud appears to be but a small one, only a por-
tion of the weather cannon are used. If a big storm
comes up then all are placed in service and discharged
as rapidly as they can be loaded and fired. Even then
the elements sometimes come off victorious, with the re-
sult that a mass of hailstones descends, cutting down
the vines and other vegetation as if hewn with knives.
In five minutes the work of a year may be destroyed and
every bunch of grapes owned by the vineyardist ruined.

The weather cannon have been more or less in use for
about two years in Northern Italy, as well as in parts of
Spain and Southern France. The idea originated in the
French republic, where vine makers near Marseilles
discovered that the rapid discharge of a field piece tended
to ward off hailstorms. The barrel is constructed of

sheet iron about one-fourth of an inch in thickness at
the top, the plates being closely riveted together. At
the bottom the thickness of the barrel, if it can be
called such, is about half an inch. The barrel sets into
a steel framework, which contains the orifice for the
cartridge. It is in the steel framework that the force
of the explosion occurs, the barrel being used principally
to form rings of gas and smoke, which are forced up
by the explosion to a height of a thousand feet, if the
wind currents are not too great. The steel framework
and barrel is set upon a tripod of cast iron. In the
lower part of the framework is an opening into which
the cartridge can be pushed by hand, working like a
breech-loading gun. The framework is really a mortar
and is opened by means of a lever. After the cartridge
is inserted, the mortar is closed and fastened by a set
screw. Connected with the carriage is a percussion cap
placed over an opening similar to the "touch hole" of
an old-fashioned cannon. When it is to be discharged,
the "gunner" simply strikes the cap with a small ham-
mer.

The load consists entirely of black powder, which is
sold to the peasants by the government. It is rammed
into a metal shell encased in paper, with an opening so
that the fire from the percussion cap can communicate
with the charge. When the cannon is fired, it forces the
rings of gas and smoke upward at a very rapid rate,
also a column of heated air. It is supposed that their
combined action, also the concussion of the explosion,
produces the effect, but just in what manner is yet to
be determined. It has been demonstrated, however, that
if the clouds are within 1000 feet of the earth they can
usually be prevented from discharging hail and con-
siderably evaporated if the explosions begin as soon as
they approach the vicinity.

The cannon vary in height from eleven feet to thirty-
two feet, the smaller ones taking a charge of one-third
of a pound of powder and the larger four pounds. The



THE WEATHER CANNON.

mouth of the barrel ranges from two and a half feet
in diameter to eight and a half feet in diameter. Of
course the larger ones are much more effective and are
supposed to protect a wider area of territory. Some of
the cannon in use have prevented hail from falling on a
vineyard two-thirds of a mile in length and one-third
in width. Other places in the vicinity not thus protected
were ruined by the same storm. At times they prevent
any rainfall whatever, but in most cases what would be
a heavy downpour of water or of hail is changed into a
mist of fine rain.

For people who are afraid of thunder and lightning,
the Italian cannon ought to be a great boon, provided
the noise of the discharge is not worse than the rumble
of the thunder and the flash of the lightning. The re-
sults in Italy and France show that discharges seem to
scatter the electric bolts, and if the clouds are near
enough to the earth, this form of artillery overcomes
the field pieces of the sky and averts the thunder claps.
Above 1000 feet, however, the weather target seems to
be beyond range, and so far no cannon has been invented
which will successfully cope with the high storms. As
most of the damage is done by gatherings of clouds
close to the earth, within the last two years the weather
cannon have been the means of saving many a fine vine-
yard, which otherwise would have been totally de-
stroyed. For the benefit of the timorous who are afraid
of thunderstorms, it may be said that a large gun can
be purchased of the Italian makers at a cost of \$90.
From this figure they range as low as \$10.

D. ALLEN WILLEY.

SNAILS TO WASH WINDOWS.

Snails have long been employed in this country for
cleaning windows.

The creatures are dipped in cold water, and then
placed upon the pane. They crawl around slowly, devour-
ing all foreign matter, and leaving the glass quite bright
and clear. They are, of course, used only for upper win-
dows, not easily reached from outside. Water snails
also command a ready sale. Almost every aquarium
owner keeps a few water snails. They are the best of
scavengers and keep the place as tidy as a new house-
maid. [London Answers.]

PROTECTION OF SEA BIRDS.

GOOD RESULTS OF THE EFFORTS ALONG THE
COAST OF THE EASTERN SHORE.

[Baltimore Sun:] Frank C. Kirkwood, secretary of
the Maryland Game and Fish Association, has returned
from a tour of inspection of the breeding places of the
sea birds along the coast of the eastern shore of Mary-
land and Virginia. Mr. Kirkwood made the tour under
the auspices of the American Ornithological Union,
which has taken up the protection of the breeding sites
and stationed nine wardens along the coast for that pur-
pose. He used an open bateau and cruised about 300
miles in eight days among the coast islands. William
H. Fisher, a locally well-known naturalist, accompanied
him and secured a series of fine pictures of fowls and
their summer homes. Mr. Kirkwood said:

"There are more birds along the coast this season
probably by 50 per cent. than there were last year when
I visited the coast. It is extremely difficult, however,
to even approximate the numbers. When you stand and
look at an ever-moving mass of birds flying close to you
and one another the eye gets confused by the incessant
movement and the ear is dulled by the babel of sounds.
While the result of this inspection has been very satis-
factory, still an observer who has visited the scene no
longer than eight or ten years ago cannot avoid a feel-
ing of sadness at the fact that there is now not more
than one bird to thousands then. But there are enough
to reproduce the stock, and the promise is that in a few
years the birds may reach the old-time numbers, if the
present good policy is continued.

"The money for the work of preservation is supplied
by the Thayer fund. When the question of protecting
these birds was brought up by some of the members of
the American Ornithological Union, a doubt was ex-
pressed as to whether a sufficient amount could be se-
cured to make protection possible. Mr. Thayer took the
matter up, and in a short while succeeded in raising an
amount which, under the judicious care of William
Dutcher of New York, treasurer of the American
Ornithological Union, has been sufficient to accomplish
the desired result. The confiscation last winter of 2600
terns under the Lacey act was the first result in the way
of actual prosecution after the birds had been shipped
from the breeding grounds. Since that time there have
been several prosecutions in different sections of the
country, and the market being cut off the incentive to
shoot the birds upon breeding grounds has been de-
stroyed.

"When I speak of shooting the birds on the breeding
grounds alone I speak with a thorough knowledge of
the impossibility of shooting them at any other time of
the year. If one or more persons were to locate them-
selves in the center of a breeding colony, where the
nests—simply constructed of a hollow scooped out in the
sand—are so close together that one has to watch his
feet to keep from walking upon them, it would only be
a matter of how many shells were in the party as to
how much shooting would be done, and at close range,
in which the birds come sometimes almost in one's face
and in compact bodies of several hundred or thousands,
it is readily seen how terrific the slaughter would be.
And the birds killed would not be the worst feature of
the slaughter, but the three or four eggs of the dead
bird would be left to rot upon the sand, or the nest of
young left to die of starvation.

"As soon as the young are able to accompany their
parents, the birds scatter all over the coast and ocean,
and but few are to be found in any one locality. Even
when at rest on a sandbar they are wary and difficult
to approach, for even if the majority are asleep there
are enough sentinels on duty to sound the alarm before
the gunner can get within four or five gunshots of them.
To see just how close one could get to them, I tried
various means, walking, riding in a beach cart and
stalking them behind bushes, but never succeeded in
getting anywhere near them. It is true that sometimes
a bird will come near enough to a boat to be shot, and
that when they are killed and fall into the water others
will come to see what is the matter, but if the shooting
had been confined to these methods it would never have
made any impression upon the numbers along our sea-
coast. Almost every citizen of Baltimore is aware that
in the harbor, gulls come fearlessly to within a few feet
of a boat, but assume their natural wariness as soon as
they get below Fort McHenry.

"Many islands were visited and a thorough survey of
the main breeding sites was accomplished. The terri-
tory covered is with but very few exceptions devoid of
any human habitations except those of the life-saving
crews and the lighthouse-keepers. The most prominent
landmarks upon the little islands are the oyster hus-
es—not the oyster packing-houses which are familiar to
the Western Shore Marylander, but little shanties built
high up on poles like the huts of the Samoan Islanders.
In these live the men who guard the extensive oyster
beds.

"One of the saddest sights of the trip was the rem-
nants of Cobb's Island, formerly one of the most
favored breeding sites of the sea birds along our coast,
which was several years ago almost completely washed
away. In this instance, the elements joined forces with
the human sea bird players in driving the birds from
their natural haunts.

"Strange to say, the beach birds were not in their
usual evidence at any time during the trip. I do not
understand the cause."

HOW A WOMAN INTERVIEWED PRESIDENT TYLER.

It is related that during President Tyler's adminis-
tration Ann Royall, editor of Paul Pry, a sensational
sheet, forced the then Chief Magistrate into an inter-
view by employing quite unusual means. President
Tyler occasionally enjoyed a swim in the Potomac,
whose banks were then far from civilization. Ann
Royall, strolling by the river, spied the Presidential
apparel and seated herself thereupon. She would not
budge until the irate executive, up to his neck in water,
had granted the interview. [Ladies' Home Journal for
October.]

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

FURRY FASHION FANCIES.

THE PRESENT REIGN OF FURS HAS NOT BEEN
EQUALED FOR FORTY YEARS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—An interview with one of New York's leading furriers today resulted in some interesting information about furs. For one thing, all the skins as yet known to fashion will be worn this season, and a singular feature is the combining of several sorts in one garment. For example, a pelerine cape—a shoulder wrap with stole fronts—is made of moire Persian (unborn lamb) with a high collar and small revers of ermine. An edge of the parent lamb outlines the frilly cape in a curly roll, and brown fox tails finish the stole fronts.

The tout ensemble of this could scarcely be called harmonious. In fact, the effect of such widely dissimilar skins thus flung together is decidedly patchy; but the freak certainly offers valuable suggestions to those who have several sorts of fur on hand in condition to be made over. Though as to that nothing is too ragged for the furriers of today to accept, and they seem to take as much pains in making over a garment as in fashioning a new one. As an eternally-wearing fur, and one that admits of unlimited rejuvenation, Persian lamb is recommended above all others.

"I wish I could see the Persian wraps that come to us year after year to be altered," said the genial furrier. "One—in the first case a long, close cape—has been coming for twelve years, and with additions and subtractions it has come through all the stages of fashion. One year it shone gloriously as a three-quarters length coat, with the distinction of owning nearly two hundred

bigger she wants her boa? It is all I can do to convince them to the contrary, and the big muffs also make small women look ridiculous. The heavy bundling wraps are magnificent on tall, fine women; but on the little ones, oh, my!"

There is the thing in a nutshell—you must be big to wear around your neck the great animals seen in the shops. For the undersized, the furriers politely show children's designs, or demonstrate with great art how the too big things may be cut down without damage to style. Remember this when you buy your furs.

Styles for Large Women.

A royal cloak of ermine lined with sable, in this shop, was a sublimer sermon on the divine privileges of big women. This regal wrap, which was made long enough to sweep over the train of an evening dress, was of a dazzling splendor, and you felt it par-excellence the very queen of wraps. The model was the loose back cloak used for all long fur wraps, but to see two graceful skirt flounces shaped in so clumsy a material gave you a new sensation. The wide sleeves were flowing, the curved collar very high at the back, the rich brown of the lining emerging at the front to turn back in heavy revers.

It was sublime, as I say, the very queen of cloaks. And its price—a little matter of \$5000! But you must expect that sort of thing when you gaze on Russian sable, for, of course, the lining was the very cream of this cloak.

Silver fox is a rarity almost equally precious, and one who likes sable is always in the fashion. It is much behind the brown fur in becomingness, however, and because of its grizzled look is generally considered the privilege of elderly women.

Stylish furs more in keeping with ordinary means are

trail of the wild animal is seen, combined with chiffon, satin and velvet, while the long-haired cloth will show a head or small crossed paws. There is no explaining the vagaries of fashion. MARY HARRIS.

WHAT WILL SHE DO NEXT?

THERE IS NO END TO THE UNIQUE
EXPERIMENTS OF WOMEN.

By a Special Contributor.

What will the women do next? We have become accustomed to the lawyers, the Portias, pleading the clients' cause before a stern-visaged judge and a more or less intelligent jury; to the women physicians, doing a good thing they are, too, for thousands of afflicted sisters; while of teachers and college professors the name is legion. But at this beginning of the century the new woman is so startlingly new that we of us gasp, and some gaze, "in awe, in wonder, in amazement."

In Windsor, Can., a young girl has been for some time an engraver of tombstones. Miss Alice Hume has artistic letters upon marble in her father's shop, and the work, and looks most attractive in her occupation.

Kansas is one of several States that boast a woman undertaker! At a recent State undertakers' convention she said that embalming was an especially lucrative profession for women, and that they would find the operation from the men of the union.

Mrs. Lena Behrens of Ohio is a wholesale dealer. She is a graduate of a school of pharmacy, and her knowledge of chemistry was so valuable to her husband in testing metals that she gradually came into the business. She is now a widow, and a manager of the large factory.

Women pilots are by no means unknown in the men's coast towns.

A canal boat reached Newton Creek recently with a woman for its captain. Mrs. Sarah Stanton is a widowed woman, whose daughter, son and hired man make up her crew. She unloads large cargoes of lumber near New York City very expeditiously, and at no expense outside her family crew.

The patent "military" button that has been issued by the New York police department was used by Mrs. Dudley Phelps after five years' patient use. It requires no sewing, and is adapted to peculiar forms, having a simple but ingenious clasp.

In Mercer county, Pa., Miss Sylvia Stewart was taken to her father's home by the sheriff.

One of several woman street-car conductors is Lillian de Garmo, who performs regular duties on a small Long Island line owned by her father. She enjoys the healthful, out-of-door life.

An artistic bookbinder is Elizabeth Geary of Cleveland, O. She studied with Miss Birkenhead and does expert designing and illuminating.

The village of Cos Cob, Ct., has a rare aviator, a hack driver. Mrs. Eva Ferris likes the work, and makes money. Her husband owns the livery stable, and she has a monopoly. Her children are nearly grown, and she is spared from household duties.

Mrs. Maria Ferguson of Los Angeles, Cal., has said, issued the first Dawson City, Yukon, directory. The volume contains 900 pages of valuable mining maps.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has appointed Dock a member of the State Forestry Commission. He has studied the forestry question in Germany and is a valuable addition to the board.

There are 400 women pharmacists in the United States. Some large New England concerns employ women exclusively, believing them to be unusually careful and trustworthy.

One of the great California farms of 3000 acres is managed and owned by Mrs. Minnie Eschelman. She was formerly an eastern society girl. She has created ten varieties of fruit, including almonds and chestnuts, and a remarkable creamery. There are also thoroughbred horses. The latest improved machinery is used with great profits.

Mrs. James Ferguson, widow of the most noted horse starter in Kentucky, has managed his horse-racing establishment with remarkable success. It is scarcely a man in the country is so familiar with the thoroughbred history as she.

At the International Mining Congress in Boise, Idaho, a fine paper was read upon practical mining by Mrs. May Hutton, who has been engaged for years in the Coeur d'Alene region.

In the west side of New York a young woman painter has recently attracted much attention. She painted a large "poster picture" advertising a medicine upon a board fence forty feet long, and five feet high in less than an hour. It was first-class work, and she stoutly declared that she expected to do more sign painting, her ideal being to illustrate harmonious taste even in showy advertising.

A New York woman, Libbie Friese, has invented a most ingenious rotary massage instrument. It consists of the application of an electric current.

From abroad comes the news that flower girls in Vienna have so monopolized the trade that they have had street vending suppressed. Thirty girls appeared before the Austrian Reichsrath and demanded having official action against them postponed to the next season.

Mrs. Isabella Toothaker of Argentine, Kan., is a poet.

Rainy Day is running a livery stable in an Iowa town. Brand New is one of the oldest men in Washington county, O.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]



A FURRY PROCESSION.

patches! But they were all invisible from the outside, you understand. Persian is adapted to patching, and with every dyeing it comes out as fresh as new."

The recommendation for durability is not extended to the baby variety of this fur, which is as perishable as expensive, bald spots appearing with the least use and the delicate skin tearing frequently. However, neither this fragility, nor the humane prejudice against its employment alters the market value of baby lamb. It continues to hold a very aristocratic place in the world of furs, and if one may judge from the silky revers and cuffs made of it, the blouses, jackets, vests and what not, it will be as usual this year a prime favorite for dressy purposes. Combined with ermine there is nothing smarter.

Reign of Ermine.

Speaking of this royal fur, a madness seems to have come upon the world in regard to it. Not in forty years has ermine been so much worn as it will be this winter, and though it is most commonly used as a trimming, whole ermine coats are seen, some of them long enough to cover a trailing evening dress, and finished at the bottom with two wide circular flounces. There are also jaunty blouses for other evening wear. To go with these are big ermine muffs that sell for \$35. Dainty little tippets with white fox tails—mere narrow bands that, crossing at the throat, hug that member tightly—offer charming possibilities for cloth or silk evening cloaks. This is the one restriction of ermine, that, except as an embellishment for something else, it is confined to evening wear. For day use it is thought too delicate for entire garments, except for children, in which case nothing could be more elegant. The ermine sets—muff and tippet—seen for little maids of all ages are exactly like those of the grown-ups. Even the huge muffs may be carried by missie, but the size of the tippet must conform to her own proportions. The same rule holds good with her mama, for to wear a neck fluffing too big for you nowadays is truly to hide your light under a bushel.

Let me quote the furrier:

"Have you noticed that the smaller the woman the

gray and black lynx and sable fox, a brown Alaskan fur that quite successfully imitates Russian sable. Since brown is more fashionable than anything else, and the reddish tone of this glistening pelt is singularly becoming, sable fox will probably be the popular fur of the season. In addition to its other virtues, as furs go, it is very cheap, \$50 purchasing quite a stunning boa, or "stoles," they are more properly called—and muff. The black and the blue-gray lynx sets sell for the same price.

Besides the furs here mentioned there are, of course, many others in the market, seal, mink, chinchilla, black and brown bear, etc., to say nothing of numberless tiny animals of no distinct family. These bear such a painful resemblance to our old friends, Tabby and Tom, that it is no wonder their origin is shrouded in a discreet mystery. One little shoulder cape seen was literally hung with these small beasts, a little more foxy in type, but equally as piteous. Another pelerine of seal skin had a rolled border of fur, with a double-headed little beast folded about the high collar and innumerable nameless tails hanging down the front.

A Choice of Styles.

One point to be carefully noticed is that there is no trumpery trimming of the new fur neck fixings. An elegant plainness—as far as ribbon and lace is concerned—is everywhere discernible. The length of the fur coat, or any coat, is no more a mooted question, any one of four styles being considered equally modish. These grade all the way from the shortest Eton to the trained evening cloak, a three-quarters length paletot model being considered very smart for sealskin and Persian lamb.

The loose-back coats that fall slightly below the hips are usually seen in velvet and cloth strappings of a contrasting material being one trimming for these as swag as simple.

To conclude, it has been years since furs were so important a feature of winter dress as they will be this season, though their period in New York is necessarily a short one. Even when you come to headgear the



Dashing Empire Coat

Dashing Empire Coat

One of the season's most dashing empire model with a huge wattleau in pale tan broadcloth, the new must coat here stylishly accompanies a plain length photographed is the proper effect. At each side of the front an invisible flap, two box-plaits extending in triple layers contribute further to exacted for such garments. The yoke is straight and bordered with a raven; three big white pearl buttons fasten them. The collar is a military forearm of the easy coat sleeves "pinch" tucks for shaping. Flowered old rose, lines it throughout.

Corduroy Street Frock.

A corduroy walking dress comes more any further let me tell you that the vicarious material is one of Dame Fashion's whims. It is the swaggy knockabout season, and though there are some ready-made market, there are others that show an excellent tailor finish. A brown, a lightish suede shade, are strapped bands of cloth and tailings allowed.

The gown pictured is in smoke green, perhaps because more rarely seen—what more chic than the browns. The skirt, collar, revers and sleeve bands, and a belt buckle and buttons supply handsome fastenings.

Up-to-Date Fashions in the Metropolis.

 22
 23


Dashing Empire Coat Corduroy Street Frock Smart Winter Ulster

Dashing Empire Coat

One of the season's most dashing long coats is in an empire model with a huge wattle plait at the back. In pale tan broadcloth, the new musaroom tint, such a coat here stylishly accompanies a plain black cloth skirt. The length photographed is the proper one for true empire effect. At each side of the front, which hooks over on a triple flap, two box-plaits extending from a yoke in triple layers contribute further toward the looseness wanted for such garments. The yoke layers are cut on the straight and bordered with a raw-edged bias of the same three big white pearl buttons, delicately carved, adorn them. The collar is a military turnover, and at the bottom of the easy coat sleeves there are three "puck" tucks for shaping. Flowered taffeta, in tan and all rose, lines it throughout.

Corduroy Street Frock

A corduroy walking dress comes next, and before we go any further let me tell you that this coarse and serviceable material is one of Dame Fashion's very latest fancies. It is the swagger knockabout stuff of the season, and though there are some sad makeshifts in the ready-made market, there are other corduroy models that show an excellent tailor finish. Smoke gray and brown, a lightish suede shade, are the leading colors, and strapped bands of cloth and taffeta the only trimmings allowed.

The gown pictured is in smoke gray, which color—because more rarely seen—is considered somewhat more chic than the browns. The cloth strappings of the skirt, collar, revers and sleeves are in the same tone, and a belt buckle and buttons of dull silver and supply handsome fastenings.

Such a gown, including black taffeta linings, can be bought at any of the first-class shops for \$40.

If an Eton jacket is preferred to the norfolk coat the costume will be even cheaper.

The hat with this figure is of black panne, stretched plainly over the wide-curving brim, and puffing at the crown; trimmings, white Irish lace, black ostrich feather and silver and jet buckle.

Smart Winter Ulster.

A modish ulster of Scotch wool cheviot is shown in the second photograph. In brown and white the material of this garment, which is admissible for street wear, demonstrates what is known as the "Oxford mixture," a faint checking under a woolly surface. The pale ornamentation—collar facing, sleeve edges and pocket flaps—is of white broadcloth barred with light brown. The "glimp" edgings and "frogs" are brown and white silk, braided tartan fashion, and a taffeta lining in dull red completes the creation, which may be bought ready made at one of our leading shops.

The handsome fur, velvet and lace turban is shown by the same firm.

Jaunty Styles for Boys.

A leading outfitter for children's wear contributes the last two photographs, and he bids me say en passant that he makes a specialty of boys' overcoats. Certainly nothing could be more deliciously mannish than his present achievements.

A military overcoat in cadet-blue coating cheviot offers delightful possibilities for little soldiers from 7 to 10. Red cloth lines the hood, brilliant note repeated

in the velvet collar and in the emblem of the sleeve. Pierced pearl buttons fasten the double breast, and the naval cap of red cloth and gold braid is a fitting and gallant top-off.

The second coat, a "little duke" model in navy-blue kersey cloth, is distinctly man-about-town in its essence. It is trimmed with Persian lamb, after the same manner of the grown-up overcoat, and like the parent garment, costs a pretty penny—\$50, s'il vous plait! And don't forget the billycock derby, good mothers! It is what New York hatters are offering for smart juvenile wear, and a neat black one (price \$3.50) gives a dear little bullet-headed boy such an air!

The Season's Chapeaux.

The smiling young woman in the fur tam and ostrich feather boa illustrates how becoming one of these big flat turbans can be over the right face. It also demonstrates the important part fur plays in winter head-gear, and, like the fur chapeau of the ulster picture, it may be accepted as an admirable exponent of the milliner's art in this direction. Brown mink forms the great crown, which lifts slightly at the left, as all these wide puffy crowns must do nowadays.

The brim is covered with folded white satin, over which a straight scarf of duchess lace drapes loosely, to fall in short tails at the back. The hair band is a twisted roll of brown velvet, a big knot of white roses and green leaves filling in space at the left.

The ostrich collarlet shows one of the season's novelties in boas. It is in mixed brown and white, only throat length, and ties at the front with long, narrow velvet ribbons.

hters.



... is seen, combined with lace, ... while the long-haired beaver ... or small crossed paws. There's ... of fashion. MARY DEAN.

ALL SHE DO NEXT?

... TO THE UNIQUE EMPLOY ... OF WOMEN.

Special Contributor.

... do next? We have become quite ... the Fortias, pleading their ... stern-voiced judge and a more ... to the women physicians— ... too, for thousands of their ... teachers and college professors ... But at this beginning of a new ... is so startlingly new that some ... gaze, "in awe, in wonder, and

... young girl has been for six years ... Miss Alice Rigg carries ... marble in her father's shop, the ... most attractive in her strange ...

... several States that boast a ... State undertakers' convention ... was an especially lucrative ... that they would find kind ... of the union.

... of Ohio is a wholesale ... of a school of pharmacy, and ... chemistry was so valuable to her ... that she gradually wormed ... she is now a widow, and is ... factory.

... by no means unknown in Amer-

... and Newton Creek recently with ... Mrs. Sarah Stanton is a ... daughter, son and hired man ... loads large cargoes of lumber ... City very expeditiously and ... family crew.

... "button that has been ... vice department" was inven ... after five years' patient ... and is adapted peculiarly to ... but ingenious clasp.

... a. Miss Sylvia Stewart is a ...

... can street-car conductors is ... performs regular duties ... owned by her father. She ... of-door life.

... der is Elizabeth Geary of ... with Miss Birkenruth of ... tag and illuminating.

... Coh, Ct., has a ra-a avis, a ... Ferris likes the work, and ... owns the livery stable, and ... are nearly grown and ... old duties.

... a of Los Angeles, Cal., has ... Dawson City, Yukon, and ... contains 900 pages and ...

... Pennsylvania has appointed ... State Forestry Commission. ... question in Germany and ... addition to the board.

... pharmacists in the United ... and concerns employ women ... to be unusually cautious ...

... California farms of 2800 acres ... Mrs. Minnie Eshleman Sherris ... society girl. She has orchards ... including almonds and olive ... remarkable creamery. There are ...

... The latest improved machinery ...

... on, widow of the most noted ... has managed his horse-breeding ... remarkable success. It is said ... country is so familiar with ...

... Mining Congress in Boise City ... was read upon practical mining ... has been engaged for years ...

... New York a young woman ... attracted much attention. ... picture" advertising a ... fence forty feet long, and ... an hour. It was first-class ... that she expected to reform ... being to illustrate harmony ... advertising.

... an. Libbie Frieze, has invented ... message instrument. It even ... of an electric current.

... es the news that flower girls ... is suppressed. Thirty girls ... Helchsrath and succeeded in ... against them postponed for ...

... Baker of Argentine, Kan., writes ...

... a livery stable in an Iowa town ... of the oldest men in Washington ... Record-Herald.

... any other name. All should ...

ONE USE FOR COLD FISH.

SERVED IN LITTLE BAKING SHELLS IT IS DAINY AND APPETIZING.

By a Special Contributor.

One of the nicest ways of using left-over fish is on coquille. For this one should have some of these little baking shells that can be bought quite cheaply by the dozen and used very satisfactorily for macaroni, sweetbreads, oysters, etc. Or, if more convenient, a shallow baking dish may be used instead.

Free the fish from all skin and bones and pick it into small pieces. Make a rich cream sauce by stirring together a scant teaspoonful of flour, and three generous ones of butter, with salt and pepper to taste. Cayenne pepper, by the way, makes a white sauce look much better than black pepper. When these are thoroughly mixed over the fire add a small cup of cream (or milk will do) and stir until it begins to boil; then pour over the fish, and when it is all well moistened with the sauce fill each shell lightly with the mixture, sprinkle a few bread crumbs on the top and bake in a quick oven until brown—about 15 or 20 minutes usually.

For one of the courses of a little dinner fish prepared in this way, baked in shells and served with a tartare sauce is delicious. This sauce, which is nothing more than a good mayonnaise with a few capers, some chopped cucumber pickles and a little onion juice added, is particularly appetizing when served in the scooped out half (cut lengthwise) of a cool, green cucumber rind.

Fresh fish is, of course, the best for this purpose, but one may use canned lobster, salmon and even salted codfish that has been well freshened and boiled.

WOMAN IN CIVIC LIFE.

SHE CARRIES HER DOMESTIC INSTINCTS INTO PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

By a Special Contributor.

Housekeeping has been the main occupation of women for countless thousands of years, and the instinct for cleaning things up is now inherent with them. The metamorphosis of the "old" woman into the "new" is attended, therefore, with no more alarming symptoms in this direction than an expansion of work and opportunities. The passion for housekeeping is carried out into the streets and transformations have taken place in our great cities—even in the slums—under the supervision of women.

Chicago has been conspicuous in brilliant achievements along this line, the work of her women citizens having gained widespread commendation.

The West Side Woman's Club, the latest to undertake this work, recently held a great mass meeting to stimulate interest for clean and sanitary streets.

Some of the newspapers go so far as to advocate that the work of street improvement and sanitation be officially placed in the hands of women.

The women of South Park, Chicago, have formed an improvement association to clean the filthy streets which have failed to secure the notice of the politicians.

At Hull House, Chicago, a club of 300 children has for its work municipal tidiness. While masculine commissioners still draw the fat salaries, women are gratuitously trying to remove the strata of dirt accumulated for years in most of the cities.

At Bethany, Mo., the women called a meeting in the courthouse and organized. Within four months the external appearance of the town had been revolutionized.

The Woman's Health Protective Association of New York is struggling with the problem of overcrowded street cars. It also has petitioned the councilmen to build crematories for garbage.

In Honesville, Pa., a village society of women built a retaining wall along the river, constructed a river boulevard, a bridge, a fountain and a park where once a dump of refuse and a frog pond threatened the public health.

The Civic Club (women) of Philadelphia induced the Common Council to pass an ordinance for the safeguarding of girls and children who walk the streets as vendors of papers, flowers, etc.

Salem, Mass., through its Woman's Club, has provided a bath-house for women and children near Salem Willows, where suits and towels are furnished free.

The New York College Alumnae are building a club-house for college graduates. It is to be a social and literary center, and already is indorsed by over 500 women.

New Bedford, Mass., is soon to have a fine library, purchased by the Woman's Club. The women already have collected over \$12,000 for this purpose.

Philadelphia has over 1300 women in civic offices.

The municipality of Chicago employs several hundred women, of whom Mayor Harrison says: "They are among the most reliable workers in the entire city."

The State Federation of New York has just opened a free library in the foothill village of Phoenicia.

The federations throughout the country are accomplishing wonders with traveling libraries for rural districts.

Lake Charles, La., has been regenerated in its drainage, its cemeteries and its sanitation by a woman's club of 123 members.

The women of the Montclair, N. J., Improvement Association are working along twelve distinct lines. Especial attention is paid to the city milk supply, street signs, drinking fountains and the reforming of the almshouse.

The State Federation of South Carolina has a village improvement, horticultural and forestry department.

The sociological section of the Chelsea (Mass.) Woman's Club is working with thousands of children, using many devices to induce habits of personal cleanliness, politeness and good citizenship.

The Brighthelmston Club of Boston is interesting

itself in a floating hospital, a vacation school and a home for crippled children.

A club of Somerville, Mass., has labored with the board of aldermen to have conditions in the women's quarters of the police station improved. The results have been particularly satisfactory.

At the town election of Brookline, Mass., Miss Emma Cummings was chosen a member of the committee for planting trees. There are also women in the municipal offices of the school commissioner and overseer of the poor.

The first woman factory inspector of Wisconsin is Miss Ida May Jackson, just appointed.

A colored woman philanthropist of Chicago, Mrs. McDonald, is doing excellent work as a probation officer of the juvenile court.

The Governor of South Carolina has appointed Miss Henrietta Kelley commissioner of silk culture. She has studied the subject six years in Europe, and intends to establish a silk industry in her State.

The tax-paying women of New York State during the last six months have voted in large numbers upon local and municipal improvements.

Police matrons are now an established feature of the best governed cities. Mrs. Augusta Church of Buffalo receives a life pension in recognition for her services in this line. Those of Cleveland, Ohio, have attained considerable note for their conspicuous success. Woman-like, they even attempt to reform their prisoners, and occasionally do it. The police matron for women and girl prisoners is now a necessity in civilized communities.

A HALLOWEEN FROLIC.

DECORATIONS AND GAMES APPROPRIATE TO THE WEIRD, PROPHETIC DAY.

By a Special Contributor.

The arranging of a house for a halloween party affords a rare opportunity for originality in house decoration, and when directed by one having a comprehensive understanding of the meaning of halloween and the significance of its rites and ceremonies every detail is made to tell the story.

The grotesque faces of grinning jack o' lanterns peer out from the dark green of the rushes that fill the corners and fireplaces or sentinel-like stand guard before some temptingly flirtatious nook; life-like-looking toads squat under the drooping fronds of potted ferns; brownies, tricksey sprites, fairies and hobgoblins disport themselves among the vines and flowers that in seemingly wild confusion clamber over the mantel and doorways, reaching out from picture to picture across the walls; tissue paper owls look down knowingly from their posts of vantage on chandelier or curtain rods; in dusky corners tall figures draped in garments of ghostly white call forth half-suppressed shrieks and peals of nervous laughter from startled guests.

A miniature lake, made from a wash tub whose uncouthness is hidden under trailing vines, is placed in some retired spot, and on its waters float rosy-cheeked apples tempting the unwary to try their skill at "bobbing" in the hope of learning the hidden sentiments of some friend by counting the captured apple seeds according to the old, old formula, "a little, too much, not at all, with all his heart, beyond belief." Other apples dangle in doorways challenging the guests, as they promenade-between dances, to a contest of skill in securing a taste without the aid of hands.

There should be no light but candle light at a halloween party, but when this is impossible the glare of the electric lights can be softened and subdued by covering the globes with tissue-paper shades.

The guests should be invited to come in the costumes of Scotch or Irish peasantry, or as representing characters of history or fiction who are in some way associated with the day.

Reels should have a prominent place upon the dance programme, and when the nerves of the company permit it, the bagpipe is an appropriate addition to the orchestra.

Refreshments should be served early, as on the mystic stroke of twelve the company must go out blindfolded and hand and hand, to pull "kallstocks," i. e., cabbage stalks. As real cabbage fields are not likely to be within a convenient distance, a plot of ground can be prepared for the purpose or cabbage stalks may be stuck in among the flowers. The physical appearance of the future husband or wife is foretold by the size and the straightness or crookedness of the stalk pulled; the disposition is revealed by the taste of the pith and the financial condition by the amount of earth clinging to the root.

Other familiar halloween spells follow; such as eating an apple before a looking-glass in a darkened room, the only light coming from the candle held in the left hand; pouring melted lead into water and reading future events in the curious shapes in which it hardens, ships signifying journeys, stars fame, a rake shovel or hoe telling of life of toil, a ring of marriage, two rings connected, pointing to a crime followed by imprisonment, and lead in tiny particles promising great wealth. Nuts named and placed in pairs upon the glowing hearth reveal the carefully-guarded secrets of the heart, burning contentedly side by side where affection reigns, but popping angrily away where there is aversion; the one who pops showing which it is that harbors so unworthy a sentiment. Courageous spirits slip out alone to sow hemp seed, saying hardly, as they go through the motions of sowing: "Hemp seed I sow ye, hemp seed I sow ye, let who is to be my wife (or husband) come after me and harrow ye!" or steal into the dark recesses of the barn, winnow "three weeks of nothing," i. e., go through the motions of winnowing corn three times; when it is supposed that the wrath of the future husband or wife will step forth from the inky shadows.

And finally comes the chief attraction of the evening—snap-dragon. For this is required a large bowl, a small bottle of brandy and a variety of small articles to which some significance can be attached.

The brandy is poured into the bowl and lighted, be-

coming the dragon which guards the contents of the bowl and the guests strive to snatch from the dragon some mystic symbol.

A fig signifies quiet, comfortable, domestic life; a peanut, humble associations; a date, that one's life partner will be old; a raisin, sweet contented life; a nut, after a gay youth; candied flag, military service or marriage to army officer, according to the way who secures it; sugared almond, only a solitary thimble, bachelor or spinsterhood; and a nut, a marriage.

These are only a few of the things that will suggest themselves as appropriate ingredients for the witch's caldron, which insures a merry ending to the halloween frolic.

GEORGINA L. BROWN.

VEILED WOMEN OF MALTA.

The women of Malta, of the Basque province, and Portuguese women of Hongkong and Macao are the slightest degree restricted in their daily lives, they may go out and about as they please, and wear a curious sort of hood with voluminous folds, which are brought over to cover the lower part of the face when strange men are about.

The custom of wearing the faldetta is comparatively recent one, and its origin shrouded in mystery. A century or more ago, when Napoleon's reckless soldiers landed on the island, the women fell easy victims to the wills of the soldiers. The priests expostulated in vain and finally ordered no woman should go in the streets without her face covered by the faldetta.

That the sins of the mothers might be visited on the daughters, the women were commanded to wear a hood for 100 years. That time has passed, and a few faldettas are now seen in the streets, and worn principally to church and by old women who become wedded to the habit.

"PAN-AM" AND POLLY-WOG.

Down among the buttercups, about a week ago, I met a little polly-wog, who said: "Where do you go?" "I am going out to Buffalo to see the 'Pan-Am' Exposition." And I'm going to the barber's to have him trim my hair. I shall buy a few bananas, for they're very cheap. And I can't get out at stations for fear I'd be run over. I must have a large umbrella to protect me from rain.

If I caught the influenza, I couldn't catch the train. Then the polly-wog responded, and a tear welled up in her eye. "If I cannot go there with you I'm afraid I shall die."

You may think that I am jesting, but every word is true. If I can't go out to Buffalo I don't know what I shall do. They have built a big Aquarium and filled it with fish. And the way in which they did it is all that is new and wonderful.

Though they thought it was completed when they were in the frogs, I bet you fifty cents, my friend, they left me a polly-wog!"

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UNCOMMON

CRYOLITE, BEAUXITE, SELENIUM AND

From the New York

THE announcement made press of the loss of a ship land for a cargo of cryolite, a mineral with a rather use which is now rather less in years ago. Cryolite, or kryolite, spelled, is a salt containing both of the latter and some been obtained from that source. Mountains produce it in limited and most available deposits land, near the west coast, and chief, if not the sole, reliance of Aluminum is made from alumina, and the process of getting called reducing. In this country, controlled by the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, a long time purchased its alumina from the Selt Company, and the article from cryolite, which it Greenland. At present, however, alumina made in this country—converted into aluminum—is different ore, beauxite, of which Still in the final separation oxygen by the American system portan auxiliary. The alumina solved in a bath of the Greenal an electric current of enormous the fluid. In this operation the of cryolite. It is the alumina w

Castile soda, or the hydrated used in the industries, and espe of lye for soap, was formerly lime with cryolite. But the So processes of manufacturing sod chloride of sodium—are now method. Again, the pure metal cheaply from cryolite than from Cryolite is a lustrous material, ish white, but sometimes possessi blined with silica by melting, it resembling porcelain, and vari porcelain" and "cryolite glass." Beauxite, sometimes spelled b from the place where it was first able quantities, Beaux, France, abundantly in the southern part years ago Alabama and Georgi ducers. But Edward W. Parket The Engineering and Mining Jour day that the supply in that quart Arkansas is yielding bountifully most unlimited deposits.

Another mineral which has co the last few years in consequen plications is monazite, from whic metals thorium, lanthanum and manufacture of mantles for gas found in the form of small crysta the beds of streams where a cr rocks have disintegrated, and botta it seems to be confined to the escaped glacial action.

Something of a sensation was year or so ago by the widespreadly resulted from drinking o lieved that the trouble came from ers or glucose from which the a been altogether eliminated. The pected of being tainted with an purity in that article when manu pyrites. Since the first sensation aided, the theory has been advance and not arsenic which poisoned stance is also present in Spanish recently found in some of the pro eries. Thus another comparative been brought to public attention.

[October 27, 1901]

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UNCOMMON MINERALS.

CRYOLITE, BEAUXITE, MONAZITE AND SELENIUM AND THEIR USES.

From the New York Tribune.

THE announcement made a few days ago by the press of the loss of a ship which had gone to Greenland for a cargo of cryolite brought into fresh notice a mineral with a rather unfamiliar name, and one which is now rather less in demand than it was a few years ago. Cryolite, or kryolite, as it is sometimes called, is a salt containing both sodium and aluminum. Both of the latter and some of their compounds have been obtained from that source. Colorado and the Ural mountains produce it in limited quantities, but the largest and most available deposits yet found are in Greenland, near the west coast, and this region has been the chief, if not the sole, reliance of commerce.

Aluminum is made from alumina, the oxide of aluminum, and the process of getting rid of the oxygen is called reducing. In this country the business is conducted by the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, which for a long time purchased its alumina from the Pennsylvania Salt Company, and the latter manufactured the oxide from cryolite, which it imported from Ivigtut, Greenland. At present, however, practically all of the alumina made in this country—at least, that which is converted into aluminum—is derived from an entirely different ore, bauxite, of which more anon.

Still in the final separation of the aluminum and oxygen by the American system cryolite is used as an important auxiliary. The alumina to be treated is dissolved in a bath of the Greenland mineral melted, and a electric current of enormous volume passed through the bath. In this operation there is little or no waste of cryolite. It is the alumina which needs constant re-

freshing, or the hydrated oxide of sodium, much used in the industries, and especially in the production of soda soap, was formerly made by boiling slaked lime with cryolite. But the Solvay and other modern processes of manufacturing soda from common salt—chloride of sodium—are now rapidly displacing that method. Again, the pure metal sodium is obtained more cheaply from cryolite than from other sources.

Cryolite is a lustrous material, often of a pale or grayish white, but sometimes possessing a yellow tint. Combined with silica by melting, it is wrought into a glass resembling porcelain, and variously known as "hot cast porcelain" and "cryolite glass."

Bauxite, sometimes spelled bauxite, takes its name from the place where it was first discovered in considerable quantities, Baux, France. It is now found abundantly in the southern part of this country. A few years ago Alabama and Georgia were the chief producers. But Edward W. Parker, managing editor of The Engineering and Mining Journal, remarked yesterday that the supply in that quarter was falling off, while Arkansas is yielding bountifully and seems to have almost unlimited deposits.

Another mineral which has come into notice within the last few years in consequence of its industrial applications is monazite, from which are obtained the rare metals thorium, lanthanum and didymium, used in the manufacture of mantles for gas lighting. Monazite is found in the form of small crystals, mixed with sand, in the beds of streams where a certain class of granite rocks have disintegrated, and both in Europe and America it seems to be confined to those regions which have escaped glacial action.

Something of a sensation was created in England a year or so ago by the widespread sickness which apparently resulted from drinking cheap beer. It was believed that the trouble came from the use by the brewers of glucose from which the sulphuric acid had not been altogether eliminated. The acid, in turn, was suspected of being tainted with arsenic, a common impurity in that article when manufactured out of Spanish pyrites. Since the first sensation over the trouble subsided, the theory has been advanced that it was selenium and not arsenic which poisoned the beer. That substance is also present in Spanish pyrites, and has been recently found in some of the products of British breweries. Thus another comparatively unknown metal has been brought to public attention. Selenium is not only

very rare, but thus far has found little use in the arts. One of its qualities, the variability of its electric conductivity under the influence of light, has been turned to account by many inventors who were trying to transmit pictures by telegraph. Selenium costs about \$13 a pound just now, and is therefore more valuable than silver.

In the whole catalogue of "chemicals, minerals and rare elements," the prices of which are quoted every week by trade journals, perhaps no name is more puzzling to the uninitiated than "infusorial earth." Still, if he knows much about dynamite, he is aware that this is the stuff employed as an absorbent to hold the nitroglycerine of that famous explosive. It was Nobel, the great Swedish engineer, who founded a number of attractive prizes to encourage scientific progress, who first discovered the trick by which nitro-glycerine could be safely handled. Infusorial earth is composed of the silicious shells of minute vegetable organisms, diatoms which reveal wonderfully complicated and beautiful structures under the microscope.

DALECARLIAN FOLK

CLING TO THE QUIANT AND BRIGHTLY-COLORED COSTUMES OF THEIR FOREFATHERS.

[Rattvik (Sweden) Correspondence Record-Herald:] The costumes of the Dalecarlian women are unique, a dark blue woolen skirt, very full and gathered in tucks at the waist; a white blouse, a vest of red or green cloth beautifully embroidered in colors and often with gold and silver threads; a broad red belt of knitted wool; a long apron of red woolen, with stripes of black, white and green; a kerchief folded three-cornerwise about the neck and fastened with a gold or silver pin, with many glistening pendants, and a headress in the shape of a cornucopia made of black felt with red trimmings and streamers. Long earrings of gold or silver and bracelets of curious forms are common.

The men wear long blue frock coats with full skirts, faced with red broadcloth and edged with red cord. Hooks and eyes are used instead of buttons and the collar is cut similar to that of a Church of England parson. The vest is made of the same material and is also edged and faced with red. The knee breeches are of yellow buckskin, ornamented with red cord and tassels at the garter, which holds up thick woolen stockings. Broad silver buckles are worn upon the shoes. The hat is of black felt, with a low crown and broad brim resembling those worn by Quakers in the United States.

Small boys are dressed exactly like their fathers. A coat with a long skirt is the ambition of every youngster, like the first pair of trousers of American boys, and he usually attains that honor when he is 10 years old. The little chaps you see going about in long-tailed coats and buckskin breeches look as if they were dressed for the stage. Little girls in the same way imitate their mothers with skirts reaching to their ankles and quaint, home-made jewelry of silver and gold. Every little girl hopes to have a brooch with jingling pendants. The jewelry is of simple pattern, the gold or silver being hammered into thin sheets, cut into squares and diamonds and fastened together with little rings.

The costumes of the Dalecarlian women differ according to locality. In some of the parishes red is the prevailing color and in others green and blue. Their hats are shaped and trimmed differently also, and in one of the parishes a sort of "Tam o' Shanter" is worn, with a band fitting closely around the head and a broad top. In the Mora country the men wear jackets of white felt cut square at the corners and fitting closely to the neck, with white buckskin knickerbockers and leather aprons to keep them clean. The ordinary overcoat is made of sheepskin, with the wool on the inside, like Bryan o' Lynn's, held to the waist with a belt and with long skirts reaching to the heels—a very comfortable garment for this climate and not unbecoming.

The child who runs for a day over an ocean ship has laid in a store of observations worth more than much teaching of mechanical invention and means of transportation. A few weeks spent in making a little garden, planting seeds, caring for the tender growths, gathering and utilizing such produce as may come, will bring the child nearer to the great Nature-mother than much school work and even many excursions for Nature-study. It is play, work, love that educate; spontaneous self-expression, action compelled by inner or outer forces, relations to other individuals.—[Edward Howard Griggs, in October Ladies' Home Journal.



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few of the things that will readily... as appropriate ingredients for... which insures a merry ending to the... GEORGINA L. BATES.

WOMEN OF MALTA.

its, of the Baque provinces, and the... of Hongkong and Macao are not... restricted in their daily lives—that... and about as they please—still they... of hood with voluminous folds that... to cover the lower part of the face... are about.

rearing the faldetta in Malta is a... t one, and its origin shrouded in... or more ago, when Napoleon... landed on the island, the beautiful... times to the wills of the soldiers... ated in vain and finally ordered that... no in the streets without her face... etta.

the mothers might be visited... women were commanded to wear the... are. That time has passed, and only... now seen in the streets, and there... church and by old women who have... the habit.

AM AND POLLY-WOG.

intercepts, about a week ago... wog, who said: "Where do you go... Buffalo to see the 'Pan-Am' Fair... barber's to have him trim my... bananas, for they're very nice to... at stations for fear I'd lose my... umbrella to protect me from the...

ness, I couldn't catch the train... responded, and a tear was in his eye... with you I'm afraid that I shall...

I am jesting, but every word is... Buffalo I don't know what I'll do... Aquarium and filled it full of fish... which they did it is all that could... it was completed when they... is, my friend, they left out pol-

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